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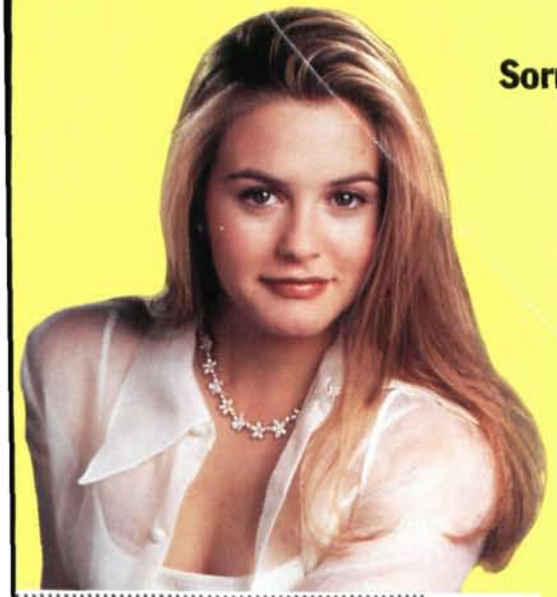
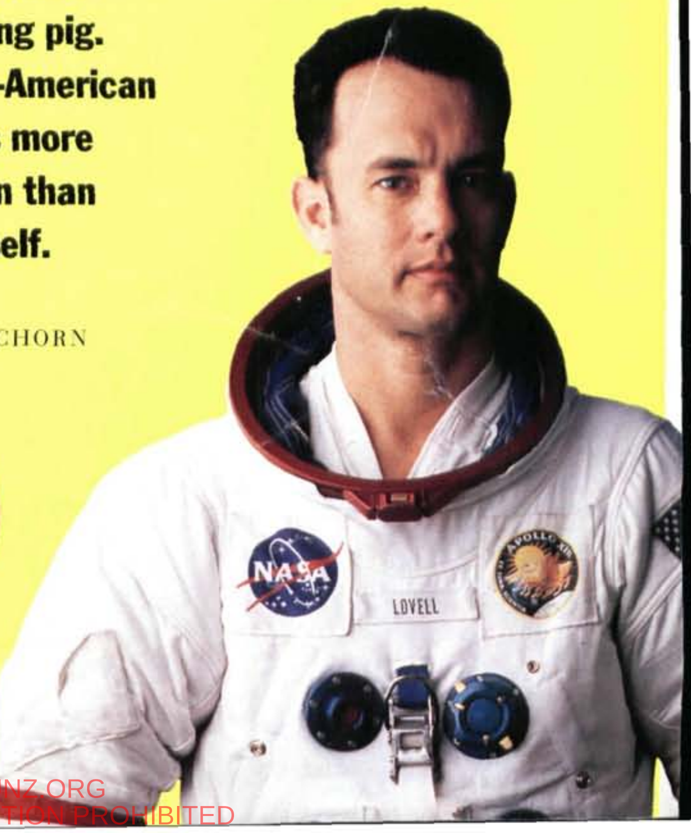
A can-do astronaut.
A heroic talking pig.
Sorry, Bob Dole—American pop culture is more squeaky clean than America itself.**

BY
MICHAEL HIRSCHORN





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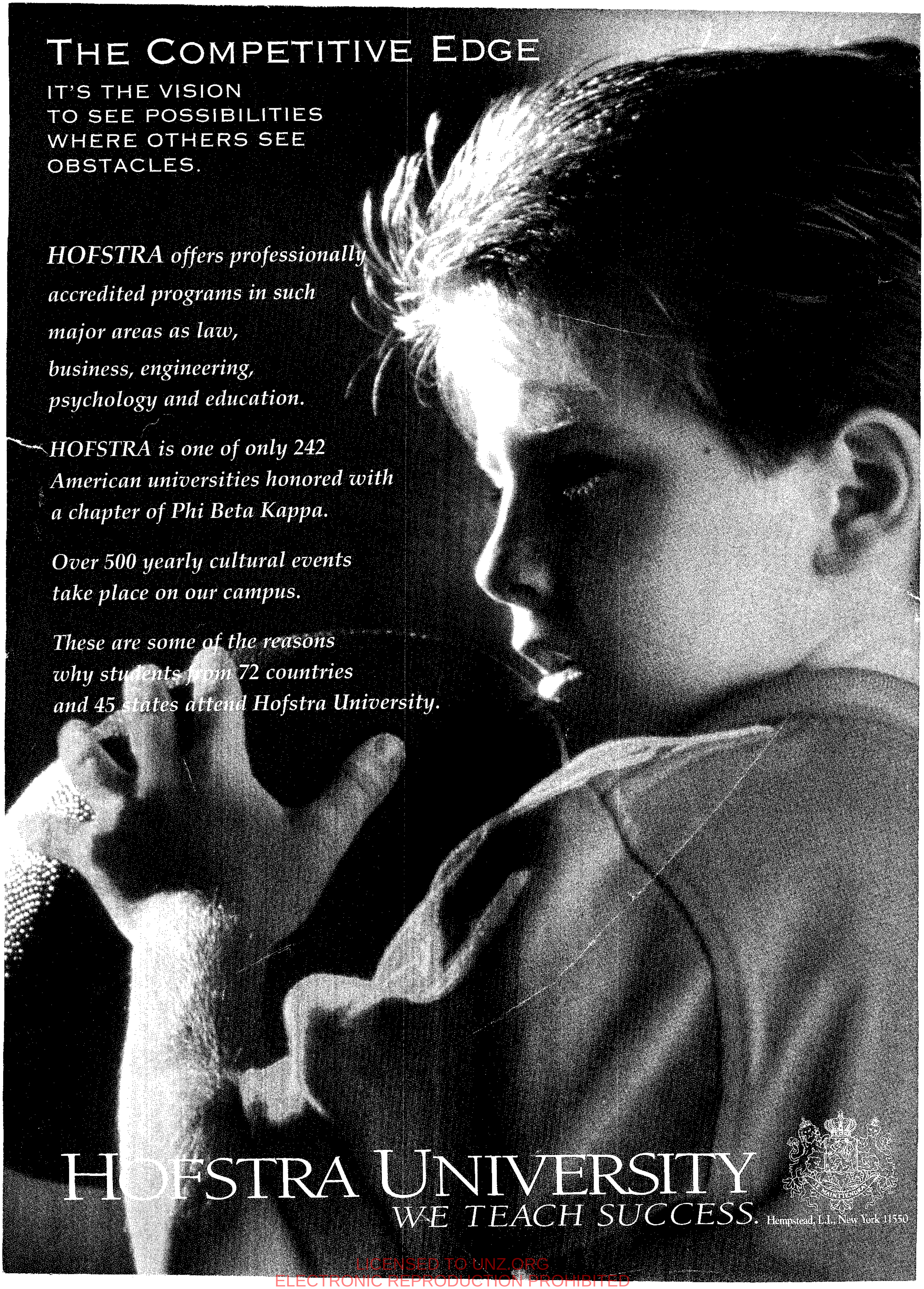

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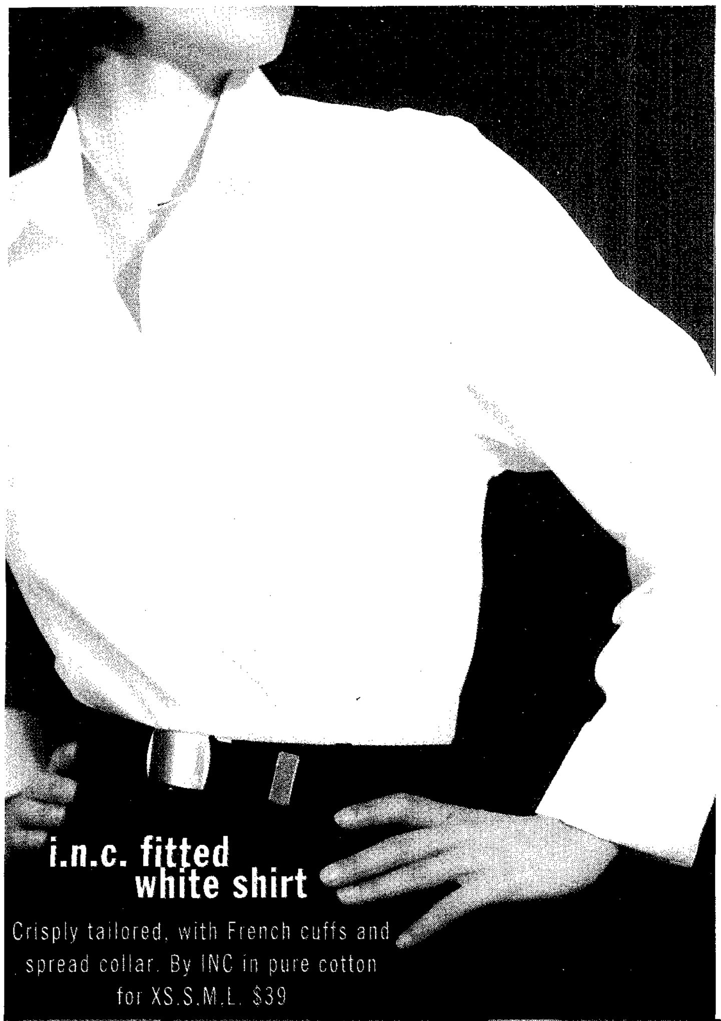

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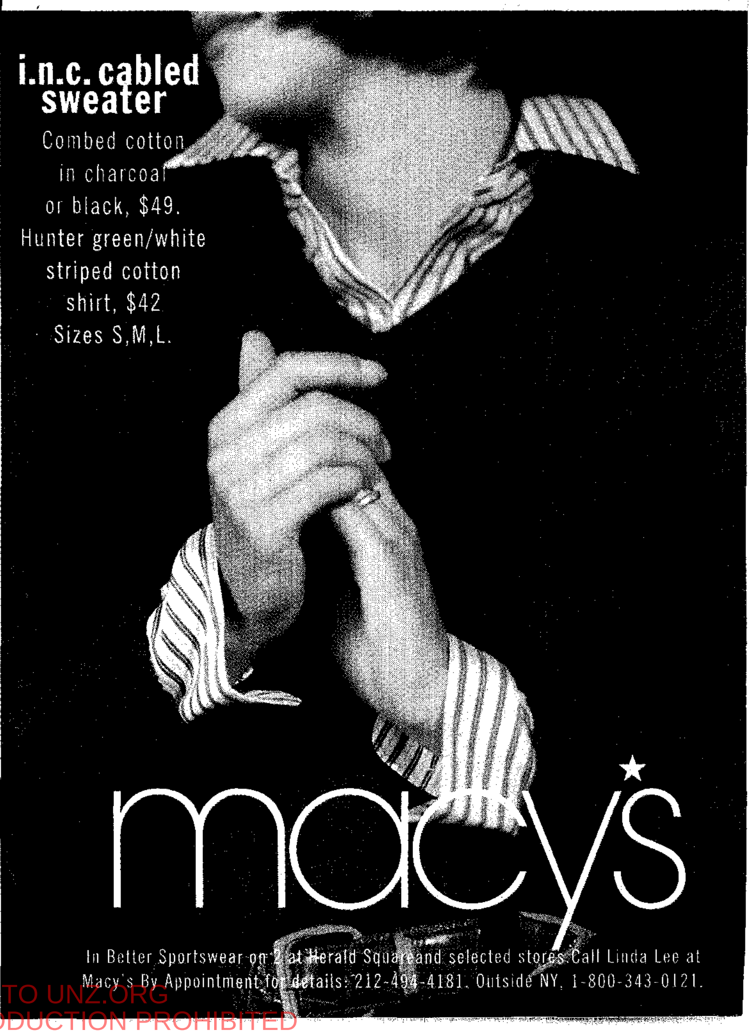

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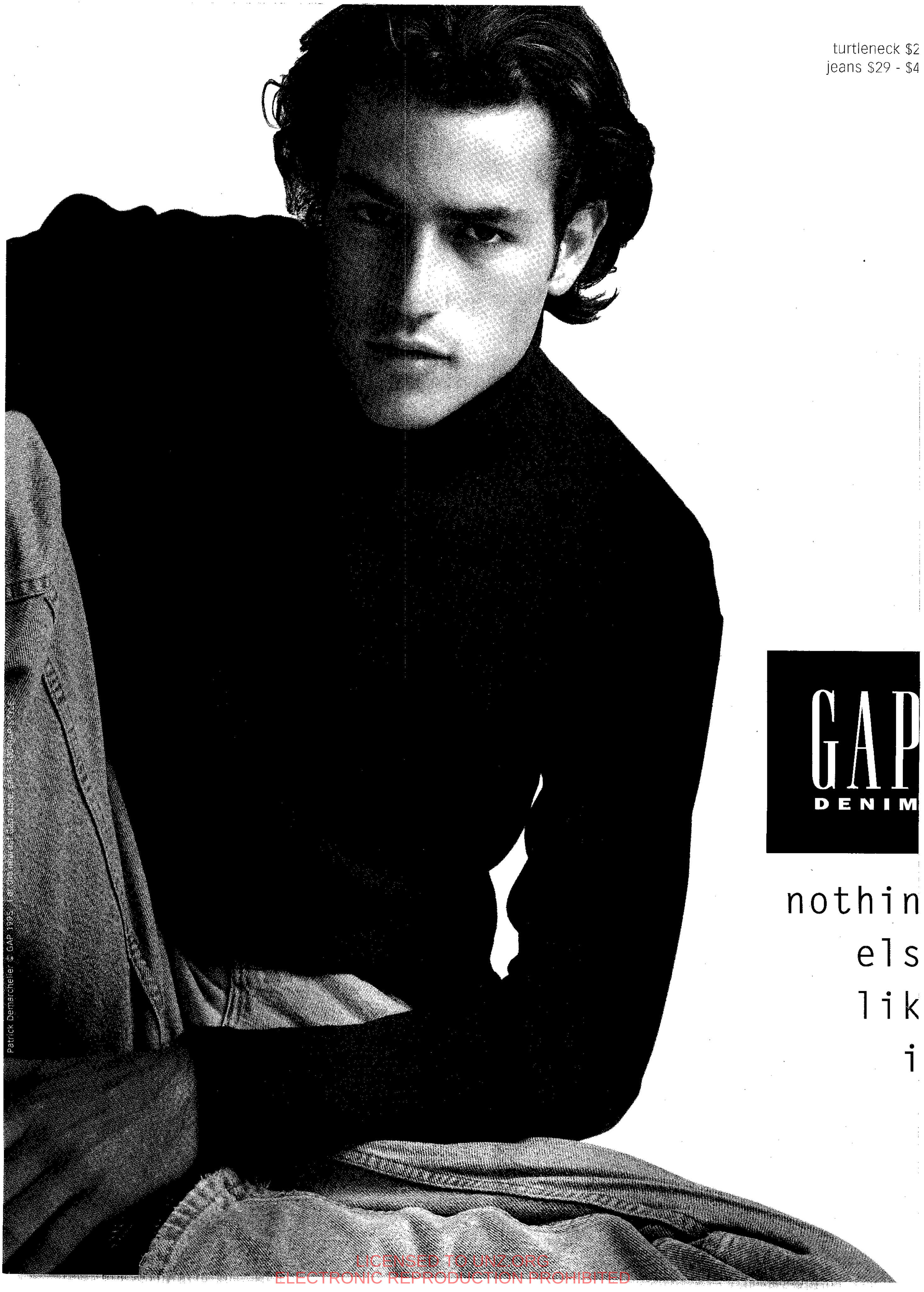
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"I didn't want to be a socialite. I never wanted to be a socialite. . . .
I couldn't have known beforehand how dissatisfying this would be."
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By David France

For Nancy Richardson, the worst part of her husband Frank's well-publicized infatuation with Kimba Wood wasn't the tryst itself; it was having her name splashed across the front page of the *Post* and the *News*. Richardson's dissatisfaction with the Upper East Side social whirl, though, had been brewing for years, an unhappiness against which career, psychotherapy, and wealth (a lot) proved unavailing. Now, in an exclusive interview, she says she's had enough.

28 Hollywood Family Values

By Michael Hirschorn

According to Contract With America–nism—and, increasingly, the conventional wisdom—pop culture is a fetid swamp, a clear and present danger to the nation's moral health. But don't take their word for it. A close, thorough look at the artifacts themselves—the country's most popular books, movies, music, and TV programs—tells a story different from the one Bob Dole would have you believe. In fact, pop culture is downright wholesome.

36 Where the Fun Started

Text by Linda Hall

Coney Island, 100 years old this summer, was the first piece of the New World seen by many turn-of-the-century European immigrants following their dreams across the Atlantic. And what a strange dream the island was. Since then, the energy and inventiveness of this beachfront strip have embodied America for thinkers as diverse as Maxim Gorky, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Sigmund Freud, and your aunt Rose. Photographs from its heyday provide a fascinating archaeology of Ur-urban fun—and there was nothing Mickey Mouse about it. A portfolio.

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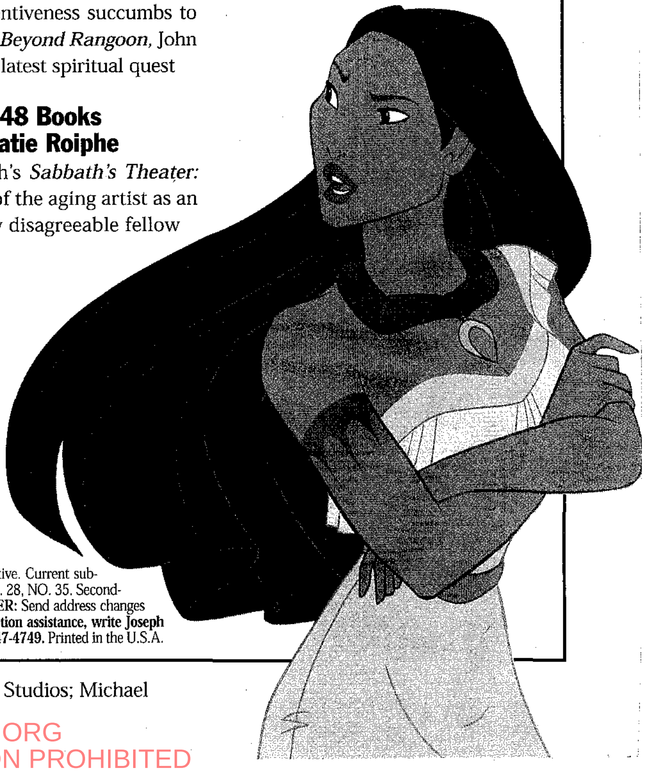

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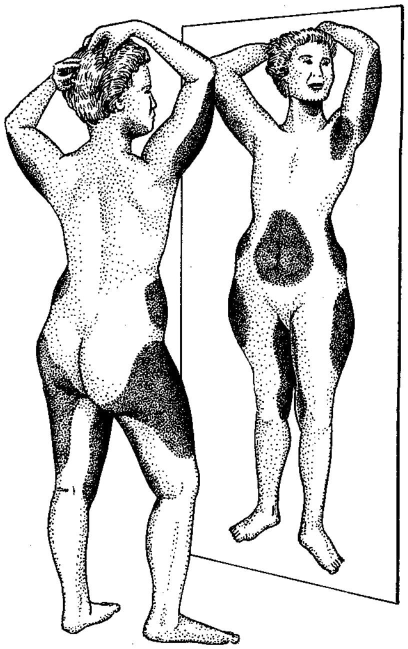

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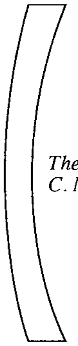

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Defying Stereotypes

The Teamsters in denial; the mayor's in the dark; a writer gets beneath the surface; and an ex-beau beyond the party line.

I WRITE TO DENY UNTRUTHFUL REPORTS OF my statements at the Las Vegas women's conference of Teamsters ["Hoffa Lives!," by Jeffrey Goldberg, July 31]. I did not refer to Teamster women as "bull dykes," or make any references to "bull dykes." I never made any statement that in any way could be construed as insulting or demeaning to women in our union or women in general.

Lawrence Brennan
DETROIT, MICH.

THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF THIS LETTER IS to deny that I made the derogatory statements against a female Teamster vice-president that were attributed to me in an article about the Teamsters that appeared in your July 31 issue. The article is nothing more than a general attack against the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. It's unfortunate that Jeffrey Goldberg could find nothing positive to say about such a great organization representing 1.4 million working men and women.

William T. Hogan Jr.
BERWYN, ILL.

Jeffrey Goldberg responds: Messrs. Brennan and Hogan certainly made the comments I attributed to them. Their denials may be motivated in part by speculation within the union that they will be brought up on internal charges by their putatively reform-minded enemies, who are shocked, *shocked,* that Teamsters would use such language.

Call Me "Crony"

IN THE "INTELLIGENCER" ARTICLE "RUDY'S Very Own Hush Fund" [July 24], Pat Wechsler writes that the mayor's "minions" invited select Rudy-friendly citizens to a planning breakfast for an upcoming fund-raiser at the University Club. As chairman of Friends of Rudy Giuliani, the mayor's re-election committee, I was the so-called minion who called the meeting. (Though if your reporter absolutely must be derogatory, I'd prefer to be referred to as the mayor's crony.)

According to the column, the attendees were not permitted to come to the meeting unless they committed to buying a $10,000 table and took an oath to keep the event and its itinerary secret. This statement is entirely false. There is no upcoming fund-raiser at which tables are available for $10,000, and no one at the meeting had to commit to buying anything. As to an oath to keep the event secret, that is simply absurd.

Finally, the article claims that spies at City Hall say the mayor went undercover because of a violation of city regulations by John Dyson at our last meeting. I made the decision to hold the meeting. I did not inform the mayor about it, nor did he decide who was to be invited. John Dyson did not solicit money at our last meeting and did not violate city regulations. So as to your reporter's "spies" at City Hall, I can only hope that in the event of a future armed conflict they join the enemy's intelligence service and not ours.

John H. Gross
MANHATTAN

Pat Wechsler responds: The information in our story came directly from Giuliani supporters who were at the aforementioned breakfast meeting.

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Last Call

IT SADDENED ME THAT MANNY HOWARD chose the *Über*-obvious route of sensationalistic journalism in his portrayal of Nick Beavers. How simple it was to title it "The Lost Boy" [July 24]. Howard failed to see what lay beneath the surface and gave a mean-spirited, one-sided account of a person who was deeply loved by many people. Nick Beavers was my first romance and subsequently one of my closest and dearest friends. What a misrepresentation to say that his greatest gift was "scene-making." Nick's greatest gift was his unwavering kindness and generosity toward everyone. How cruel to make light of his pain and suffering by trivializing a tragic situation and portraying him as a dilettante. Nick had a dual diagnosis of alcoholism and depression, the latter, sadly, being untreated. What I choose to remember are these words, spoken by the Reverend C. Hugh Hildesley at Nick's memorial service: "None of us could ever know the pressures Nick was under, and instead of feeling sad, we should think of Nick's bright and shining star in Heaven."

Christa Marino-Miller
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MANNY HOWARD'S PROFILE OF NICK BEAVERS left me empty—no more educated, informed, or amused than I was before reading the article. I wasted ten minutes reading about a depraved, noncontributing member of society.

Rebecca Offen
BROOKLYN

Into the Beyond

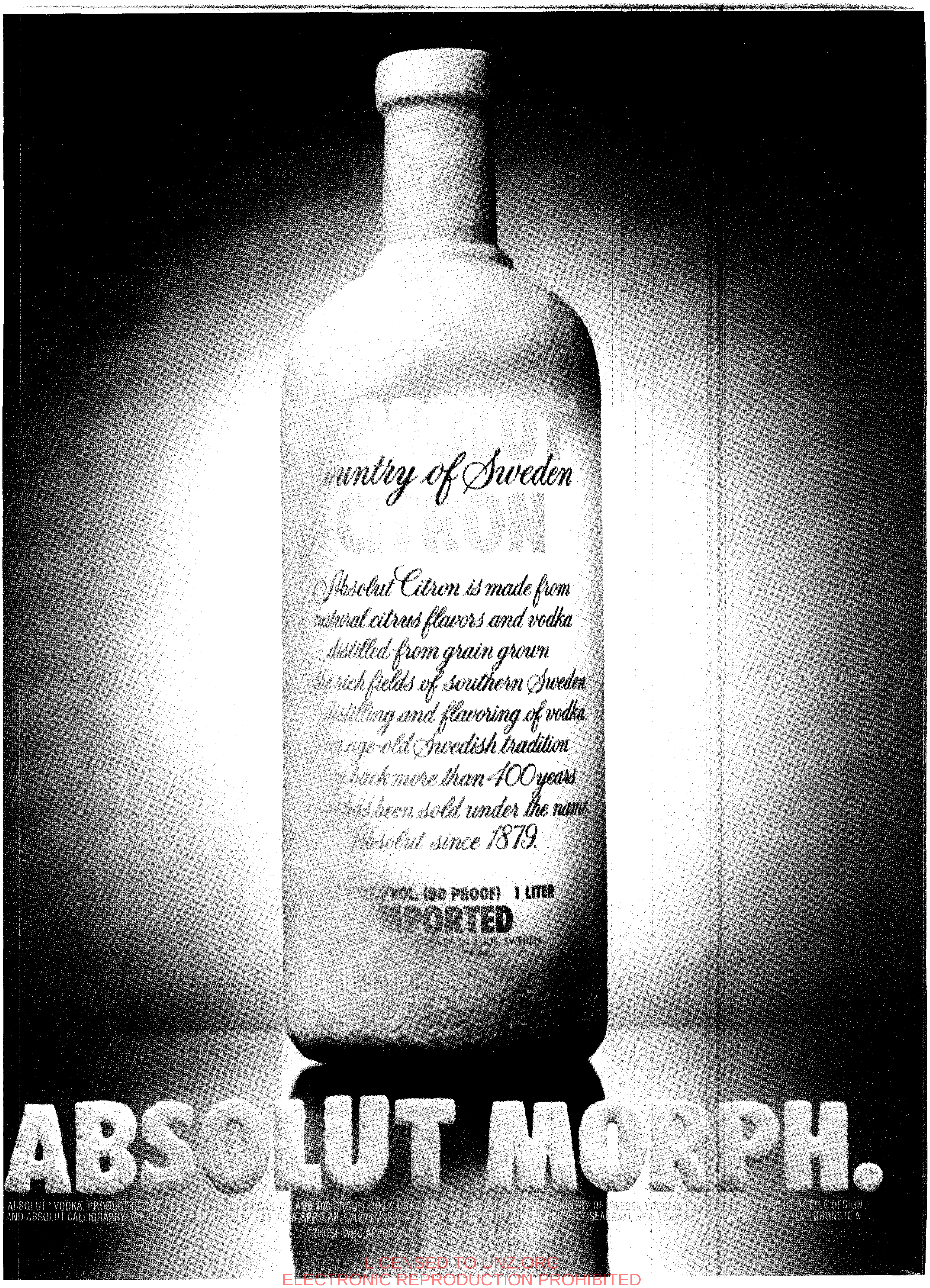
CONGRATULATIONS TO CRAIG HOROWITZ for making known to all some of the more intimate details of a devoted Jewish lifestyle ["Beyond Belief," June 19]. It takes years of immersion in any field before one is able to encounter mystery. It is the advanced scientist who can grapple with the unfathomable. It is the studied scholar who can begin to penetrate religious puzzles. This article is a bold attempt to describe, and thereby unlock, the mystery of the Lubavitcher rebbe's life. In this age of modernity, when our minds are filled with secular rubrics, how nice to see a glimpse of the mystical in urban *New York* Magazine.

Elissa Blaser
MANHATTAN

Corrections The literary periodical *Grand Street* is not owned by Jean Stein, as was stated in Rebecca Mead's article "The Woman on the Left" (August 14). It is a not-for-profit publication funded through contributions to the New York Foundation for the Arts. Stein is the editor, the publisher, and—via the foundation—the leading individual patron of the magazine.

Contrary to a statement in the "Intelligencer" column ("Putting Words in Michelle's Mouth," August 28), the only marriage Mike Nichols and Elaine May ever had was a professional one.

A credit was omitted from the Fall Fashion spread "Model Citizens" (August 28). Liz Tilberis's hair was styled by Didier Malige.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INTELLIGENCER

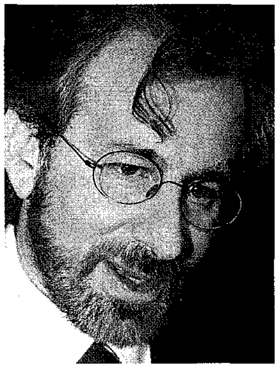
FUHRMAN'S PARTNER DEFENDS HIS FRIEND

Mark Fuhrman has a defender. His friend and sometime partner from the West Los Angeles Police Department, Detective **Jay Varga,** says he doesn't know what's on the tapes Fuhrman made with North Carolina screenwriter **Laura Hart McKinny,** but he doesn't give them much credence. For example, Varga describes the secret LAPD organization called Men Against Women—which Fuhrman discusses on the tapes—as a "joke until it was blown out of proportion by management." But Varga might have a slightly different sense of humor from the rest of us. Varga—who was investigated for allegedly telling **Paget Mitchell,** a black female police officer, that "blacks are subhumans, blacks can't write and have no capability of learning, and I don't want to work with them"—is suing the city of Los Angeles for civil-rights violations. "Affirmative action got in my way for a promotion," he says. "But I've prevailed twice. Are minorities favored over Caucasians here? Figure it out for yourself. People here treat us like they're Bosnian Serbs, the way they're ethnically cleansing the male Caucasian officers."

MICHAEL JACKSON NEEDS ATTENTION

Michael Jackson still can't get enough of being a public spectacle. The exiled King of Pop has been reduced to performing a medley of his hits live from Times Square during the MTV *Video Music Awards* on September 7. "It's either there or at Radio City," confides a source who says that Jackson's first choice is certainly Times Square, home to other odd-looking, gender-confused characters. Some sources at MTV are saying that Jackson may not show up at all after the recent reports proclaiming an end to his marriage. But luggage manufacturer **Michael Cromer,** of MCM, reports that the Jacksons "laughed" at those headlines, and he would know. Jackson—whose album, *HIStory,* is now considered a sales failure—and **Lisa Marie Presley** spent the night at Cromer's estate in the gated neighborhood of North Haven Point, near Sag Harbor, on August 18. That's right: The Jacksons are, he says, a perfectly happy couple, despite the fact that 36-year-old Michael just returned from a European playdate with two adolescent boys. "Everything is fine," reports Cromer's daughter **Patty,** an old Jackson confidante. "They're still together."

Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley stay the night



Steven Spielberg stays at CAA

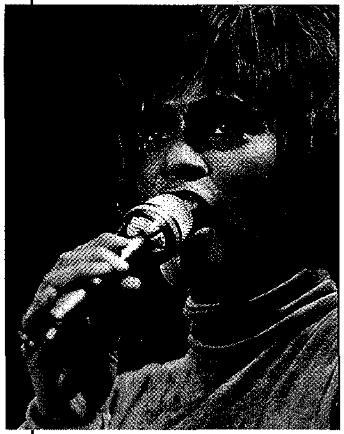
CAA MINUS HABER EQUALS MCA

Even though superstars like **Steven Spielberg, Barbra Streisand,** and **Warren Beatty** have decided to stay with the **Mike Ovitz**–free Creative Artists Agency, its remaining partner may be following his former cohorts out the door. **Bill Haber,** a mysterious but influential figure in the world of network television, is said to be considering an offer to replace **Tom Wertheimer** as chairman of MCA/Universal TV. Insiders are speculating that Haber, who is said to feel antagonistic toward Ovitz, was instrumental in encouraging his other former partner, **Ron Meyer,** to become president of MCA. Haber has ardent fans in the television business, including **Paul Witt** and **Tony Thomas** of Witt-Thomas Productions, producers of moneymaking shows like *Golden Girls* and *Empty Nest.* Haber was credited with persuading NBC to pick up Witt-Thomas's *John Larroquette Show* despite its low ratings. Always the least prominent of the three CAA partners, Haber is well known for being off campus; he regularly decamps to his house in the Loire Valley—where he has been all this summer while two television networks have changed hands and two movie studios have gained new leaders. He is available not for comments, just for croissants.

CALLING ALL FRIENDS OF BILL

Who's going to run **Bill Clinton**'s re-election campaign in New York State? That's the question plaguing state Democratic Party officials now that Clinton's 1992 state campaign chief, **Kevin Thurm,** chief of staff at the Department of Health and Human Services in Washington, doesn't seem to be coming home soon. "His wife is due to give birth in September," says a source, "and she doesn't want to leave Washington." Anxiety has set in, according to sources who attended the Democratic National Committee meeting last week in New Orleans, since this will be the first presidential campaign in 22 years during which New York is without a Democratic governor. "The Cuomo operation used to take care of everything," says a DNC source. "But now they're on their own." One possible replacement is State Assembly speaker **Sheldon Silver.** "But Shelly," says the source, "is only interested in re-electing his assembly. He won't make Clinton a priority. The White House is concerned about that." Sources predict that New Yorker **Harold Ickes,** who will run Clinton's national re-election campaign, will either talk Thurm into coming back

Photographs: top left, Globe Photos; top right, Sygma; center right, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos.



Whitney Houston stays away

Fernando Ferrer stays in the race

or give the nod to Assemblyman **Herman "Denny" Farrell,** once a candidate for mayor and a Clinton loyalist.

SHE'S EVERY WOMAN, BUT NOT CLIVE'S

Where's **Whitney Houston** when **Clive Davis** needs her? In two weeks, Davis, president and impresario of the vastly successful Arista Records, will be fêted by the T. J. Martell Foundation; it's the record industry's biggest charity blowout of the year. Traditionally, the honoree's record company provides entertainment, and this year Arista will do the same: **Aretha Franklin, Annie Lennox, Patti Smith,** and **Kenny G** are all scheduled to perform, according to the foundation. But Houston, certainly Davis's biggest homegrown star, is nowhere to be found on the list. "Whitney's bought a table," reports her representative, "but she's definitely not going to sing. I'm not even sure she was asked." Houston, in fact, has booked out time during the week of September 11 to film a video for her new single "Exhale," the title song from her forthcoming film, *Waiting to Exhale*. Still, it seems strange that she can't make the time for Davis. Is there trouble between mentor and protégée? An Arista representative offers, by way of explanation: "Well, Whitney did so much for Clive around *The Bodyguard* period." *The Bodyguard* was released three years ago.

ONLY IN N.Y., KIDS, ONLY IN N.Y.

Is there room for two gossip grandes dames at one New York tabloid? We'll see later this month, when **Liz Smith,** orphaned by the demise of New York *Newsday,* begins writing her column for the New York *Post,* giving the paper four, count 'em four, different dish slingers (not including the staff of gossip reporters serving under **Richard Johnson** for "Page Six"). While Liz will continue to receive $700,000 to appear in the Long Island–based *Newsday* and other Times Mirror papers until her contract is up in March 1996, the *Post* editors sealed a deal with the queen mother of columnists over lunch at Le Cirque last Thursday to buy the syndication rights in the city. "**Cindy Adams** is fuming like a dragon over this one," says a *Post* insider.

DESIGNS ON GRACIE MANSION, PART ONE

It looks like Bronx borough president **Fernando "Freddie" Ferrer** is going ahead with rumored plans to run for mayor in 1997. According to sources, Ferrer met two weeks ago with **Arnoldo Segarra,** David Dinkins's former advance man, and asked him to consider joining the campaign. The meeting took place over bacon and eggs at Segarra's favorite joint, the Greenwich Village diner Joe Jr.'s. "Freddie called and offered to come down from the Bronx," says the source. "That impressed Arnie." What also influenced Segarra, who still hasn't committed, was the candidate-to-be's appearance this summer at a block party on West 13th Street. When Ferrer's security detail was denied entrance to the party, Ferrer decided to go it alone and shake hands. "He was wearing sunglasses and looked like a member of a drug cartel," says the source. "But Arnie got him to take them off. When he listened, I think Arnie realized he was serious." Still, Ferrer, unlike Public Advocate **Mark Green,** has yet to organize a fund-raiser. Green's first one is on October 30, a pricey concert/dinner at the Sheraton Hotel starring **Carly Simon** and **Mandy Patinkin.** Green hasn't decided yet whether the money will go to a 1997 mayoral run or a 1998 campaign for the Senate seat held by Green's nemesis, **Al D'Amato.**

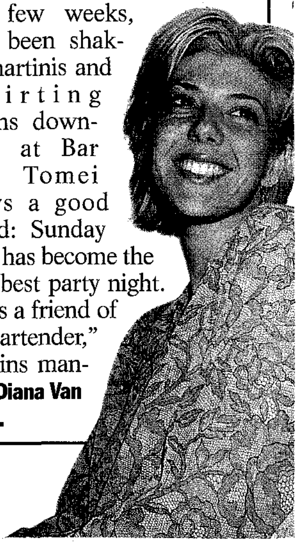
COLIN CAMPAIGNS; SO LIKE CANDY

BARBRA'S YOKO ENVY: **Barbra Streisand** has decided to remain at the Ardsley on Central Park West, where she's owned an apartment for years. Perhaps inspired by Yoko Ono's real-estate spree at the Dakota nineteen blocks down the avenue, she's gone ahead with plans to buy her entire floor at the Ardsley and connect the whole bunch. "With her, it's all about privacy," explains a Streisand intimate.

THE, UM, PRESIDENT WILL SIGN YOUR BOOK: The tour for **Colin Powell's** memoir, *My American Journey*, seems as well designed as a political campaign. After he appears on his second recent *Time* cover, Powell's first four in-person publicity ops, beginning September 25, are at an upscale independent San Francisco bookstore, a deep-discount "price shopper's" warehouse in Republican Orange County, a celeb-frequented Beverly Hills shop, and San Bernardino's California Theatre. The host of the last event is Phenix Information Center, a bookstore specializing in works by and about African Americans.

SHE'LL ALWAYS BE 29 TO US: **Candace Bushnell,** sex columnist for the New York *Observer,* seems to have taken a cue from *Details* sex columnist **Anka Radakovich,** who last year was caught skimming seven years off her age. Last month, Bushnell told the New York *Times* that she was 32 years old. According to the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles records, though, she was born December 1, 1958, which makes her nearly 37 years old. Bushnell insists she was born in 1962, and her office even faxed us a copy of her passport in which the year of birth appeared to be written in a different typeface. Her manager, **Clifford Streit,** said, "If you don't run that item, I'd be happy to tell you the penis sizes of a lot of famous men in New York."

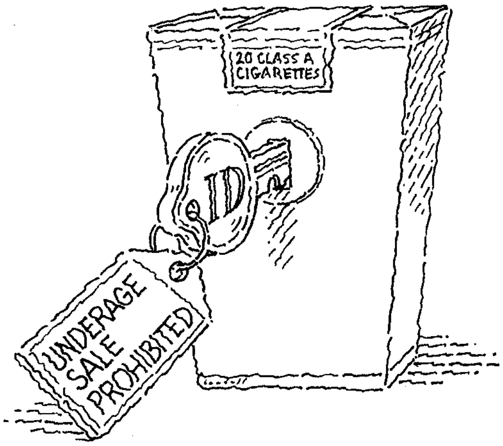
SHE BLENDS? Even with an Academy Award, **Marisa Tomei** obviously isn't getting enough acting work. For the past few weeks, she's been shaking martinis and squirting lemons downtown at Bar Six. Tomei draws a good crowd: Sunday night has become the bar's best party night. "She's a friend of our bartender," explains manager **Diana Van Buren.**



Marisa Tomei stays out late

Our position, word by word.

No Sale



No one should sell cigarettes to minors. Minors should not have access to cigarettes. They should not smoke. Period.

That's why Philip Morris launched *Action Against Access*, one of the most comprehensive programs ever introduced to combat the issue of youth access to cigarettes.

ACTION against ACCESS

Action Against Access is a voluntary program that is taking some very specific steps.

Here are some highlights: We have stopped the distribution of free sample cigarettes to consumers. We no longer distribute cigarettes through the mail. And we are placing the following notice on all our cigarette brand packs and cartons: "Underage sale prohibited."

In addition, Philip Morris is helping retailers comply with minimum-age laws by providing free signage and funding educational programs.

And, as part of *Action Against Access*, Philip Morris is taking a leadership role in seeking widespread industry and public support for the passage of state legislation designed to prevent minors from having access to cigarettes in vending machines. Additionally, Philip Morris seeks to establish reasonable licensing requirements for cigarette retail sales.

The principle behind *Action Against Access* is simple: The best way to keep kids away from cigarettes is to keep cigarettes away from kids.

PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

We want you to know where we stand.

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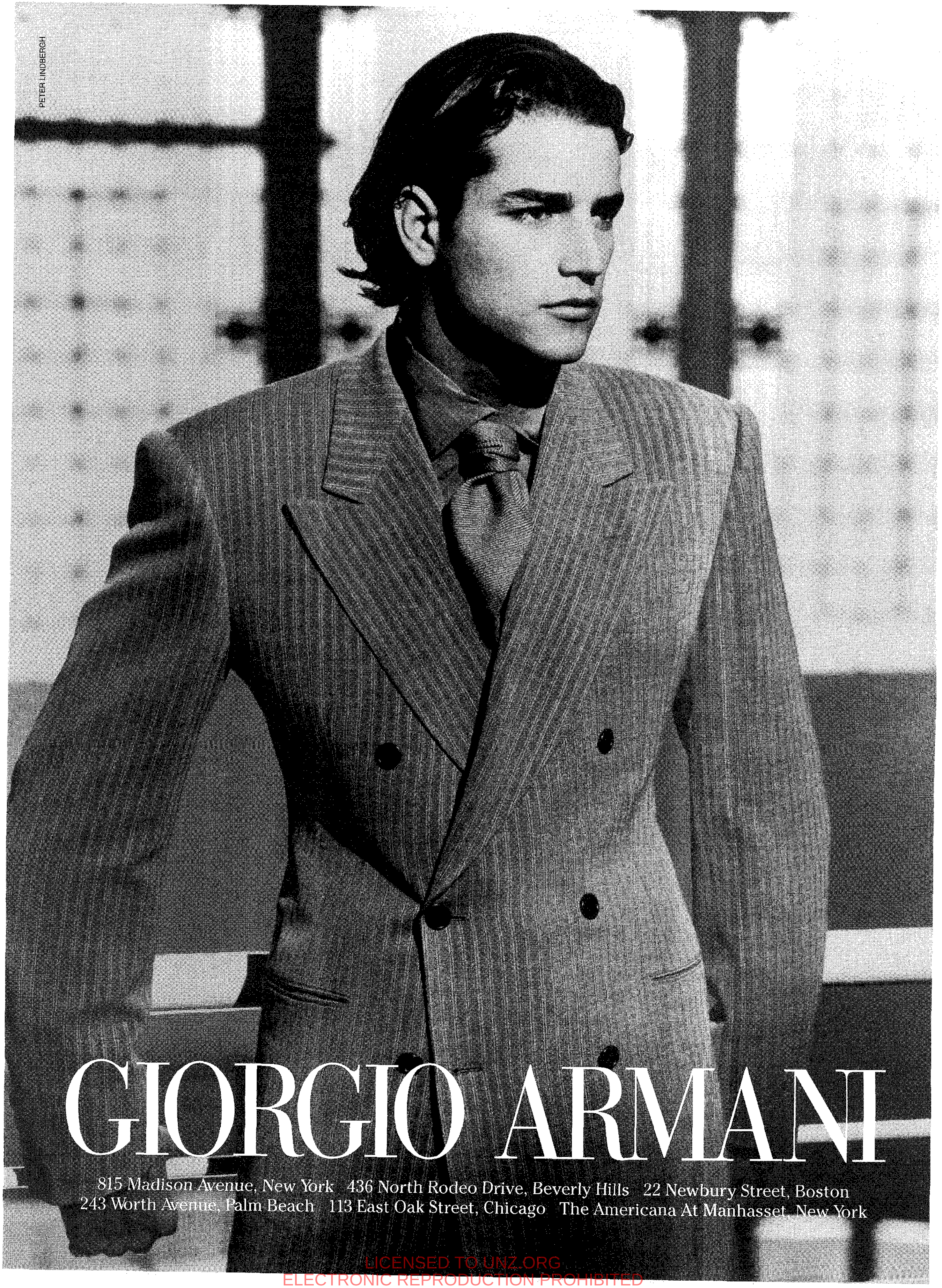

PETER LINDBERGH

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243 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach 113 East Oak Street, Chicago The Americana At Manhasset, New York

GOTHAM

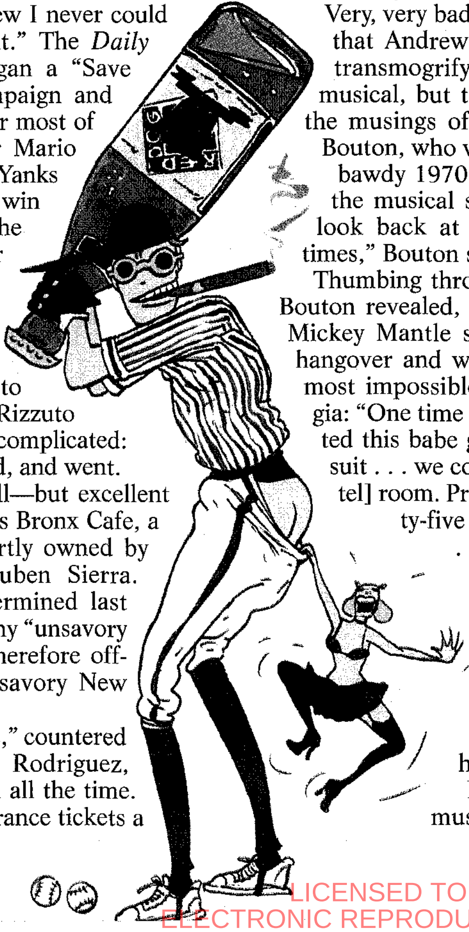
The faces remind me of people who played a game and lost—*Murray Kempton*

THE FRONT PAGE

Take Me Out

It was a bad week for baseball, again.

As if baseball didn't have enough image problems, there was George Steinbrenner inviting a grown man to sit on his lap. "He can sit in my lap, my chair, anywhere he wants," Steinbrenner was pleading after Phil "the Scooter" Rizzuto quit being the Yankees' announcer following 39 years on the job. He left in a less-than-dignified huff, it seems, because WPIX executives had been hesitant to give him time off to go to Mickey Mantle's funeral. Instead, they wanted Scoot to memorialize Mick on the air, during the BoSox game. Rizzuto made it only to the fifth inning before the un-Americanism of it all caused him to get up and walk out: "I knew I should have been there [at Mantle's funeral], and I knew I never could recapture that moment." The *Daily News* immediately began a "Save Our Scooter" fax campaign and ran letters from fans for most of the week; ex-governor Mario Cuomo argued that the Yanks needed Scooter to help win the wildcard berth in the playoffs; and Mayor Giuliani even offered, with typical low-balling, "I might make it more complicated, but I'd be happy to try to help." By week's end, Rizzuto had made it clearly uncomplicated: "It's time to go," he said, and went.



Also bad for baseball—but excellent for paella—was Jimmy's Bronx Cafe, a Spanish restaurant partly owned by Yankees outfielder Ruben Sierra. Jimmy's, baseball determined last week, attracted too many "unsavory characters" and was therefore off-limits to the entirely savory New York Yankees.

"Unsavory characters," countered Jimmy's owner Jaime Rodriguez, "go to Yankee Stadium all the time. You get 40 desk-appearance tickets a night at games." Others pointed out that some of the people baseball was forbidding its players from associating with were congresspeople José Serrano and Nydia Velazquez, salsa musician Tito Nieves, and, on Sundays, an occasional church group. "Sure, there were people you knew were drug dealers," acknowledged the Reverend Hermes Caraballo, a Jimmy's regular, "but they came for the good food, like anyone else."

Very, very bad for baseball were rumors that Andrew Lloyd Webber might be transmogrifying it into a Broadway musical, but that turned out to be just the musings of ex–Yankees pitcher Jim Bouton, who was considering taking his bawdy 1970 tell-all book *Ball Four* to the musical stage. "Musicals basically look back at history during nostalgic times," Bouton said.

Thumbing through *Ball Four*—in which Bouton revealed, among other things, that Mickey Mantle sometimes played with a hangover and was rude to kids—it is almost impossible to overlook the nostalgia: "One time in Ft. Lauderdale we spotted this babe getting out of her bathing suit . . . we could see right into the [hotel] room. Pretty soon there were twenty-five of us jostling for position. . . . Now, some people might look down on this sort of activity. But in baseball if you shoot a particularly good beaver you are a highly respected person, one might even say a folk hero of sorts."

Hardly seems to need music.

GEEK BILLIONAIRE MATH In an *internal memo from last spring* obtained by *New York,* Bill Gates discussed upcoming Microsoft strategy: "Here's a breakout of today's revenue and an indication of the growth potential we see. Desktop Applications: $1,950 [in millions]; FY 98: 50%. Client OS: $1,210; FY 98: 200%. Consumer: $530; FY 98: 100%. On-line: $0; FY 98: Infinite."

GEEK BILLIONAIRE P.R. "In addition," the memo continues, "there will be people . . . that focus on broadening our image." To wit: "Microsoft has bought up today's print run of the *Times* of London as a promotion for its new Windows 95 software—in an unprecedented marketing coup," gushed last Wednesday's New York *Post,* which, like the London *Times,* is owned by Rupert Murdoch. The *Post's* business editor, David Yelland, had this to add: "Bill Gates is coming of age before our eyes. This is his finest moment—*he's a star.*"

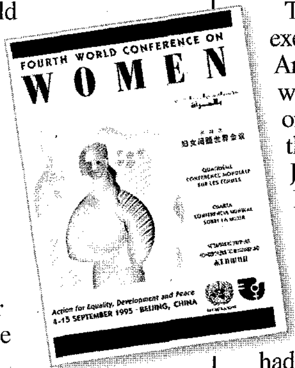
SPUTTER OF THE WEEK "Why is it that the only time the press calls me is when they want somebody to badmouth Al Sharpton or to talk about the [125th Street] vendors or about Mike Tyson?" state assemblyman Keith Wright, whose district includes Harlem, said to *New York* recently.

OR WE'LL BREAK YOUR FLABBY LEGS "People go for two or three months, then they stop and they don't want to pay. We let them know they signed a legally binding contract," says an employee of First Credit Services, a collection agency specializing in the increasing numbers of New Yorkers who default on their gym memberships.

International

DEADBEAT DIPLODADS

NORA SAWOE WILL NOT BE AMONG THE delegates flying to Beijing for the United Nations's Fourth World Conference on Women this week—which is too bad, since, as the wife of a U.N. employee, she has experienced firsthand the international agency's commitment to women's rights.


FOURTH WORLD CONFERENCE ON
WOMEN
QUATRIÈME CONFÉRENCE MONDIALE SUR LES FEMMES
Action for Equality, Development and Peace
4-15 SEPTEMBER 1995 · BEIJING, CHINA

"If it weren't for God," she says, "I'd be dead now."

In 1989, Sawoe, wife of a U.N. file clerk, went back to Liberia for a family funeral. Before returning to New York, she went to the U.S. consulate in Monrovia to renew her G4 U.N. employees' and dependents' visa; they turned her down. The U.N. would not provide the needed documents unless her husband, Thomas, asked for them; he did not seem disposed to do so. "I thought the U.N. was supposed to fight for the rights of women," Sawoe says. "It did nothing for me."

Suddenly a homeless refugee, separated from her two children and caught up in the Liberian civil war, Sawoe made her way on foot to the Ivory Coast, where U.S. consulate officials granted her a refugee visa. But despite intervention by the State Department, the U.N. declined to interfere in what it deemed a private matter. Thomas Sawoe, according to his wife, refused to help her, saying he did not want to give her legal standing to sue him in family court. She says, "I pleaded with him, 'Please save my life,' " adding that he responded, "The U.S. government can't do anything to me."

Citing sovereign immunity, the U.N. has always refused to garnishee salaries of its employees, or even to provide details of income to claimants. This policy, coupled with diplomatic abuses, has resulted in profligate deadbeatism at the U.N. (see "Gotham: My Country Will Gladly Pay You Tuesday for a Hamburger Today," by Lance Gould, February 27, 1995), but also, charges a group of former and current U.N. wives, an epidemic of men who abandon or abuse their wives without fear of reprisal. (Indeed, many of these men are claiming U.N. dependency, travel, and education allowances for wives and children they are not supporting.)

The U.N. is a "self-congratulating exercise in impotence," says American Barbara Elzohairy, who, with her 12-year-old daughter, lives on welfare and is about to be thrown out of her Montclair, New Jersey, apartment because, she says, her Egyptian ex-husband failed to make $16,000 in court-ordered support payments. "When I called his office earlier this year, I found he had transferred to Amman," she says. "The U.N. told him he had to meet his moral obligations. But there are no consequences, so it has no effect on his behavior."

The U.N.'s refusal to get involved in the family disputes can have ghastly consequences. One Burmese woman, recovering from a radical mastectomy, was informed by her health-insurance company that she had been divorced and was now uninsured. She went to City Hall and found a copy of her divorce papers, which had what looked like her signature on them, but, she claims, had not been signed by her. Her husband, a clerk with UNICEF, had presented the children's agency with a copy of the New York divorce papers.

Nana Apeadu, who will be taking the group's complaints to Beijing this week, says the two dozen women victims who have come forward so far are just "the tip of the iceberg." Indeed, the problem reaches to the top. A current assistant secretary general's ex-wife is owed thousands of dollars in support for her two children; in addition, she says, her husband claimed diplomatic immunity when she called the police to protect her from domestic violence several years ago.

The U.S. mission continually raises the cases with the U.N., and officials there say they are beginning to see a more responsive attitude. While the old U.N. head of legal affairs disclaimed all responsibility for family matters, the incumbent head acknowledges that there is a moral and legal obligation. And last December a circular went out reminding U.N. staff members of their obligations and threatening disciplinary action. There has yet to be a single case in which any disciplinary action has been taken, but Denis Halliday, the U.N.'s new head of personnel, hints it may be coming. "We've given someone 30 days' notice to produce evidence that he has paid, or [else] face disciplinary action." Those 30 days won't be up until everybody in Beijing has gone home. IAN WILLIAMS

Culture

GAY VS. GAY

FELIX THREATENED TO CRASH THE BIG party at Fire Island Pines last week, throwing six-foot waves against the shore, and kicking 200,000 cubic yards of sand in the faces of property owners who just last year had spent more than a million dollars sucking it off the ocean floor. By the time the hurricane left, at least three waterfront pools had gone over to the other side, hundreds of plugs of dune grass—planted, as regular and pathetic as hair transplants, to keep the new dunes in place—had been plucked, and half a million dollars' worth of sand had washed back into the Atlantic, leaving a jagged cliff persuaded into place by several miles of splintering snow fence.

Fire Island, August 20.

Suddenly, there was no decent beach for the Gay Men's Health Crisis Morning Party, the annual dance bacchanal that has become a priority destination for what one Pinesman has dubbed "the international party Nazis"—those fiercely muscled men who travel the gay party circuit worldwide. The natural solution was to move the party to the wider and drier beach in neighboring Cherry Grove, but when GMHC tried to do that, it found itself in the midst of a fracas between homosexuals who party hearty and those who don't.

After word got out that the National Park Service at the Fire Island National Seashore issued a permit for the party—with the unanimous concurrence of the Cherry Grove Property Owners' Association board—several long-term Grove residents ambushed GMHC volunteers setting up the party, demanding that they go back where they came from. Some protesters even threatened to cut the cables for the electric generators and otherwise sabotage the proceedings. Lyn Hutton, chief of the Cherry Grove volunteer fire department and one of the leading protesters, insists that she harbors no antipathy toward GMHC or Fire Island Pines, but opposed the party because the Grove's dunes are so fragile. "The last thing we needed," she says, "was 8,000 feet walking around on our dunes and beach."

Hutton's position tore Cherry Grove apart. Michael McPherson, the vice-president of the property owners' association who coordinated the group's response to GMHC, contends that "mob rule" by a "self-appointed group of fanatics and crazies" had forced the relocation of the party. McPherson resigned in the wake of the incident, and president Bill Okkema fretted in a public letter that denying their beach to an AIDS benefit made the Grove seem petty and selfish.

Ever since the Pines became glamorously turbocharged in the seventies, the Grove, with its ticky-tacky houses and sensibility at once closety and flamboyant, had perceived itself as a barely tolerated bachelor uncle. Less affluent, more lesbian, and older, Grove residents have sponsored mostly small-scale AIDS or homosexual-rights benefits. This year's joint community fund-raiser for the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund lost money in the Grove and made $100,000 in the Pines, according to Peter Dolgin, who produced both the Lambda benefit and the GMHC Morning Party. In Cherry Grove, Dolgin says, "we get minimal community support."

Beyond Pines-Grove social dynamics, however, the conflict over the Morning Party also points to some larger issues. "The Morning Party is a response to AIDS in the very community where AIDS started. It brought life back to this island," Dolgin maintains. But Hutton and others believe the party also creates

Alejandro Gulpa, from Ecuador.

آپ کہاں جانا چاہتے ہیں

Little surprise that 90 percent of new taxi drivers are immigrants; it's an easy job for newcomers to pick up. What *is* surprising is that English is still the most common "birth" language spoken by these new drivers. Listed below are the native languages of new-applicant drivers born outside the United States.

LANGUAGE	PCT.	WHERE SPOKEN
English	16.08%	Pakistan, India, Bangladesh
Urdu	15.72%	Pakistan, India
Punjabi	12.71%	Pakistan, India
Arabic	11.06%	Egypt, Morocco, Sudan
Bengali	10.57%	Bangladesh, India
Russian	7.44%	Former Soviet republics
French	5.63%	Haiti, Ivory Coast, Senegal
Spanish	5.59%	Latin America
Creole	3.70%	Haiti
Hindi	3.38%	India
Akan	1.77%	Ghana
Romanian	1.73%	Romania
Pushtu	1.33%	Pakistan, Afghanistan
Amharic	1.09%	Ethiopia
Polish	1.05%	Poland
Chinese	1.05%	China
Korean	0.97%	Korea
Turkish	0.88%	Turkey
Bambara	0.84%	Ivory Coast, Mali
Portuguese	0.80%	Brazil
Farsi	0.76%	Afghanistan, Iran
Wolof	0.72%	Senegal
Mandingo	0.60%	Ivory Coast
Greek	0.56%	Greece
Hebrew	0.52%	Israel
Dari	0.48%	Afghanistan
Yoruba	0.40%	Nigeria
Malayalam	0.36%	India
Serbo-Croatian	0.36%	Former Yugoslavia
Cantonese	0.28%	Hong Kong, China
Armenian	0.28%	scattered
Ga	0.28%	Ghana
Fulani	0.28%	Guinea
Tamil	0.28%	India

Junaid LaFeer, from Sri Lanka.

Languages spoken by fewer than 0.25 percent of all applicants are Kwa (Ibo), Hungarian, Italian, Gujarati, Bulgarian, Berber, Tagalog, Thai, Albanian, Vietnamese, Japanese, Indonesian, Telugu, Hausa, Fanti, German, Czech, Uzbek, Estonian, Twi, Bihari, Khmer, Ibibio, Mende, Marathi, and Tigrinya.

Source: N.Y.C. Taxi and Limousine Commission.

Chi-Kit Moy, from China.

N.Y.C. TAXI
FARE

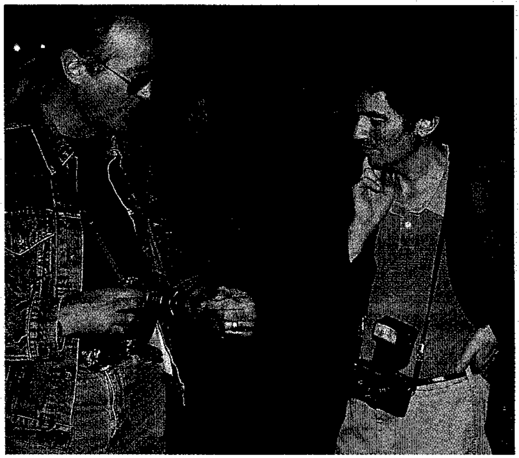
an occasion for rampant drug use that can lead to unsafe sex. The GMHC benefit, Hutton says flatly, "harkens back to the killer parties of the 1980s."

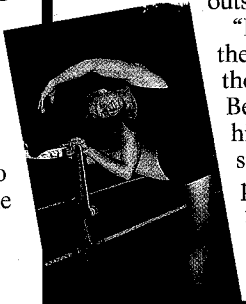
The Morning Party went on nonetheless, back at its original site in Fire Island Pines, and by noon on Sunday, some 4,500 gay men, a few straight people, and even fewer lesbians had arrived from as far as West Hollywood and Switzerland. Some, the jackbooted boys of the gay circuit scene, partied brutally, their tattooed and not quite freshly shaved shoulders and forearms flying into the faces of their fellow dancers.

As is not the case with most benefits, the cause was a guest at the gala: AIDS was evident in the bodies of some of the partygoers even as it existed invisibly in the bodies of hundreds more. In a moment of rapture, one hot dancer might cross his arms behind his head and flex his torso—to reveal the Kaposi's sarcoma blotches sprawled around his armpits. Others were stylishly dressed in sarongs or long sleeves, hiding their lesions or wasting limbs.

GMHC did what it could to keep the party from encouraging what it was designed to help combat. The day before, it had distributed pamphlets on drug use and safe sex to every Pines house. On Sunday morning it posted similar flyers in the beachfront Port-o-Sans, where the more discreet revelers snorted their bumps of Special K, the voguish horse tranquilizer. The National Park Rangers issued ten citations, one for walking in the dunes, five for urinating in the dunes, four for drug use. No one drowned. No one overdosed. No one sabotaged. The party grossed $350,000—some of it earmarked for the group's Substance Use Counseling and Education Department, created by GMHC specifically for gay men who do too many drugs at too many parties like the party benefiting GMHC.

After the party, most men stumbled back, jangly-high, to their summer shares or to ferries that returned them to Long Island proper. A few lingered in the tract of Fire Island National Seashore known as the Meat Rack—an arena of woodland, dune, and marsh nestled between Grove and Pines, where men meet for "vertical sex," as one participant calls it. As Felix forced the water table higher, much of the path between the two communities was flooded. In the mire at the Pines entrance to the Rack, some anonymous benefactor has constructed an assemblage of wood and metal that looks like a demented Adirondack chair, sporting a huge red heart. LOVE LANE, says a carefully painted sign, and below that: KEEP YOUR LOVE ALIVE AND SAFE. ONLY YOU KEEP IT UP. BE KIND TO MOTHER NATURE!!! DAVID GROFF





Clockwise from left: At the Scratcher, Peter Fonda with *Vanity Fair's* Dafydd Jones. At Le Colonial for *Manhattan File's* first anniversary, editor Cristina Greeven greets James Truman; actors Billy Crudup and Mili Avital. At the Bridgehampton Polo Club, writer Joanie McDonell; Anton Katz with Prince Albert of Monaco. At the Broadway Cares party at Martin Richards's Southampton house, City Ballet dancer Robert LaFosse gets limber.

Dead Cool

At the party for the film 'Nadja' at the Scratcher, a bar on East 5th Street.

By Alex Williams

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

"IT'S VERY LOW-BUDGET," SAYS director Michael Almereyda, explaining why he cast so many quasi-known local groovers in his art-house-bound New York vampire film, *Nadja.* "It's more convenient to have people who can walk to work." This does not, of course, explain his casting Montana rancher Peter Fonda as vampire hunter Dr. Van Helsing. At this very moment, the denim-clad Fonda towers over the bar, radiating icon-hood amid whiskered kids trying to smoke their way to artistic significance. Since *Easy Rider* 26 years ago, Henry's son, Jane's little brother, and Bridget's dad has been a talisman for young filmmakers hustling for a hit outside the Hollywood mainstream.

"I had been looking at photographs . . . of the people I imagined would be right for the part, like W. B. Yeats and Sam Beckett—someone with a faraway look in his eye. Eric [Stoltz, Bridget's boyfriend] suggested Peter Fonda. It seemed preposterous," Almereyda says—only moments after mentioning the film's "very low budget"—"and then it seemed inevitable."

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

The Brothers Bill

Bill Bradley's ruminations about a run in 1996 have captivated the press. There's only one problem: He and Clinton talk the same talk.

IN THE ODD, ANTI-POLITICAL POLITICAL culture of the moment, no quality is prized more highly than ambivalence. We have no illusions about anyone who is president or runs for president. But if an individual of great renown and accomplishment can't decide whether to run, he must be the one for the job. There is a catch here, though: The minute such a person—a Colin Powell or Bob Kerrey or Bill Bradley—decides to go for it, he loses the better part of his allure. He is no longer the prospective national savior but rather, as Ross Perot learned to his chagrin last year, just another ambitious self-seeker, someone who actually desires power. And the press, which has been coaxing and imploring the poor sap to get in, tries mightily to catch him out.

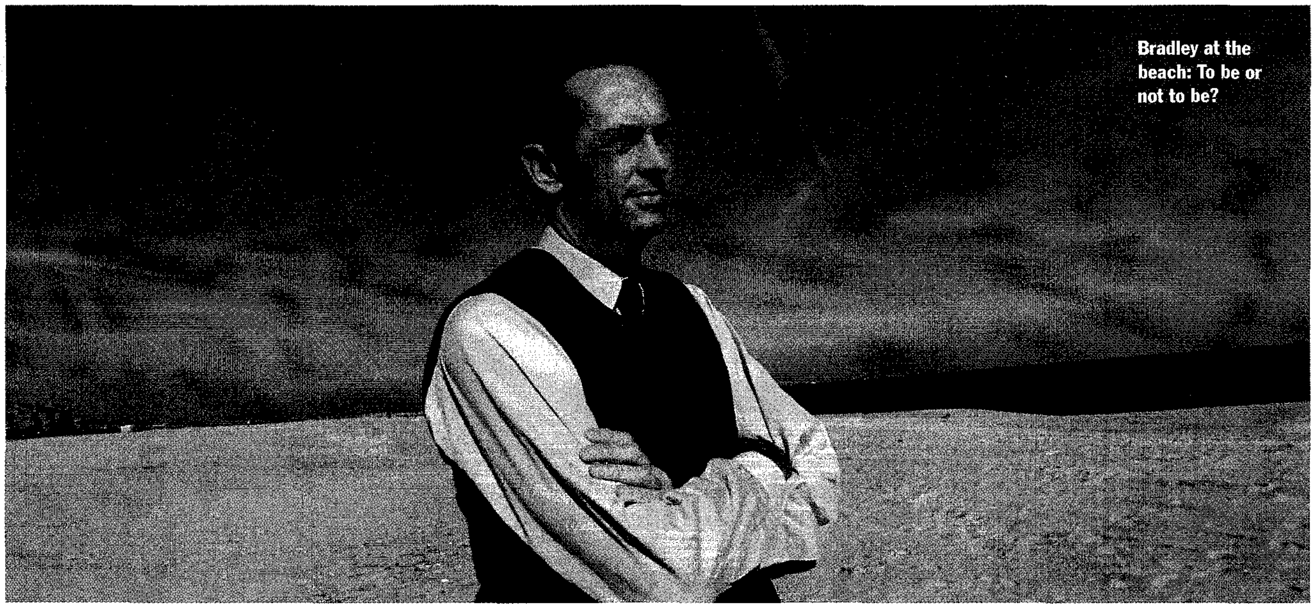
Thus the perfect time to be Bill Bradley is right now. With his unexpected announcement that he will not seek re-election to the Senate next year, and his nonchalant comments that he can't rule out running as an independent candidate for president, Bradley launched a kind of feeding frenzy in reverse: one in which the piranhas offer themselves to the man in the water. The basic tone of the coverage was beyond fawning: Do we deserve Bill Bradley?

Bradley is playing the part of Cincinnatus with consummate finesse, saying all the right things about the bankruptcy of both parties and keeping alive hopes for the ultimate ambivalent-hero dream team, one that matches him with Powell (order to be determined). This week, Bradley is taking a long walk along the Jersey shore, starting in Cape May, in order to "listen" to the people, skip stones, and ponder the future.

None of which is to suggest that his current posture is disingenuous. As he explained to me in an interview last week, his decision to leave the Senate was a heartfelt and personal one (though the timing of his announcement, in the August news hole that happened to coincide with the lull just before the release of Powell's book, seems more than fortuitous). It came as he completed a book he describes as "a journey into America, a journey into myself," and as a kind of senatorial sequel to his memoir of his Knicks years, *Life on the Run*. "When you are reflecting on yourself and your life and what you do, and you actually think about structuring it in a piece of writing, when you complete that process there's a sense of closure. You've put it in perspective, and it's time to move on," Bradley says. "I think there's a time when you have to follow your inner voice. That's what I heard it saying." Bradley was going to call his work *An American Journey* until his editor at Knopf saw a copy of Colin Powell's book downstairs at Random House—and discovered that it had a nearly identical title.

Bradley's announcement guarantees his book will be a best-seller. But other than to promote it (and to make life more interesting for political reporters), why would he run against Bill Clinton? Not because Bradley has a revolutionary new political program to offer. As has been pointed out, there are few areas of substantive disagreement between the two. Given an opportunity, Bradley declines to enlarge them, ostensibly out of good manners but in all probability because they hardly exist. Bradley has criticized Clinton twice in the past year, once over his demand that the Japanese agree to numerical trade quotas and again when the president proposed an unbalanced budget. On both points, Clinton came around to Bradley's way of thinking.

But it's not just that they haven't disagreed on specific policy questions. What is striking is the extent to which Bradley and Clinton are concerned with the same problems and offer the same thematic responses. When Bradley talks about the inadequacy of old left and new right solu-



Bradley at the beach: To be or not to be?

Photograph by John Giordano/Saba.

tions, the need for reform of the process, and the economic peril of the middle class, he sounds spookily like the Bill Clinton of 1992. "What I'm hearing is that a lot of people who work hard and play by the rules are now full of growing economic insecurity. In many cases, they've lost their jobs, and if they've got another job they had to take a pay cut and less fringe benefits," Bradley says. "They are extremely concerned not only about their child's future and standard of living but their own."

That's almost word for word the pitch that Clinton ran and won on. Clinton hasn't solved the problems of the middle class, to be sure. As Bradley himself acknowledges, there is no known programmatic "solution" to them. We are living through a period of profound economic transition, he says, which is analogous to the shift from an agricultural to an industrial economy at the end of the nineteenth century. The majority of American jobs are now vulnerable. The country as a whole will be richer for accomplishing this evolution, but many individuals will fret and suffer along the way.

Bradley's own answers are small, ameliorative measures—portable pensions and a rule requiring employers to supply health insurance for laid-off workers for a year. These "cushions they can use to survive the rapids," as Bradley calls them, are less ambitious than Clinton's schemes for government-sponsored skill upgrading and worker retraining. And they are hardly the basis for appealing to a cohort of disaffected Perot voters, who may agree on little but reject Bradley's free-trade absolutism out of hand. What will he tell these people, who blame immigration and Asian imports for their woes? "I think that you demonstrate that the cause of this severe dislocation is not international competition," Bradley says. Good luck.

Clinton and Bradley have more in common than their concern for dislocated industrial workers. Since the rebuke of last fall's elections, both have inclined toward a more ethereal realm of politics, becoming entranced with the movement known as communitarianism. Like Clinton, Bradley has read his Robert Putnam and stands as an uncompromising opponent of bowling alone. In February, Bradley gave a speech at the National Press Club in Washington in which he elaborated the standard view. Civil society—the realm of churches, unions, sports clubs (like Putnam's bowling leagues), PTAs, Elks, and Lions—was dying. We were suffering from an "erosion of love, trust, and mutual obligation." It was a good speech—so good that Clinton gave more or less the same one at Georgetown in July. Compare:

CLINTON: "I think we have to do these things because we are, literally, a community. An American family that is going up or down together, whether we like it or not."

BRADLEY: "Instead of working together to improve our collective situation, we fight with each other over who has superior rights."

CLINTON: "More of our citizens have got to say, 'What should I do in my community?' "

BRADLEY: "What this nation needs to promote is the spirit of giving something freely without measuring it out precisely or demanding something in return."

CLINTON: "Do you ever have a discussion with somebody who's different from you? Not just people who agree with you, but somebody who's different?"

BRADLEY: "Rebuilding civil society requires people talking and listening to each other."

It should be noted that Bradley's speech came five months before Clinton's. But neither of them invented this stuff. They borrowed it from the same place.

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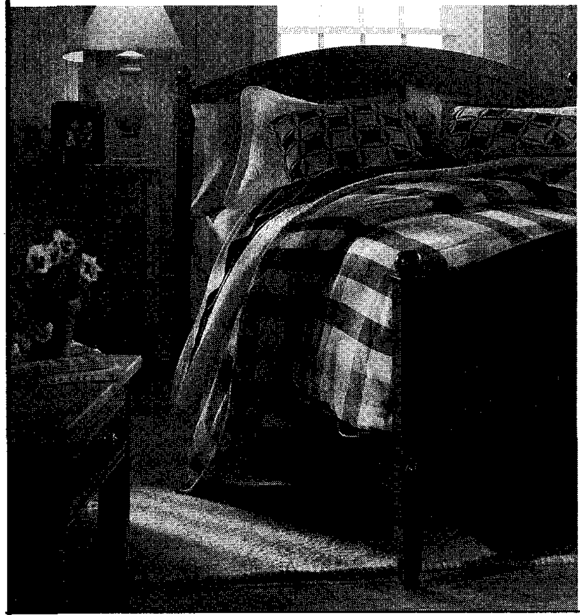
The social critique hits a nerve. There *is* something wrong with American political discourse, a sense of decline in the common civic space. And both men feel this passionately, as a matter of personal religious conviction. But Clinton, with his roots in an expressive Southern Baptism, is a natural articulator of it. Bradley, a Midwestern Presbyterian with a lugubrious turn of mind, is a less infectious expostulator. When it comes to fleshing out some nuts-and-bolts policy implications of these ideas, Clinton is again the hands-down winner. He talks about national service, about the V-chip for parental TV control, about warrantless searches in violence-numbed housing projects. Bradley's notions, by contrast, are old Clinton commonplaces, such as more aggressive child-support enforcement. As a political talent, too, Bradley is vastly inferior to Clinton. Where the president is one of the great public performers of the age, Bradley, his glorious basketball history notwithstanding, suffers from negative charisma. He is a careful plodder who has made a successful career in the Senate by dint of hard work, not innate ability.

So what, exactly, would a Bradley candidacy offer? What he himself can't say is that he *is* Clinton—but Clinton with a better character. Bradley's name is synonymous with an almost preternatural rectitude. Where Clinton is brilliant at talking about values, Bradley embodies them. As a college basketball star, he was famous for passing the ball to teammates who were poorer shots than himself. As a Knick, he refused to take money to endorse products. In the Senate, he has distinguished himself as a master of the unglamorous arcana of trade, tax, and foreign policy. He is sometimes indecisive, but never slippery. It would be amazing if he had any skeletons of the Paula Jones or James McDougal sort in his closet.

But the moment to challenge Clinton on those grounds was the 1992 Democratic primary. Bradley, like several other often-mentioned Democratic prospects, took a pass that seemingly inauspicious year. Had he taken the risk, he might well be president now, though he says it's fortunate that he didn't run, since that was the year his wife, Ernestine, was diagnosed with breast cancer and underwent chemotherapy (which was successful). He may have another such chance in the year 2000, and at 52 is young enough to think beyond even then. So long as high-minded opinion columnists live, Bradley will be warmly discussed. But in the meantime, though he may find Clinton endlessly frustrating as only one who agrees with Clinton can, running against him would be a futile gesture, a half-court heave. ■



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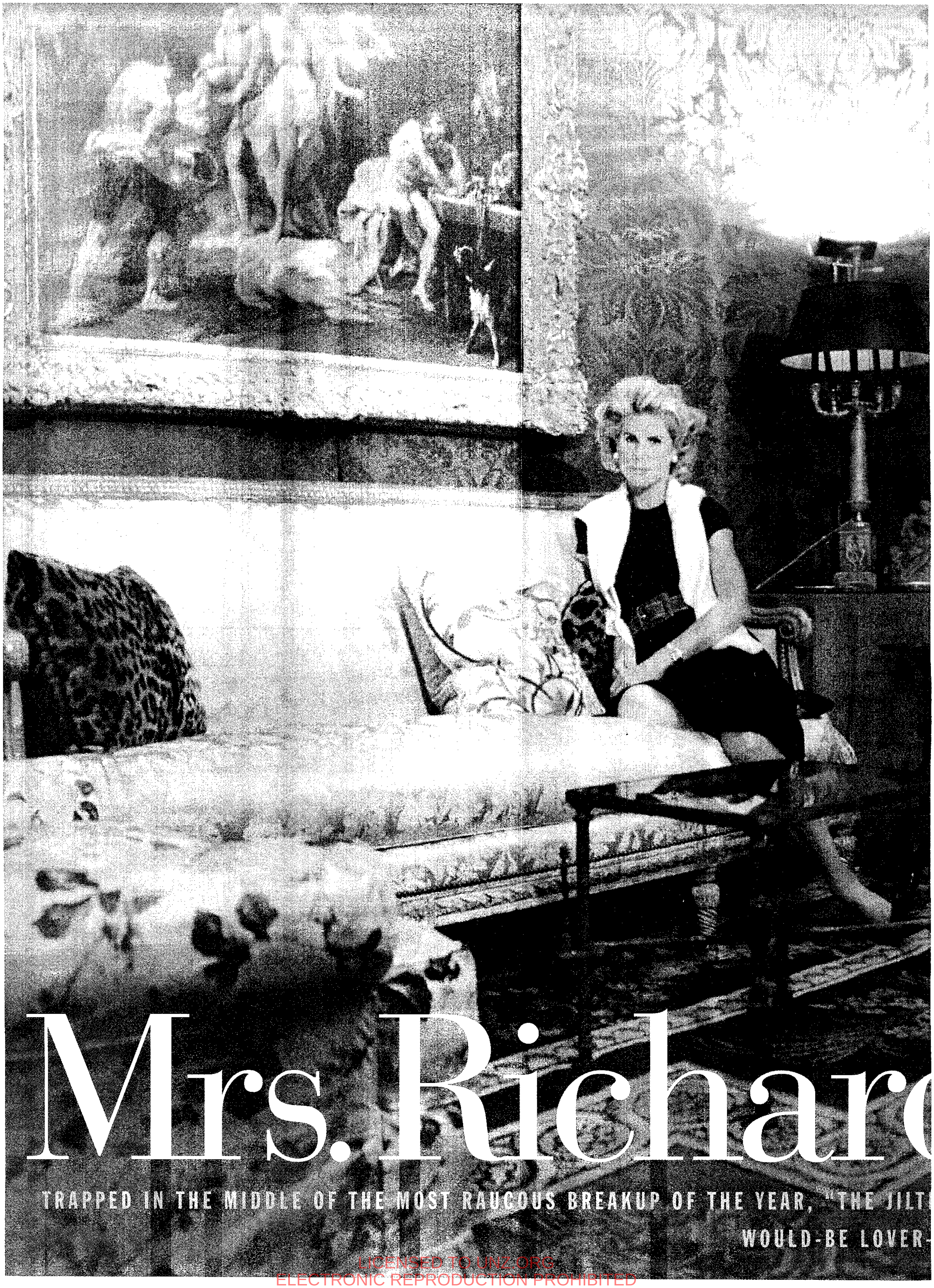

Mrs. Richar

TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOST RAUCOUS BREAKUP OF THE YEAR, "THE JILT

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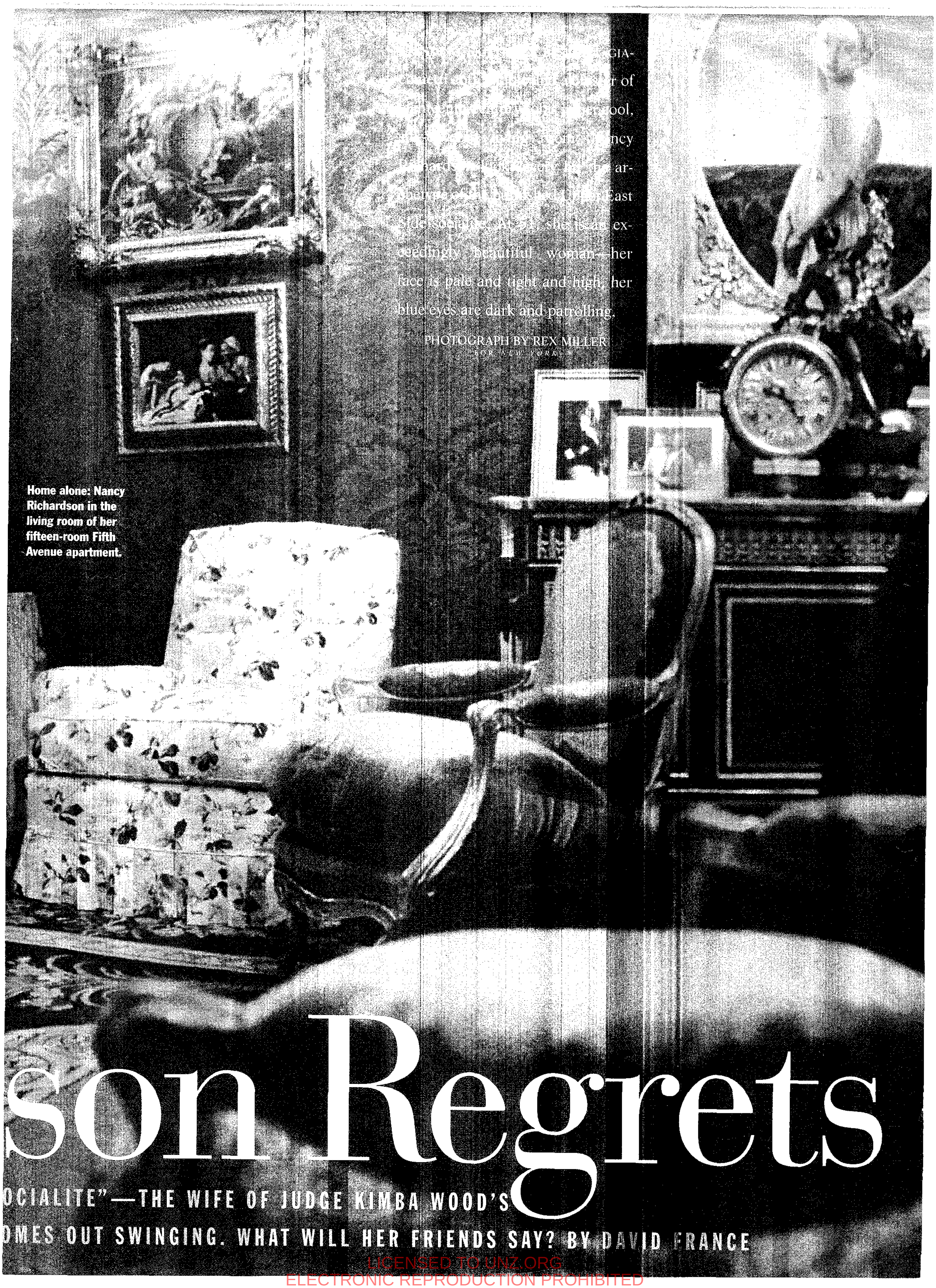

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PHOTOGRAPH BY REX MILLER FOR NEW YORK

Home alone: Nancy Richardson in the living room of her fifteen-room Fifth Avenue apartment.

son Regrets

OCIALITE"—THE WIFE OF JUDGE KIMBA WOOD'S OMES OUT SWINGING. WHAT WILL HER FRIENDS SAY? BY DAVID FRANCE

Social graces: Nancy with Blaine Trump at a Lincoln Center opening. Inset: Northwood, the Richardsons' $11 million Oyster Bay "summer home."

"THIS ISN'T the Trumps, YOU KNOW," SNIF
OBSERVER OF THE RICHARDSONS' insul
Brooke Astor AND JAYNE WRIGHTSMAN ARE

and her dress, a short, pleated smock, gracefully hugs her narrow body. Gripping her elbows, she shifts nervously from one foot to another, lifting out of her Rene Mancini slingbacks one heel at a time. "My code in all of this is that I'm not going to talk," she begins, haltingly. "But *really,* I have just been so *pilloried.*"

August has been a trying month for Nancy Richardson, who has spent much of it trapped at the center of the most lavishly acrimonious marital disentanglement of the year. The scandal became public on August 1, when her husband Frank's florid, Edith Whartonish diaries—charting his trysts with federal-court judge Kimba Wood—were splashed across the front page of the *Daily News.* A day later, Nancy—whose previous media mentions were confined mostly to the pages of *W*—was officially branded "The Jilted Socialite." The $12.5 million Fifth Avenue apartment she shared with her husband was staked out by reporters around the clock.

But while the other principals deftly managed their public utterances, Nancy was decidedly less measured, naïvely spilling family secrets to shouting reporters. Her performance was not well received. "This isn't the Trumps, you know," notes one prominent observer of the Richardsons' insular, quietly rich circle. "People like Brooke Astor and Jayne Wrightsman are horrified at this." And it was Nancy who drew most of the slings.

Rather than backing down, however, she decided to take the gloves off. On a sweltering Monday last week, for the first time since the story broke, she invited a reporter to her home—five floors above Central Park—to defend her reputation. And to formally tender her resignation from high society. "I'm finished with the fast track," she declares. "I really hated this life. I just want something else."

"It's not anything I find satisfying," she says, waving a thin hand around her antique-filled room. The walls behind her are cluttered with dark nineteenth-century French oils—Mrs. Richardson calls them "pictures"—by Boilly, Ingres, Heim, and Boucher. A dozen antique candelabras hold down tabletops, mantels, chests, and bookshelves, covered in emerald-green velvet. But the splendor, she says, has proved empty. "I've always been a recluse; in a funny sort of way, that's what this is about."

Richardson's gaze suddenly shifts nervously to an adjacent hallway. Had she heard the footfalls of her husband? Since both Richardsons have refused to decamp, the judge overseeing the divorce has demilitarized the living room and library, and awarded each spouse rooms for his or her exclusive use. She has her bedroom, as well as a small maid's room up on the thirteenth floor, which she has converted into an office with a paperback copy of *The Scarlet Letter* propped on her desk. Since their last court appearance, in July, the Richardsons have bumped into each other only once.

Her eyes fill with tears.

"You just don't know how upset people will be," she says. "It's more important for me to show myself as strong and independent to my daughters. They've been proud of that, of me. For me to get tossed off as a socialite? That would be a terrible thing to be left with."

With that, Mrs. Richardson strides purposefully to a corner of the room to pose for pictures—the first time she has ever allowed her apartment to be photographed. It's a final indiscretion she believes will reverberate through society for months. She proceeds nonetheless. "I didn't want to be a socialite." she points out, diffidently. "I *never* wanted to be a socialite. You have no idea."

IT'S BEEN FOUR WEEKS SINCE THE media launch of that roiling affair—the "silly season scandal," *Newsweek* dubbed it—that quickly made the couple notorious. All through the month, charges and countercharges, new romances and old wounds, flowered irresistibly, as overwrought and readable as a Harlequin romance.

It might never have surfaced had Judge Kimba Wood—Clinton's abortive candidate for attorney general—not been tethered to the proceedings. Wood, 51, was married, beautiful, prominent (she presided at the trial of Mike Milken), and saucy—as a college student, she even briefly trained to become a *Playboy* Bunny. "Nobody had heard of the

Photographs: left, Marina Garnier; inset, N.Y. *Daily News* Photo.

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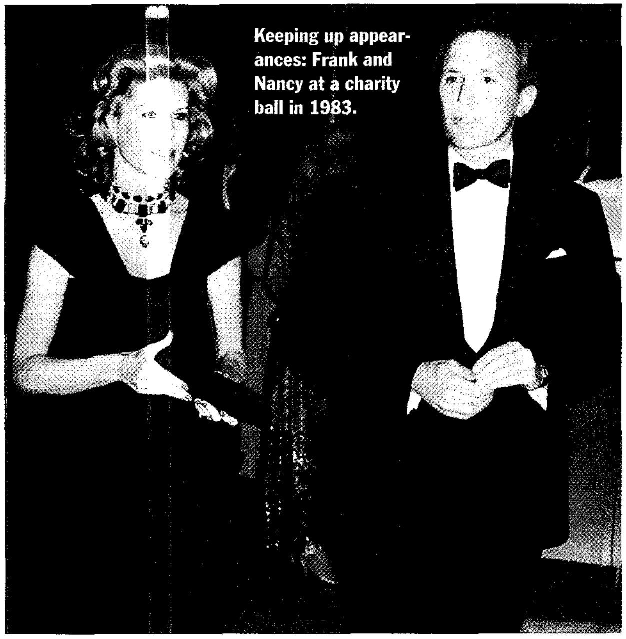

Keeping up appearances: Frank and Nancy at a charity ball in 1983.

Richardsons outside of a few thousand people," says Steven M. L. Aronson, the writer and social observer. In a slow news month, the judge's involvement transformed the story into front-page news for weeks running.

On August 1, the *Daily News* ran excerpts of the purloined diaries under the headline THE TYCOON AND THE EX-CLINTON NOMINEE. Salacious, Victorian, and deliciously overwritten, they were an immediate hit. "They were reasonably literate, and that enchants people," says Frank Richardson's attorney, Stanley Arkin. "It sort of caught the doldrums summer imagination." His client, he admits, was mortified.

In two spiral-bound, handwritten journals, Richardson describes the judge—whom he has known since they both attended Harvard Law School in the sixties—as "a very passionate and very sexual woman." His prose glorifies her "misty green eyes" and creamy skin, her intelligence and completeness, her "ability to give love wonderfully and freely." There are florid descriptions of lunches at Le Cirque, trysts in the country, and amorous declarations in purple prose: "When I first took her head and kissed her lips . . . she stiffened and gave slowly, but inexorably."

Though the judge resolutely refused to discuss the matter, within days their relationship had become the prime topic of conversation within the Richardsons' rarefied circles: in the museum world, where they have been generous donors, and among Republicans, for whom Frank is a top fund-raiser. Wood, on vacation in Italy when the stories came out, returned to a media stakeout at the airport. The mob chased her to Park Avenue and photographed her tumbling on the sidewalk outside her home. "It's the biggest news in law," says a well-connected lawyer. "I expected people to say how terrible it was, or how she deserved it, but instead everybody—men and women—said the same thing: 'Kimba really *is* hot.' One woman said to me, 'You know, her eyes really are a misty green, and she really does have that creamy, silky skin.' "

But nowhere was the case more hungrily dissected than in New York's media circles, where it was viewed almost as an in-house affair. Nancy was a longtime editor at *House & Garden*, and a close friend of both Jackie Onassis and Condé Nast's legendary Leo Lerman. Judge Wood's husband, Michael Kramer—from whom she separated last spring—is the schmoozy, well-connected political columnist for *Time* magazine. Her best friends include Lesley Stahl, literary agent Esther Newberg, and the *Times*'s Janet Maslin. Then, two weeks ago, it was reported that Nancy was being squired around by Michael Thomas, the loopy, entertaining columnist at the New York *Observer*.

In the face of such intense scrutiny, the sealed dockets in the divorce soon became as leaky as a North Shore boathouse. Documents revealed the Richardsons were worth $157 million, that they paid $12.5 million for their Fifth Avenue manse and another $11 million for Northwood, their sprawling 53-acre summer and vacation home in Oyster Bay Cove.

In a ruling published August 11, State Supreme Court judge David Saxe, who is refereeing the dissolution, noted, "The extreme wealth of the parties to this divorce case has to an extent enlarged to oversized proportions what would otherwise be a fairly typical dispute."

So it is that he, typically, accuses her of being a spendthrift—but one with an unimaginable $350,000-a-year clothing allowance. And she, typically, charges he's constructed "a universe of hedonistic and exhibitionist excess"—by buying, in quick succession, a residence in Aspen; a farm in Unionville, Pennsylvania; 90 horse-running acres in Far Hills, New Jersey; a private plane; and stables in Maryland.

He calls her emotionally volatile, requiring the care of six mental-health professionals, a quorum of whom have allegedly recommended "intensive care for her emotional problems in an institutional setting." She calls him a "scoundrel" with a "rage disorder." She claims he was an absentee husband. He claims she's an absentee mother (the couple has three children, ranging in age from 10 to 20). She says he called her a "slut." He says she called him a "homosexual."

"I didn't do that," replies Nancy to the last charge, and swears she doesn't believe it. But she does admit to checking out the rumors, which were replete with the name of Frank's alleged inamorato, a middle-aged museum curator in New York. "In the Knickerbocker Club, at Sotheby's, in the horse world, in the social world—it was an incredible brushfire," she says. "Everybody said, 'Nancy, there has never been so much smoke as this where there's not something there.' " Eventually the rumor became so widespread that Richardson's lawyer, Arkin, was forced to issue a denial—one that most of Frank's friends find perfectly credible.

As the spectacle unfolded, friends of the Richardsons reacted with a blend of horror and fascination. Though few have spoken to the press, fewer still have come to their defense. In private, the couple is unflatteringly portrayed—even by those who describe themselves as friends. "They're exceedingly rebarbative, a real pair," says a distant chum. "They're totally affectless and entirely composed." Their highly varnished demeanor earned them the sobriquet "Ken and Barbie."

"I don't believe dust would dare settling on Nancy's blouse," says columnist Cindy Adams, who has known the couple for two decades and describes her friends as passionless and cold to each other. "I think if gravy found its way to Frank's tie, it would shrivel up all by itself." For a couple so brittle, so artificially constructed, it seems almost inevitable that the deconstruction would turn catastrophic. "It's larger than life, when things do go wrong," Adams says.

Even Nancy, bitter about the relationship, is respectful of its place in society. "Frank and I had a loveless marriage," she says without a trace of irony. "But it was always an important one."

Frank Richardson and Nancy McCarthy—both, curiously, devout Christian Scientists—met on a Sunday in the fall of 1972, following services at an Upper East Side church. Outwardly, at least, they seemed a perfect pair. Frank was 32, a handsome blond descendant of General Sherman born and bred in Sewickley, the posh suburb of Pittsburgh. A self-styled dilettante, he studied art history at Princeton, medicine at Harvard, and philosophy at Oxford before graduating from Harvard Law School in 1967. He eventually decided on finance and promptly landed

Photograph by Mary Hilliard.

an entry-level job at Dean Witter.

Nancy was 28 and freelancing at *House & Garden,* the last stop in a journalism career that began at the *Christian Science Monitor* and included brief stops as a reporter for the *Daily News* and *Vogue.* Her modest wealth came from her great-grandfather, who founded the company that manufactures Buster Brown shoes. Raised in Greenwich, she attended Miss Porter's School—Jackie Onassis's alma mater—before studying history at Stanford.

In contrast to Nancy's standard-issue refinement, her mother, Josie, is considered something of a free spirit. Her second husband, Vanderbilt heir R. Thornton Wilson, complains she squandered his entire inheritance in twenty years. “She ran through me like a dose of salts through a goose,” says Wilson, now living in Newport with his new wife. “I have always liked Nancy; I hold no grudge against her. But Nancy is her mother's daughter. She is a very spoiled woman.”

Following an intense six-month courtship, Frank and Nancy married and started a family. Their ascent into New York's declining old-money society was immediate, as was their descent into marital strife. “He was off fox-hunting with Jackie Onassis on the weekends,” Nancy says. “I was completely abandoned.” Her stepfather recalls financial problems as well. “She use to criticize him at first,” Wilson says. “She was always saying, ‘You've got to do better than that, my boy.’ She must have been happy after he latched onto Simon and started making money.”

Simon was William Simon—Nixon's Treasury secretary—who made Frank a partner in his go-go Wall Street firm in 1985, and a multimillionaire shortly after. He left to found his own firm—the Park Avenue–based F. E. Richardson & Company—where he draws a salary of $4.5 million a year. By 1988, Frank had become one of the top Republican contributors in the country; in 1993, he was named a principal member of Rudy Giuliani's economic-development transition team. Along the way, the couple had conquered every impossible-to-join club in New York: the Brook, the Racquet Club, Piping Rock, Links, and the Knickerbocker.

TO NANCY, ALL THAT UNINTERRUPTED, CLASSIC-American-aristocrat success became a burden, virtually a curse. She lived the cliché: Money did not buy happiness. “I couldn't have known beforehand,” she says wonderingly, “how dissatisfying all this would be.” With each acquired million, she says Frank grew colder and more distant. Under pressure from her husband, she says, she dropped her career to devote herself full-time to society—a world she found unbearably full of excess and obligation. “After Frank made all of the money, we ended up with a life with ten fax machines, fifteen cars, 40 phone extensions in the country home, and just about as many in the city.”

The tedium was exhausting, the company unrewarding. “Back to back,” she complains, “I did houses on Park Avenue, then 63rd Street. And then the country house. It was too much. A great unhappiness started for me in Oyster Bay.”

The couple bought Northwood in 1989 and Nancy embarked on a remodeling that proved Herculean. The main house, a Normandy-style castle, has more than 100 windows and more than 50 rooms. The grounds are crowded with a pool, a bowling alley, and a fully staffed Tudor-style stable so grand that *Post* photographers have repeatedly mistaken it for the Richardsons' home.

For three years, Nancy says, she rose at 5:30 each morning, maniacally attending to the renovation. “Driving out to see people about the well, about the propane tank, about tearing down the derelict buildings on the place, about watering the ivy and sending it back up the wall of the tennis house. About whether to tear down the big barn. About renovating the stables. You know?”

North Shore socializing provided little respite. “You know, there hasn't been any free agency or rotation in the social world for 80 years,” she sighs. She was, not surprisingly, pushed to host philanthropic fund-raisers in her new home. “These women, they hounded me and hounded me. And I didn't want to. I felt my whole life was being wrecked by this huge house.”

“FRANK AND I HAD A loveless marriage,” SHE SAYS without a trace of irony. “BUT IT WAS ALWAYS AN important one.”

Holding court: Kimba Wood and husband Michael Kramer at a party for *New York* Magazine in 1993.

In time the tension wore her down. Old acquaintances describe her beauty as a robust yet gentle thing. “She was completely and totally gorgeous,” says a woman who worked with Nancy in the early eighties. “She looked like Grace Kelly—more full-faced and womanly. Then she became an X-ray.” Two years ago, she arrived at the office of her surgeon with a detail from Paulo Veronese's *Marriage of Kena* in her hand. Presenting the painting to the doctor, she pointed to a blonde woman on the lower left and asked to be made over in her image.

Friends have also commented on her manifest depression, which, in 1992, propelled her to a psychiatrist. “My hands were shaking. I was hyperventilating. And he says, ‘Seems to me your interests don't jibe with how you have spent your time in the last six years.’ I say, ‘*Yes!*’ And he says, ‘Now, on doctor's orders, you stop.’ ”

Later that year, she informed Frank she was abandoning their lockstep upperclass social life. Incensed, he reportedly accused her of having an affair with her therapist. Their relationship, always frag-

Photograph by Robin Platzer.

ile, grew increasingly volatile. Last year, according to published reports that Nancy confirms, Frank even threatened to break her neck, shouting, “I understand O. J. Simpson completely!”

Finally, after a failed attempt at couples therapy, the Richardsons decided to divorce last April. Frank’s friend Ron Perelman recommended he hire Stanley Arkin, the criminal-defense attorney known for his take-no-prisoners courtroom M.O. Nancy hired Norman Sheresky, a lawyer with his own reputation for hardball, who drew up papers alleging cruelty. Arkin responded with countercharges about the alleged affair with her therapist, which she denies explosively. *“An absolute fabrication,”* she says. “He was my *doctor!”*

The battle quickly escalated. “Frank wanted to win—he saw this as a war,” she says. “First by talking around town, turning people against me. And then he made life impossible for me even in my own home. He was always around, *glowering.* He was a very ominous presence. He tried to turn the children against me. And the staff!”

Publicly however, Frank Richardson has appeared remarkably restrained. His attorneys have warned him away from the media; he declined repeated requests for an interview. But in his only comment on the affair, to the *Post’s* Cindy Adams, he said, “I have nothing negative to say about the mother of my children. We had many fine years together. She is basically a good person. It’s simply that hopes and dreams change. Couples may grow apart. They often go in different directions. . . . But that is no reason to lash out with bitterness and call one another names.”

But his sister, the author and screenwriter Beth Gutcheon, displays a glimmer of the family’s feeling toward Nancy when she says, “He was overdue for a change. I believe Frank thought it was a bad sign when Nancy failed to join him and the kids for Christmas two years in a row.”

Their growing rancor finally boiled over this summer when, following an especially piqued argument, Nancy went to her husband’s desk drawer and rifled through it, a gesture familiar to many divorcing couples. There, she claims, she came upon *her* date book, which she assumed Frank was using to substantiate various charges in his affidavit. She promptly stole it back.

Soon after, she says, she glanced at his valise and thought, “Maybe he has something in there. It’s always sitting open as a store place for the checks he brings home for the staff [a household adviser, a superintendent, the gardeners, a handyman], the couple that helps us out. And I just go over there and it’s ajar! And I thought, I should look. And I have maybe four minutes. And I did look. And I found these diaries. And I’m petrified!”

Nancy knew immediately what she had found. She packed the diaries into her car and sped to the Fifth Avenue apartment. “I got to the city about eleven that night, and I was in tears at the Xerox machine—thinking, I don’t care how this hurts me, I’m going to make a record.”

“Very simply,” says Stanley Arkin, Frank’s lawyer, “my client’s diaries were stolen in a sick, slimy way.” But more to the point, he argues that the diaries don’t prove a sexual liaison—and he insists that none took place.

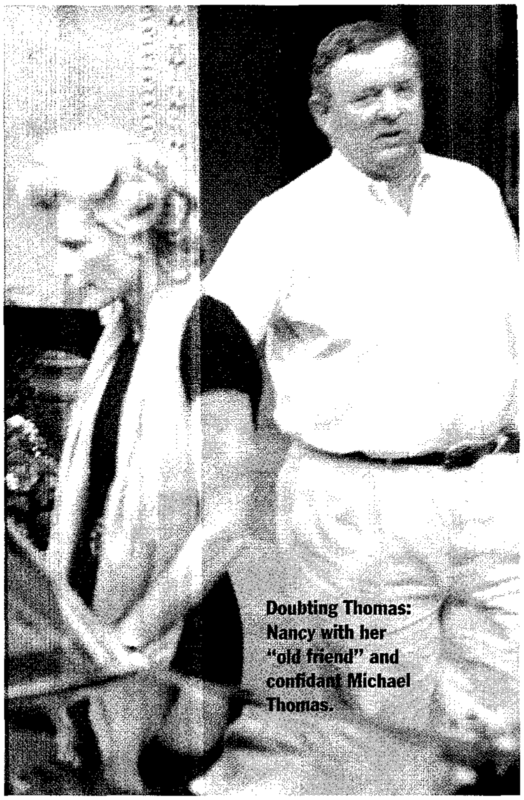
On June 22, soon after Frank discovered his diaries were missing, Arkin filed a motion to suppress them, arguing that the diaries were illegally obtained. Nancy’s lawyers opposed the motion, arguing, among other things, that the diaries contained evidence of Mr. Richardson’s adultery. Judge Saxe ruled in favor of Nancy in late July. Ironically, it was Arkin’s motion to suppress the diaries that alerted the tabloids to their existence.

“His lawyers made a great error, bringing this to the fore,” says Judd Burstein, a well-known defense attorney. Celebrity divorce lawyer Raoul Felder agrees. “Why he didn’t move to have the names changed to Jane and John Doe, I can’t figure out,” says Felder, currently representing one such Jane Doe—Mrs. Anthony Quinn—in a divorce. “That was the big mistake here.”

WHEN NANCY Richardson began plotting her social abdication this summer, she never intended for it to turn into a public spectacle. She acknowledges that the life she is renouncing seems a desirable one. And she admits that the new lifestyle she envisions won’t exactly leave her destitute. At the very least, she will walk away with tens of millions from her divorce.

In any case, she won’t be the first of her caste to trade down. “Among the very rich there is a kind of *nostalgie de la boue,”* says author and old-money chronicler Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., “that longing to get back to primal slime, to get down to the lower reaches of the social ladder.”

Shortly after she filed to divorce her husband, Nancy phoned an old friend, Michael Thomas, in tears. Thomas proved an empathetic listener. A decade earlier, he had ditched a lucrative career as a financier to become a novelist and commentator. He asked her to his Sag Harbor home for a weekend—an invitation to experience life on a smaller scale than Oyster Bay. “I think she feels that that kind of life is an empty life,” he says. “Is it difficult to leave behind? I did it; I turned my back on it.”


Doubting Thomas: Nancy with her “old friend” and confidant Michael Thomas.

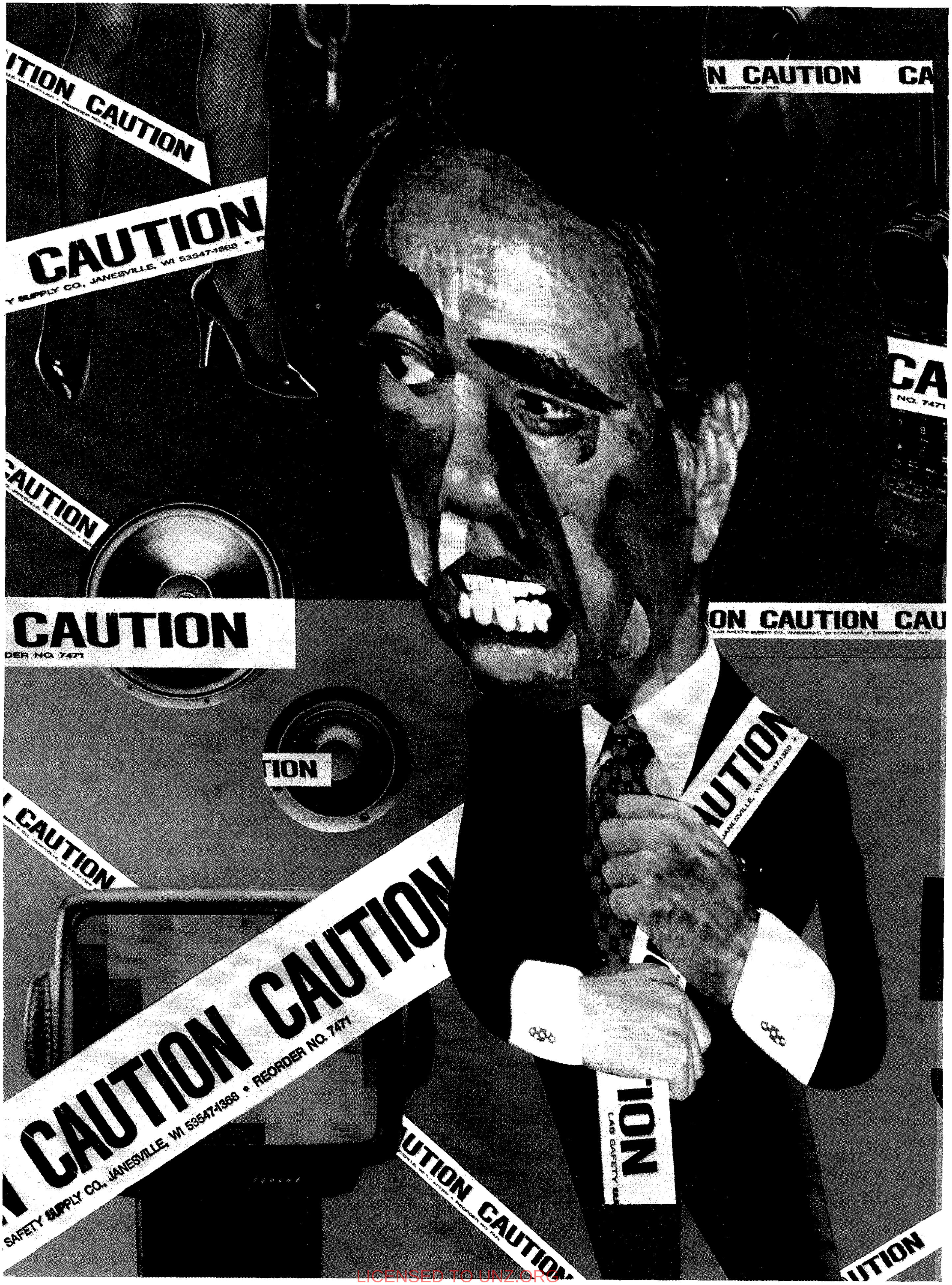
For Richardson, the trip was a turning point—a glimpse at tasteful affluence two or three orders of magnitude below what she had known. “He took me up and down Main Street, and I see one house after the next, and they’re all doctors, lawyers, editors, publishers. And they’re six-room houses! I now, through Michael, have experienced that sort of life.” She took a four-room Sag Harbor cottage for the summer, moving from the North Shore to the South Fork, from cocktails with Wall Street people to cocktails with people in publishing.

For most of those involved, once the attention recedes, life will go on as before. It remains to be seen what will become of Nancy Richardson. It is too soon to determine how thoroughly her society friends will shun her—for now she is prepared for the worst. But it’s ironic that while she considers herself the victim of these circumstances, others believe she has been fanning the flames.

“I’ve had one conversation with Nancy, and I explained I was awful sorry about this mess, for the children,” says Thornton Wilson, her former stepfather. “But Nancy seems to have been the person responsible for this publicity. I can see wanting to get a divorce, but all this?”

It’s a charge Nancy Richardson can not easily deny, as she finishes posing for her portrait on a damask sofa in the gilded, *ancien régime* home she says she despises. But she is far from contrite. “I’m sure my lawyers would tell me not to say anything,” she says. If nothing else, she is getting used to having her own way. ■

Photograph by Tamara Beckwith/New York *Post.*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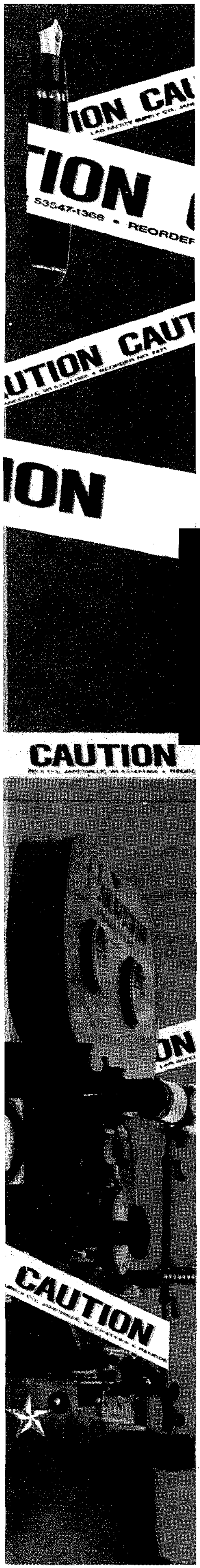


Contrary to what Bob Dole and the conservative moralizers say, the country's movies, books, albums, and television shows are more squeaky clean than America itself. All you have to do is watch, read, and listen.

The Myth of Pop Culture Depravity

By Michael Hirschorn

ANYONE WHO NEEDED A REFRESHER course in the increasingly unreal debate over popular culture had only to tune into *The McLaughlin Group* a couple of Sundays back, when the following exchange took place:

JOHN PODHORETZ, *deputy editor of the forthcoming Murdoch political magazine* The Standard: It is inarguable that in the last 20 or 30 years, Hollywood has taken as one of its stock villains the minister, a priest. . . . This is simply a fact of life. It's weird to deny it.

SEAN DANIEL, *blustery Hollywood producer:* Give us a stock villain. . . .

PODHORETZ: [Unintelligible.]

ILLUSTRATION BY EDMUND GUY
FOR *NEW YORK*

The single example discussed on the program was *Priest,* an independent movie made in another country and released by Disney's Miramax Films in a handful of U.S. theaters last spring, and which grossed a puny $4 million. But these are mere caveats when you're fighting to save Western civilization. Earlier, Podhoretz, following the writings of the conservative movie reviewer Michael Medved, had also cited Steven Spielberg's *E.T.,* previously thought of as a sugar-poppy Reagan-era celebration of the indefatigable American spirit, as the fountainhead of Hollywood's attack on America: It portrayed adults as either ineffectual know-nothings or malevolent; and in suggesting that a 10-year-old child is capable and self-sufficient, *E.T.* had the effect of undermining the traditional family structure. Rather than traffic in such subversive fantasy, Podhoretz, an employee of the mogul who broadcasts *Married . . . With Children,* declared, "All of American culture should be about making sure that 10-year-olds have appropriate [entertainment]."

Son (Eriq La Salle) helps mother deal with the terrors and tribulations of old age. *ER* is relentless in its focus on the agonies and compromises of daily life.

This latest front in the culture wars—begun earlier in the summer when Bob Dole accused Hollywood of producing "nightmares of depravity" that trafficked in "casual violence and even more casual sex" and continued with Bill Bennett's full-bore assault on Time Warner—seems to be succeeding. Since more than 70 percent of the public in a recent poll agreed with Dole, and majorities were variously in favor of further restricting what can be broadcast on television, shown in movies, and sung in popular music, the crusty 72-year-old non-adulterer might have found a righteous electoral bone he can gnaw on right through next November. We as a nation are apparently all in agreement with the proposition put forth by John Corry, a former New York *Times* culture writer, in this month's *American Spectator:* Dole had simply pointed out "what any civilized person knows to be true: that the pop culture has become a sewer, and we face a crisis of moral decay."

TOP-TEN TV

- *Friends*
- *Seinfeld*
- *PrimeTime Live*
- *ER*
- *20/20*
- *Home Improvement*
- *Grace Under Fire*
- *Roseanne*
- *Ellen*
- *60 Minutes*

Regularly scheduled programs, 'Variety,' July 17–23.

Has Corry or Dole, or for that matter any of the people involved in this debate, actually gone to a movie recently? If one of them had, he might have seen the most popular teen movie of the summer, *Clueless.* To see Alicia Silverstone on a shopping spree wearing Azzedine Alaïa and red pumps is, as Harold Brodkey once wrote in an only slightly different context, to see Communism die. *Clueless* is about an unapologetically rich, status-quo-supporting high-schooler who is a virgin, chips in with her father's legal work, and helps two teachers find love. There is no nudity and virtually no profanity. But movies are supposedly getting more violent, right? *Die Hard With a Vengeance,* the summer's big action movie, showed sixteen onscreen kills. Seems like a lot until you consider that the previous *Die Hard,* released in 1990, featured an almost Balkan *304* kills. That year, possibly the most violent movie year ever, the Schwarzenegger film *Total Recall* had 69 kills, while *Robocop 2* had 55. And who can forget the scene in 1987's *The Running Man* in which Arnold cuts a guy in two with a chain saw and quips: "He had to split." The kill-'n'-quip routine, a hallmark of Reagan/Bush-era action movies, just isn't racking up the body count it used to.

Have Corry and Dole turned on the radio recently? They might have heard one of the most popular inner-city groups, Boyz II Men, four anodyne, hyper-preppy black guys who sing about commitment and bringing peace to mankind. Have they turned on the TV? They would have a hard time finding any violence or sex on prime time; instead, they would see that producers, in shows like *NYPD Blue* and *ER,* now practically never depict gunplay, choosing to focus on the gruesome result of violence and the pain it causes families.

To be fair, there is plenty of non–socially constructive material available to the American culture consumer on public-access cable TV, in independent bookstores, in movie art houses, Off Broadway. But these media all have one thing in common: They are marginal entertainment, out of reach of Americans who live away from a few urban centers and college towns. (To be fair, cable TV reaches huge audiences, but even premium pay cable is typified more by historical dramas like HBO's *Truman* than by the Playboy Channel.) The moralists need to make a fundamental decision. Do they want to suggest, as they seem to when they pile on a serious, well-made film like *Priest,* that there is no room in American culture for nonconformist art of *any* kind? Or do they want to stick to the more seemingly reasonable argument that pop culture has had a significantly coarsening effect on American life? To make this latter case, presumably, one would have to demonstrate that the preponderance—or even a substantial portion—of popular culture is depraved.

Of course, in order to make this case in good faith, one would have to actually consume a lot of popular culture, which is something that a man like Bob Dole hasn't the time or inclination to do. So, as a public service, I've plowed through the top ten movies, books, television shows, and albums in the country and scoured them for signs of sociopathology and depravity, keeping an extra-vigilant eye out for the all the usual conservative bugbears: excessive liberalism; drugs; sex; violence; mainstreaming deviancy; subverting parental authority; disrespecting religion, God, and the free-market system; and the general loosey-goosey, New Yorky, Woody Allen–ish, you-know, anything-goes kind of thing that seems to be so at odds with what the American public really wants these days.

The top ten has long been home to all sorts of sex, drugs, violence, alternative lifestyles, and the like. In the old days, that sort of stuff was practically a staple of movies and music, even the kind favored by Bill Bennett: the Beatles celebrating LSD use, the Stones singing about taking morphine and groovy serial killers, Led Zeppelin asking to have their metaphorical lemons squeezed until the juice ran down their nonmetaphorical legs, David Bowie raving on about guys with God-given asses. But people like Bennett were young then, and the world was a better place. Back in the seventies, you could also find acclaimed, popular movies like the Academy Award–winning *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* which made it seem cool to challenge authority, and *Five Easy Pieces,* which traced a bourgeois world oppressive enough to make you want to do something really violent. Thirty years ago, the most popular program in the country was *Batman,* a show so campy and homoerotic that it produced a glut of gaiety in our culture that is taking much longer than expected to stamp out.

So it follows that if, in fact, major media companies were successfully gulling the public into consuming subversive and decadent art, the top-ten lists would be a sewer, right? *Right?*

Photograph by Jean Krettler/NBC.

[TV]

A NATIONWIDE NEW YORK *Times* POLL TWO SUNDAYS ago reported that 21 percent of those surveyed blame television for teenage violence, compared with only 8 percent who believe the breakdown of the family is the cause of the trouble. To solve this putative problem, the Senate has passed legislation requiring violence-screening technology in all new television sets, and conservatives would like to see prime time declared a violence-and-sex-free zone. As best I can tell, the effect of this radical change would be about . . . zero.

It is remarkable, in fact, how consistently prime-time television dwells on the very issues the conservatives complain are being ignored by Hollywood: how to raise children, how to keep families together, what to do with aging parents, how to construct a meaningful life when money is short and both parents must work. Have you seen MTV recently? The network considered literally satanic by many conservatives is now almost completely devoid of the T&A that made it so controversial a few years ago.

Watched as a block, prime-time TV shows yield a remarkably consistent message: They are dramas and comedies of coping, far from the merry subversion of families that top conservative media critic L. Brent Bozell III says is "all the rage" now. The harried Roseanne and husband Dan making do with little money and a touchingly infirm grasp on how best to be parents; Grace from *Grace Under Fire* finding her way as a single mother; the cops on *NYPD Blue* (those butt shots are pretty much a thing of the past) earnestly dramatizing the conflicting demands of family and work, competence and ethics—*these are among the most popular shows in America,* and to accuse television of subverting family values without considering this mainstream programming means someone is either not doing his homework or just doesn't care.

Consider *ER,* the runaway hit of last season. In a single episode the following happens: overworked boyfriend worrying how to show a girlfriend's son that he cares; two doctors debating whether a patient should be given an expensive medical test; a brother and sister, amid many tears, telling their mother she must go into an old-age home; a doctor telling a poor mom without health insurance that he'll treat the daughter anyway; an illegal immigrant worrying about being treated because she fears being deported; the poor mom watching her daughter almost die; a married fortyish woman desperately trying to get pregnant; a character taking in her troubled pregnant sister. At show's end, the black actor Eriq La Salle, playing the son who has put his mother in a home, is shown massaging her feet and looking over the family photo album. The old lady tells her doctor son: "Your talent is God's gift to you. What you do with it is your gift back to God." Could there be a purer family-values moment?

Family values make their way even into the single–New Yorker sitcoms. On *Seinfeld,* where much of the comic frisson comes from the fact that every character on the show is venal, solipsistic Jerry helps his grandmother open a bottle of ketchup, then helps his mother get back $50 his bad uncle Leo has owed her for 50 years.

Ellen, a kind of distaff Seinfeld, opens with a fur protest that's played for anti-PETA ridicule. "Everyone here is passionately dedicated to the cause," Ellen says. "Could one of you introduce me to the girl without the bra?" counters the Arye Gross character. *Ba-dum dum.* One guy has made sandwiches for the protest—"lettuce, tomato, and seal pup. I call 'em my club sandwiches." The self-righteous organizer slaps him. He retorts: "There's one thing I love about you political extremists. It's your ability to laugh at yourselves." Ellen gets arrested at the protest. Her friend never comes to help her because, she says, "I was on my way to the fur department, then I saw these great little shoes." After several wacky plot twists, thirtysomething Ellen ends up in the custody of her silly suburban parents, and there are jokes about eating your vegetables. It's a nightmare, and Ellen tries to sneak out with her parents' car. They call the police and have her arrested again. The judge is astonished. "You called the police on your own daughter?" he asks. Ellen stands up for her parents, and this time they all end up in jail. It turns out to be something of a bonding experience: They may quarrel, but they're all willing to go to jail for one another. Out the next day, they drive home singing Steppenwolf's "Born to be Wild" together.

On *Mad About You,* a popular (but not top ten) show about a prosperous, happily married Manhattan couple, Jamie learns that her mom was briefly on television and that her aunt Lolly consorted with a number of famous fifties comedians up in the Catskills. On *Grace Under Fire,* Grace's father-in-law has a heart-bypass operation, and Grace must get the whole family, including her terrifying mother-in-law, through the ordeal. She promises Dad-in-law that if he dies, she'll let Mom-in-law live with her—even though Grace is no longer married to his son. Son and daughter-in-law exchange tearful professions of love. Meanwhile,

'ROSEANNE'

Roseanne's white-trash feminism gives her a nominal edge, but the show is really a gentle comedy about how financially struggling people can keep the traditional family intact with generous applications of wit and tough love.

the couple who are Grace's best friends decide whether to keep trying to have a baby or to adopt.

Is there a more wholesome group of kids than the cute boys and girls on *Friends*? They are all white and hetero; dress well; have nice haircuts; work hard; and rarely smoke, drink, or have sex. They are, as Michael Kinsley once said of Al Gore, an old person's idea of young people.

Dole Depravity Score: *Casual sex*—None; discussion on *Roseanne* of what to do about the 13-year-old D.J., whose trouble in school is caused, it turns out, by the fact that he gets spontaneous erections. *Gratuitous violence*—No violence of any sort. *Mainstreaming deviancy*—None; except for the singles on *Seinfeld* and *Friends*, virtually everyone else on the top ten is either conspicuously married or in a family (and Disney hasn't even taken over ABC yet). *Slurs against religion*—None. E.T. *syndrome (subverting parental authority)*—None. Kids do what Mama and Papa say in *Grace*, *Roseanne*, and *Home Improvement*, where zestily insensitive dad Tim Allen is clearly hipper than his three generi-boys. *Attacks on the free-enterprise system*—The *Roseanne* episode ends postmodernistically with her talking to an actor playing the network censor, proposing a number of names for erections ("raising the drawbridge," "standing up for democracy") while the increasingly exasperated network official keeps repeating "No." She finally points to a camera, revealing to him that all her lines in fact are already being broadcast. He looks over his shoulder in shock and says, "Is that on? Aw, shit!" The expletive is beeped out and his mouth is pixelated. It's the funniest moment on prime time.

TOP TEN BOOKS

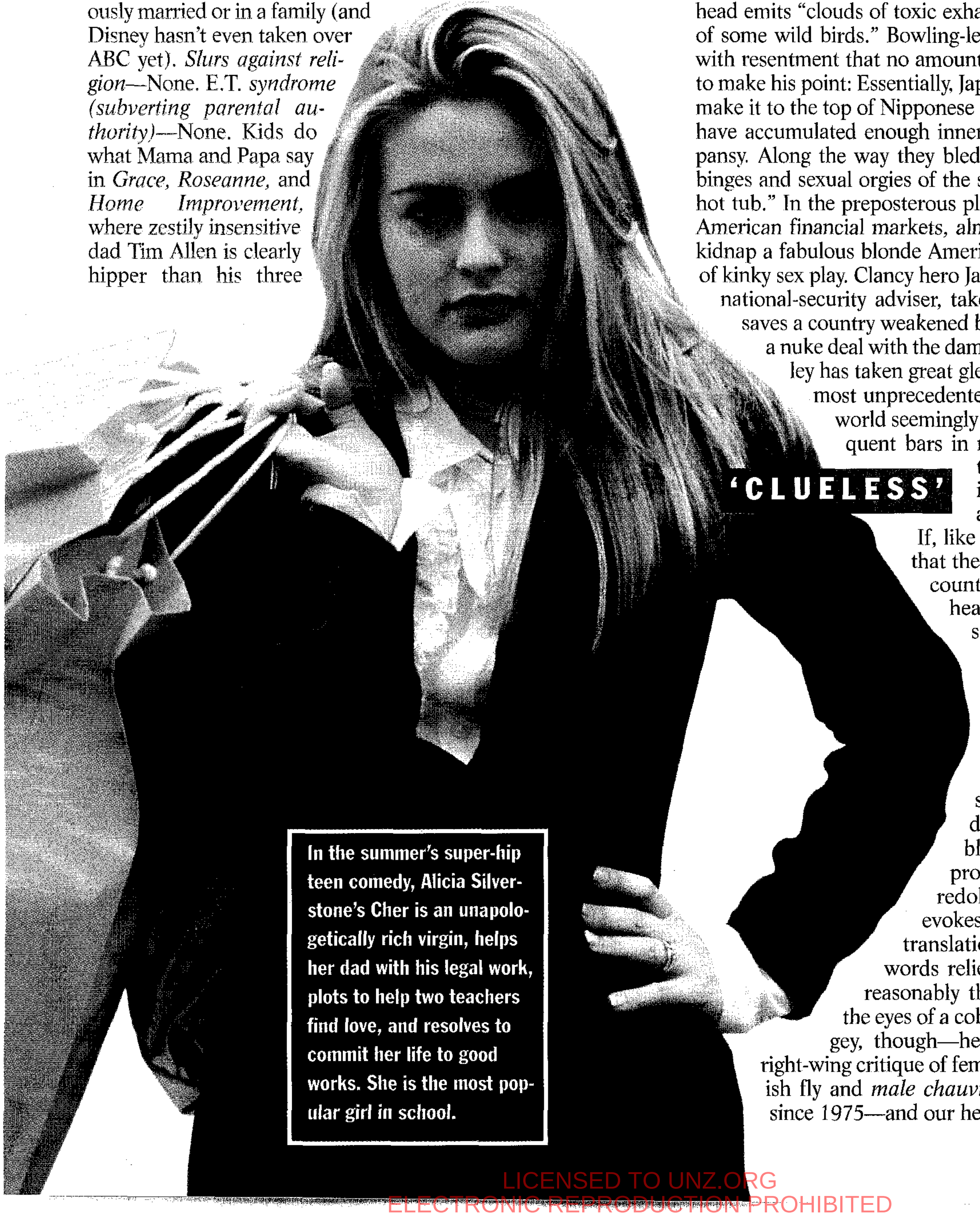
- R. L. Stine, *The Horror at Camp Jellyjam*
- John Grisham, *The Rainmaker*
- Stephen King, *Rose Madder*
- Robert James Waller, *The Bridges of Madison County*
- Caleb Carr, *The Alienist*
- R. L. Stine, *Give Yourself Goosebumps*
- Michael Crichton, *Congo*
- Tom Clancy, *Debt of Honor*
- *Disney's Pocahontas*
- Robert Ludlum, *The Apocalypse Watch*

'USA Today' hardcover and paperback bestsellers, June 21.

[Books]

DO THE CULTURE-BASHERS HAVE TOM CLANCY IN mind when they complain about excessive violence? "Guns, guns, guns!" a warrant officer exults somewhere in the interminable build-up to the action of *Debt of Honor*. "God, what a beautiful sight!" You're unlikely to hear complaints about this sort of firearms worship from conservatives, because Clancy is loudly, unabashedly one of them. A decommissioned nuclear warhead emits "clouds of toxic exhaust that might snuff out the lives of some wild birds." Bowling-league macho, Clancy is so roiling with resentment that no amount of narrative overkill is sufficient to make his point: Essentially, Japs suck! By the time Japanese men make it to the top of Nipponese society, Clancy writes, they "must have accumulated enough inner rage to make Hitler look like a pansy. Along the way they bled those feelings off with drinking binges and sexual orgies of the sort he'd heard about in this very hot tub." In the preposterous plot, these parodic Japs disrupt the American financial markets, almost start a third world war, and kidnap a fabulous blonde American babe who's used for all sorts of kinky sex play. Clancy hero Jack Ryan, this time installed as the national-security adviser, takes over the presidency. There he saves a country weakened by assorted liberal pinkos who cut a nuke deal with the damn Russkies. As Christopher Buckley has taken great glee in pointing out, Clancy is an almost unprecedentedly bad writer. He also lives in a world seemingly inhabited only by people who frequent bars in northern Idaho. "Damn," one of the characters is described thinking, "he was supposed to feel *good* about a kill, wasn't he?"

If, like Clancy, you're a staunch believer that the New World Order is sapping the country's vital ideological fluids, it's heartening to run across an old-schooler like Robert Ludlum. He's a living reliquary of high–Cold War Realpolitik chic: murderous ex-Nazis, shifty Frenchmen, wily CIA operatives à la James Jesus Angleton. "We have our traitor from the Deuxieme!" says one character. "And he is as drunk as a politician." And probably just as red-nosed, too! The prose in *The Apocalypse Watch* is so redolent of the Old World that it evokes nothing more than a dime-store translation of Verdi recitative: "Your words relieve me; at least you speak more reasonably than that damned youngster with the eyes of a cobra." Ludlum is not a complete fogey, though—he's comfortably in line with the right-wing critique of feminism. Ludlum jokes about Spanish fly and *male chauvinists*—a term unused elsewhere since 1975—and our hero Drew Latham titillates himself



'CLUELESS'

In the summer's super-hip teen comedy, Alicia Silverstone's Cher is an unapologetically rich virgin, helps her dad with his legal work, plots to help two teachers find love, and resolves to commit her life to good works. She is the most popular girl in school.

Photograph by Elliott Marks/Paramount Pictures.

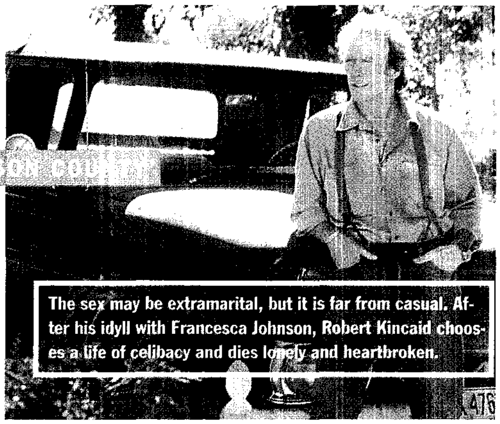
by calling his love interest "lady" as a kind of casual put-down. Those who aren't ladies tend to be ladies of another sort. "Since the legions of the pharaohs," goes some small talk, "the whores have always corrupted armies. They follow in their covered caravans, sapping the soldiers of their strength for a few minutes of unholy pleasure! *Whores!*"

The culture moralists should have a harder time with Stephen King, who has in recent years developed an unwholesome fixation on spousal abuse. *Whores!* Horror-mongering for the age of self-esteem, King makes a rote wife-abusing-husband-chasing-the-wife story into a mawkish fantasy of female empowerment. In *Rose Madder,* Norman Daniels is a cop along the lines of Mark Fuhrman, but with a twist. This particular bad lieutenant is a closet queer: "The shape of his erect penis was clear above the cop's hand; it looked like one of those toy bats you could buy at a baseball park souvenir stand." Later Norman actually bites off the *shvantz* of a man he kills. King, buying into the modish notion that everything we do is really the fault of our mean parents, makes Daniels an abuse victim: "His mind shrieked in the voice of his father, the world-class crotchgrabber (and, on at least one memorable hunting trip, world class cockgobbler, as well)."

Nasty, evil, crotch-grabbing pederasts are also healthfully disapproved of in the historical thriller *The Alienist* (written by young Manhattan ultra-hipster Caleb Carr), where a serial killer rips off his clothes and tries to jerk off over the prostrate bodies of bound, gagged, and stripped teenage male prostitutes, and then, failing to achieve masturbatory satisfaction, dismembers the boys, chopping off their genitals and placing them in their mouths. Our heroes, needless to say, think this is going just a bit too far. With its killer fags and endangered children, *The Alienist* reads like a Pat Buchanan captivity narrative: Stay in the suburbs; this is what happens when you go to the big city.

The only truly subversive book in the top ten is, oddly, the much-mocked *The Bridges of Madison County. Bridges* is virtually alone in featuring mature adult sexuality, suggesting the moral complexity of love, allowing that there is meaning outside the bounds of a traditional family structure, and making heroes of a man and a woman who ignore the stares of moralizing locals to follow their own superspecial stars. *Bridges* is also the only book on the list that has actual casual sex. "He bought a motorcycle in San Francisco," Robert James Waller writes of Robert Kincaid, "ran it south to Big Sur, made love on a beach with a cellist from Carmel, and turned north to explore Washington." Waller's is an ode to woolly-maned off-the-grid nonconformity, and one can easily see its appeal in a culture that trumps ever more loudly for family, family, and more family. *Bridges* offers one of the most articulate, if indirect, criticisms to date of Gingrich's politics of suburbanism. "Poets were not welcome here," Waller writes. "The people of Madison County liked to say, compensating for their own self-imposed sense of cultural inferiority, 'This is a good place to raise kids.' And she always felt like responding, 'But is it a good place to raise adults?' " Waller's most radical idea reaches back to *Bovary* and *Anna Karenina*—that love is worth pursuing at any social cost.

Dole Depravity Score: *Casual sex*—Referred to in passing a couple of times by Waller, plus extramarital sex. The sex, of course, ends up being anything but casual. Kincaid chooses a life of celibacy, and so, it is implied, does Francesca Johnson. Hero and heroine of *The Apocalypse Watch* have premarital sex. *Casual violence*—Lots of neo-Nazis get offed in Ludlum, though it seems reasonable when you're trying to prevent the advent of the Fourth Reich; plenty of murderous Japs in Clancy; and a fair amount of fetishistic boy-killing activity in *The Alienist* (though the Laszlo Kreizler character wants to keep the serial killer alive so he can understand his pain). *Mainstreaming deviancy*—None, except that Robert Kincaid in *Bridges* is clearly some kind of weirdo. In any case, he dies lonely and brokenhearted. *Contempt for organized religion:* None. *'E.T.' factor*—In R. L. Stine's *The Horror at Camp Jellyjam,* kids stumble into trouble when they get lost on a family outing. Wendy outsmarts the monster King Jellyjam without help from any parental figure. Norman Daniels in *Rose Madder* and Kreizler and the killer in *The Alienist* were all abused by their parents. *Subversion of the free-market system*—Pocahontas outrageously tries to convince free-market-system-supporting Englishmen that nature is for enjoying, not for pillaging. In John Grisham's *The Rainmaker,* a young slacker lawyer takes on an evil insurance company that caused the death of a poor young man who was suckered into taking a bad policy. "So this is how the uninsured die," Grisham writes. "In a society filled with wealthy doctors and gleaming hospitals and state-of-the-art medical gadgetry and the bulk of the world's Nobel winners, it seems outrageous to allow Donny Ray Black to wither away and die without proper medical care." Fighting words, but conservative critics don't really care about books.


THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY

The sex may be extramarital, but it is far from casual. After his idyll with Francesca Johnson, Robert Kincaid chooses a life of celibacy and dies lonely and heartbroken.

Nice Guys Finish First

For all the hysteria, nonmainstream films virtually never break out of the art-house box-office ghetto.

'Apollo 13'
Family man saves moon launch from life-threatening catastrophe ($153.6 million).

'Priest'
Two clerics, one gay, deal with the consequences of their own hypocrisy ($4.1 million).

'Clueless'
Nice rich girl realizes that being popular doesn't make you happy ($49.4 million).

'Kids'
Amoral, hyper-alienated teens do drugs and give one another HIV ($3.3 million).

'Nine Months'
Hugh Grant learns how to be a dad ($61.3 million).

'Jeffrey'
Gay guy freaks out about AIDS, then decides to have sex anyway ($924,000).

Cumulative reported box-office figures, 'Daily Variety,' August 22.

[Movies]

IN A JUNE COVER STORY FOLLOWING the beginning of Dole's *Kulturkampf, Time* set up an opposition between the official offerings at the Sherman Oaks Galleria mall in California and what the kids really want to see. There were *Casper* and *Die Hard With a Vengeance* vying for his attention, but "15-year-old Christopher Zahedi will tell you he prefers the rougher stuff." In *Pulp Fiction,* he says, "You hear the gun go *brrrr.* It's cool." *Pulp Fiction* certainly did well, grossing $108 million in 44 weeks, but *Casper* is doing pretty great, too: $96 million after only twelve weeks, and still in the top fifteen. Kids also seem eager to see any of the other 10-year-old-friendly movies Hollywood has put out this summer: *Babe, A Kid in King Arthur's Court, Operation Dumbo Drop, Pocahontas, Bushwhacked, The Indian in the Cupboard, Free Willy 2.*

Back in R-rated-land, things are a bit thornier. In the third *Die Hard,* the Samuel

L. Jackson character is a kind of lovable Farrakhanite. He plays a game with his kids, an exchange that gets a big laugh from white audiences: "Who's going to help us?" he asks. "Nobody," they chime back. "Who's not going to help us?" "White people." Certainly not the villain played by Jeremy Irons, who, in an ever more common action trope, is so white, he's kind of a hip, effeminate, quasi-albino Nazi. But white people turn out to be okay in the end, as Bruce Willis's character teaches Jackson that it is he, the black, who is actually a racist. The sexual politics are clearer here than in the first *Die Hard,* from 1988, in which Willis's John McClane survives precisely because he is not a macho fool. In *Die Hard With a Vengeance,* the bluster is thick and sweaty. "We'll figure this out like a couple of men," Willis tells the stuttering, effeminate Irons character. Jackson says he'll shove Irons's "well-laid plans up your well-laid ass." Family values also make a welcome appearance: Kids, as usual, are placed in harm's way, and the parents get to prove their mainstream values by saving them. Hot on the chase, Jackson and Willis stop to remove some defused explosives because "some kid might find it," and then stop again to lecture some kids who have stolen a Butterfinger.

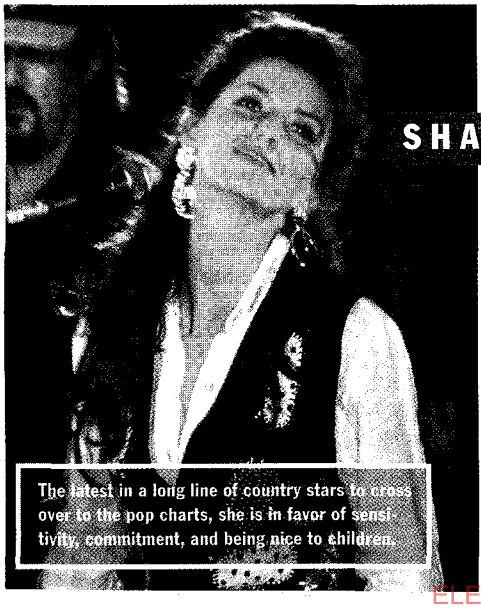
TOP TEN MOVIES

- *Batman Forever*
- *Apollo 13*
- *Pocahontas*
- *Die Hard With a Vengeance*
- *Casper*
- *Crimson Tide*
- *Congo*
- *Waterworld*
- *The Bridges of Madison County*
- *Nine Months*

Top ten summer releases by cumulative reported box office, 'Daily Variety,' August 22.

Apollo 13, alone among the top ten movies, features a complex relationship between the Tom Hanks character and his wife, played by Kathleen Quinlan. But its politics are otherwise quite uncontroversially *du moment:* Hanks is the superworthy family man, a team player. Kevin Bacon, by contrast, has trouble working with the group, and it is suggested more than once that this is because he is a "bachelor." Family troubles are blamed on the sixties; Hanks's daughter, when she acts out, is duded up in hippie threads, and is accused of "not even wearing a bra." When the kids finally do come around, they're dressed to make their parents proud. *Apollo 13* is properly understood as a parable of how survival replaced progress as the core American value, but in the end good old techie know-how wins out, and the media are, as usual, nosy and feckless. They're interested only in failure—that makes a better story.

Congo introduces another mini-theme of current top-ten culture: the evil telecommunications executive. Joe Don Baker's New Media honcho is so durn bad he'd rather let his own son die than miss out on some diamond extract that will give him epic satellite-transmission capabilities. Neo-Luddite Laura Linney ends his plans by blowing up the whole apparatus. Bad technology also shows up in *Batman Forever,* along with effeminate villainy, in the character of Jim Carrey, who minces about in lipstick and body suits while he concocts a TV-in-your-brain that actually sucks out intelligence. Boob tube, meet idiot computers. "This is your brain on the box," Carrey crows, throwing the switch.



SHANIA TWAIN

The latest in a long line of country stars to cross over to the pop charts, she is in favor of sensitivity, commitment, and being nice to children.

Villains are more traditionally hetero in *Waterworld,* where Dennis Hopper is some demented spawn of Exxon and Philip Morris with a little Tom Clancy thrown in: His car has a NUKE THE WHALES bumper sticker. *Waterworld* is out of the *Hot Zone* school of a vengeful environment laying waste to civilization for its hubris ("The ancients did something terrible," we learn of our twentieth-century depredations); it's the kind of movie that lets Hollywood executives think they're being activists, when in fact all they're doing is congratulating themselves on their good intentions. It's a conservative's p.c. nightmare. But never fear; there are a lot of gratuitous family values here too. Costner has an endless montage sequence in which he frolics paternally in the surf with the 10-ish Enola (played by Tina Majorino) as some kind of Andean pan-flute music drones on the soundtrack. (At the end, he leaves them anyway, so you figure it out.)

Dole Depravity Score: *Casual sex*—One chaste, mostly offscreen love scene and one butt shot in *Waterworld. Bridges,* see above; one aborted sex act in *Die Hard* played as pure Riefenstahlian evil. *Casual violence*—See above; *Crimson Tide* features lots of testosterone but no gunplay—it's a submarine. *Mainstreaming deviancy—Pocahontas* features a British Jeremy Irons–ish guy who foppishly crafts topiaries while his evil sidekicks go about pillaging the New World. He, needless to say, gets his comeuppance. E.T. *factor*—Children know their place; in *Waterworld,* Majorino's Enola acts out, but then she's abducted and has to be saved by Costner. She learns that questioning the patriarchy can get you killed. *Anti-free-enterprise-system message*—Disney's Pocahontas is an environmental extremist; *Waterworld* is anti-progress; but in *Batman,* Bruce Wayne is a visionary corporate CEO, and his laudable foresight drives Jim Carrey's character mad. Thoughtful leadership triumphs in the end.

[Music]

I'VE ALWAYS FANCIED MYSELF A MUSICAL POPULIST, BUT I REalized as I started trudging through the top ten albums that I really had no idea what most Americans listened to. Who the hell was Shania Twain? John Michael Montgomery? I had heard of Garth Brooks and Hootie & the Blowfish, but I don't think I had ever met anyone who had actually bought their records. This particular phase of my enlightenment proved to be the most stress-inducing. Most of the top-ten music is of the same genus as Muzak, but its jackhammer predictability makes listening to it akin to having bilge water pumped down your throat until you spew out every orifice.

Shania Twain, it turns out, is one of those wholesomely sexy country singers who look good in chaps, pose with horses, and put out albums called *The Woman in Me.* Twain is in favor of intimacy, commitment, and family: "If you're not in it for life, if you're not in it for love," she sings, "I'm outta here!"

"Oh I like coffee," Blues Traveler sings, "and I like tea." Traveler is one of a small number of Grateful Dead–style boogie bands that hit the charts even before the recent surge of Garcia-mania. But the band seems to have dispensed with the Dead's counterculture vibe. One of the album *Four*'s message songs is a cautionary tale about a teenage girl in a small town who has sex with a clown and then runs away. "She just wouldn't believe/ That there's a price to pay" is the moral. Elsewhere, the lyrics make veiled arguments against welfare ("There's no such thing as a failure who keeps trying/ Coasting to the bottom is the only disgrace") and for George Bush's thousand points of light ("And it's hard to be believed what can be achieved/ With an outstretched hand.")

Speaking of Bushies, there are the famously golf-mad members of Hootie & the Blowfish, who hew to the belief that it's "time to make the world a better place." The band has a strangely familiar, if not fully identifiable, sound, possibly what you would get if you combined all the musics of the world and averaged them out—or maybe it's just like the Doobie Brothers. As for the lyrics, as one girl interviewed by *Entertainment Weekly*

Photograph by Tony Mottram/Retna.

said recently, "With Nirvana, you really have to think about what they're saying. With Hootie, you don't have to think." At times, it's unclear whether the band is paying attention, either: "With a little peace and some harmony/ We'll change the world together." Upon closer inspection, it seems that if we had a little peace and some harmony, we would *already* have changed the world together.

The most interesting band on the top-ten list is Live, a not-half-bad alternative group from Pennsylvania whose most popular single, "Lightning Crashes," is, as best as I can make out, the story of the mystical connection between an old lady dying and a mother at the moment of giving birth: "Lightning crashes, a new mother cries,/ her placenta falls to the floor/ The angel opens her eyes." Live is deeply mystical in some manner I can't quite determine. Perhaps Brent Bozell, who complains in the New York *Post* that too many musicians are liberals, can figure this out: "And to love: a god/ And to fear: a flame . . . And to Christ: A cross/ and to me: a chair."

The success of a band like Live would seem to be an aberration, but religion and angels are something of a young, hip motif these days. Far from being a redoubt of sex and sin, the alternative-rock world would shock baby-boomers with its moral forthrightness. Another of the top singles of the spring and summer, "Better Man," by the most popular rock band in the country, Pearl Jam, is a deceptively moving narrative of a woman figuring the emotional calculus of being caught in a flawed relationship but deciding to accept her lot because she has no other options. Pearl Jam, whose lead singer married his longtime girlfriend, is also the only rock band to date to play a major role in an earnest, righteous antitrust battle (against Ticketmaster). Then there are fuzzy-wuzzy neo-folkies R.E.M.; wide-eyed Björk, who is often photographed with stuffed animals; celibate Morrissey; strict art-house geeks Pavement and Sonic Youth. The few self-styled bad seeds, like Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails and Courtney Love of Hole, are extra-notorious because there is so little else out there. As for rap, it has long since hit its high-water mark as a cultural force; there's still a lot of woman-hating, gun-toting claptrap on the market (and sales are still strong), but as with heavy metal—the crossover music of the eighties—it has now become a niche choice for superalienated young male teens who otherwise are unlikely to go to musicals or watch the Discovery Channel anyway. And despite the impression left by Dole and Bennett, the rap world itself has been conducting a healthy debate about depravity and pathogenic posturing for years.

Dole Depravity Score: *Casual sex*—Surprisingly little. TLC has a song celebrating raunchy sex, but also the Engelbert Humperdinck–worthy "Waterfalls": "Believe in yourself/ The rest is up to me and you." The rest of the top ten rehashes the same moon-June-spoon sentiments that Dole will remember from his childhood. *Casual violence*—On the *Batman* soundtrack, the Offspring cover the Damned's "Smash It Up," which advises people to . . . smash things up. No cheerful invitations to listeners to gang-rape the nearest God-fearing white person, though. *Mainstreaming deviancy*—Mainstreaming tedium is more like it. *Attacks on the free-enterprise system*—None. E.T. *factor*—None, unless you count Michael Jackson.

ACTUALLY, THE MORALIZERS ARE CORRECT: POP CULTURE IS HAVING A profoundly pernicious effect on American life. But morality's not the problem; it's stupidity, as it has been for decades, since long before the existence of countercultural nihilism. Many of us might like to fashion ourselves as pop savants, but actually consuming mass culture the way I did can make a high-art snob out of the most culture-slumming hepcat. The current media-merger-mania promises that things are likely only to get stupider, blander, more denatured. Huge conglomerates (1) can more easily get away with distributing pap, because they now have the marketing muscle to compel acceptance of subpar art, and (2) have more to lose when jihadists like the Reverend Donald Wildmon decide to launch a corporate boycott over some puny subsidiary's misdeed.

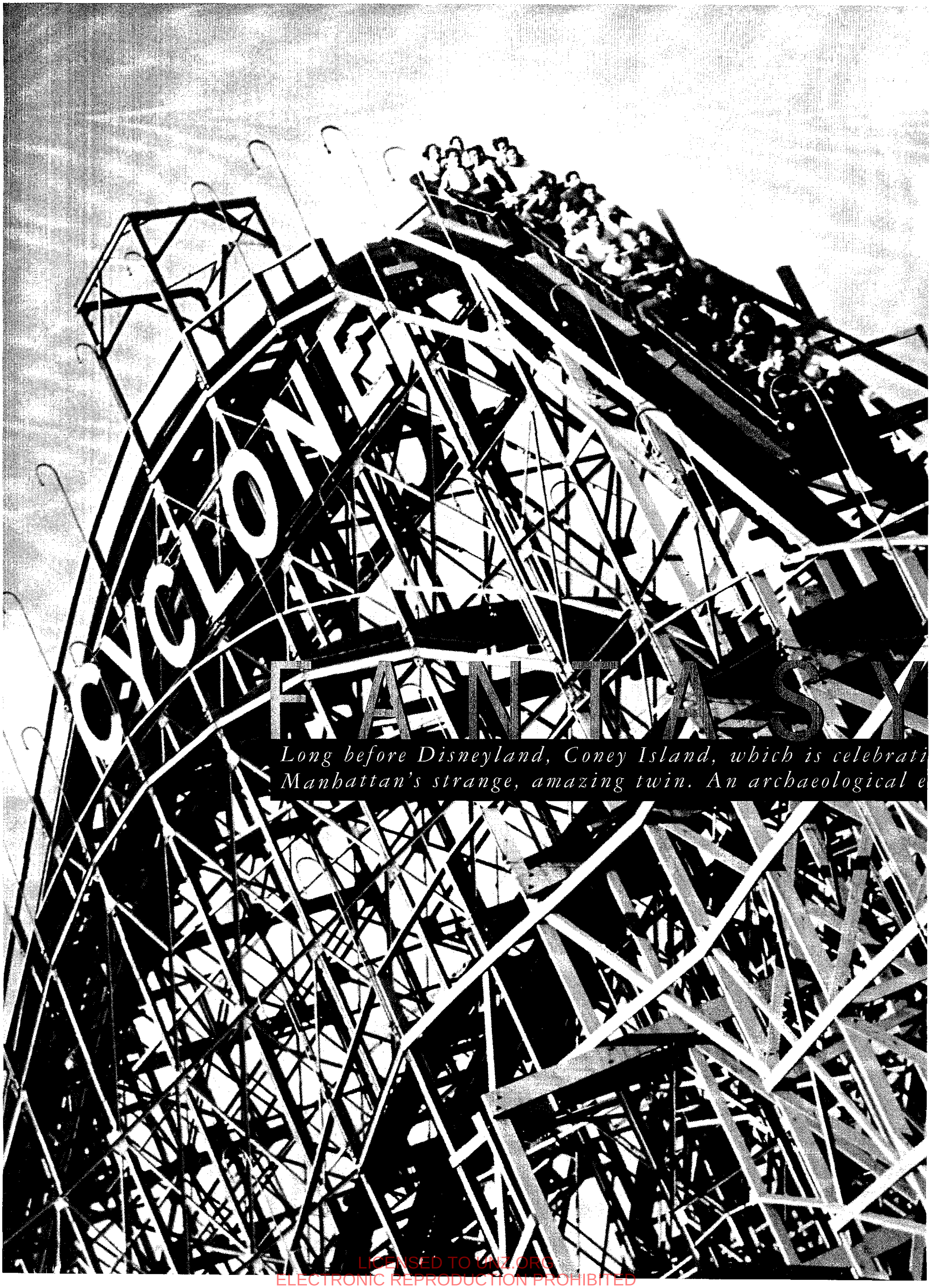
As Hollywood mandarins like to point out in that unique self-hating way, the whole point of their product is that it's crassly commercial, a full-bore pander: Nothing is more democratic than pop culture, on which people vote with their $10 and $20 bills. When a doggedly cheerful movie like *While You Were Sleeping* ends with Bill Pullman proposing marriage to Sandra Bullock and *bringing along his entire family,* it's clear that Hollywood has joined the ranks of the pod people. The irony is that Dole hasn't noticed his criticisms have become moot: With few exceptions, the culture today is far more pro-family, anti-drug, moral, and pleasant than real life. With rare, *rare* exceptions, fathers are not held up to ridicule, priests are not mocked, the free-enterprise system is not undercut. For every one example of depravity cited by the moralizers (look for a big fuss next month over Paul Verhoeven's NC-17-rated *Showgirls*), there are dozens of books, records, movies, and TV shows that already reflect the idealized world the Doles and Bennetts and Gingriches want to create. The guardians of culture morality are just too cynical to admit they've already won. ■

TOP TEN ALBUMS

- *Pocahontas* soundtrack
- Michael Jackson, *HIStory*
- Hootie & the Blowfish, *Cracked Rear View*
- TLC, *CrazySexyCool*
- *Batman Forever* soundtrack
- Live, *Throwing Copper*
- Shania Twain, *The Woman in Me*
- Garth Brooks, *The Hits*
- Blues Traveler, *Four*
- John Michael Montgomery, *John Michael Montgomery*

'Billboard,' July 22.

Photograph by Chris Van De Vooren/Retna.



FANTASY

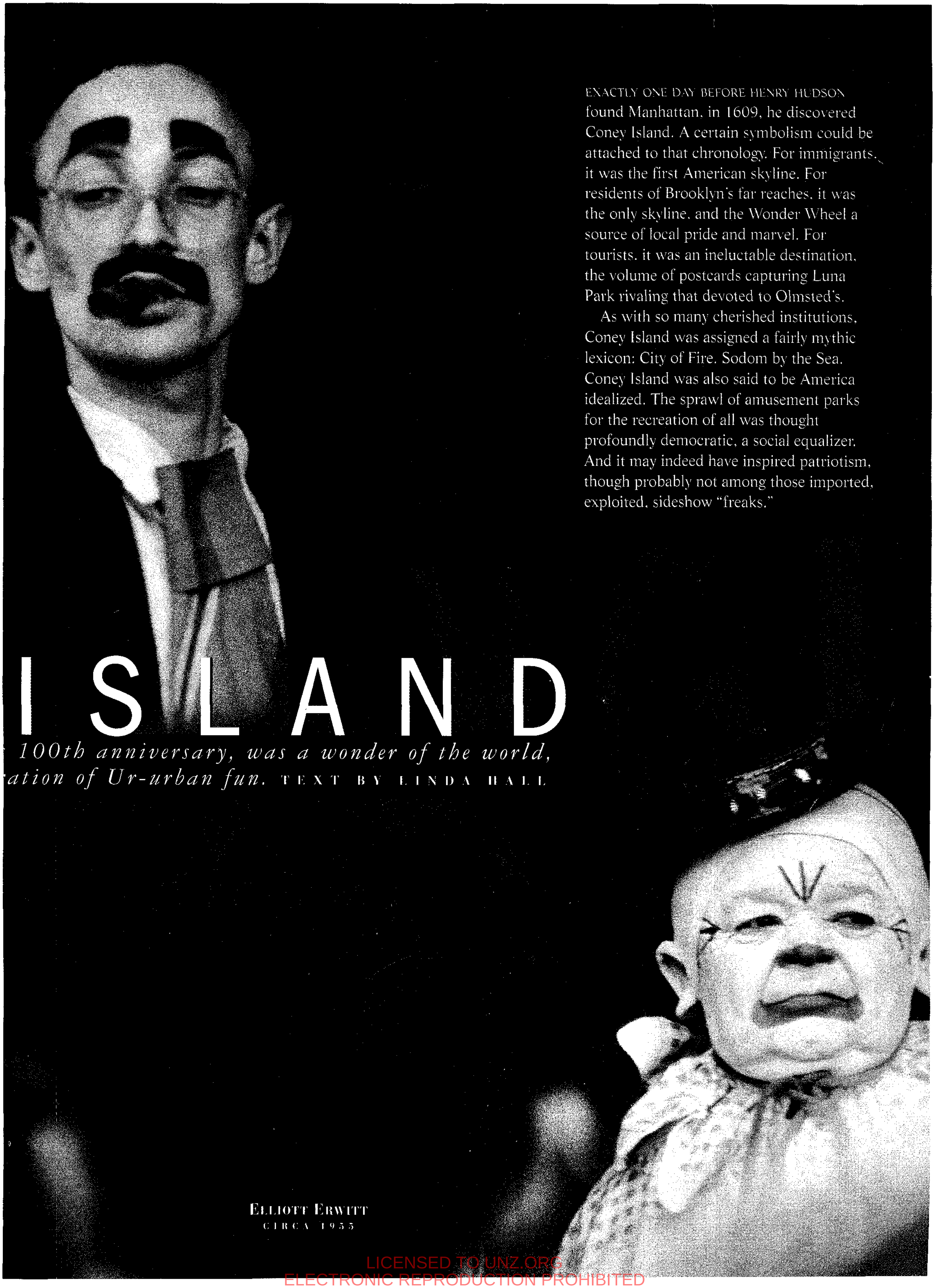
Long before Disneyland, Coney Island, which is celebrati
Manhattan's strange, amazing twin. An archaeological e

ISLAND

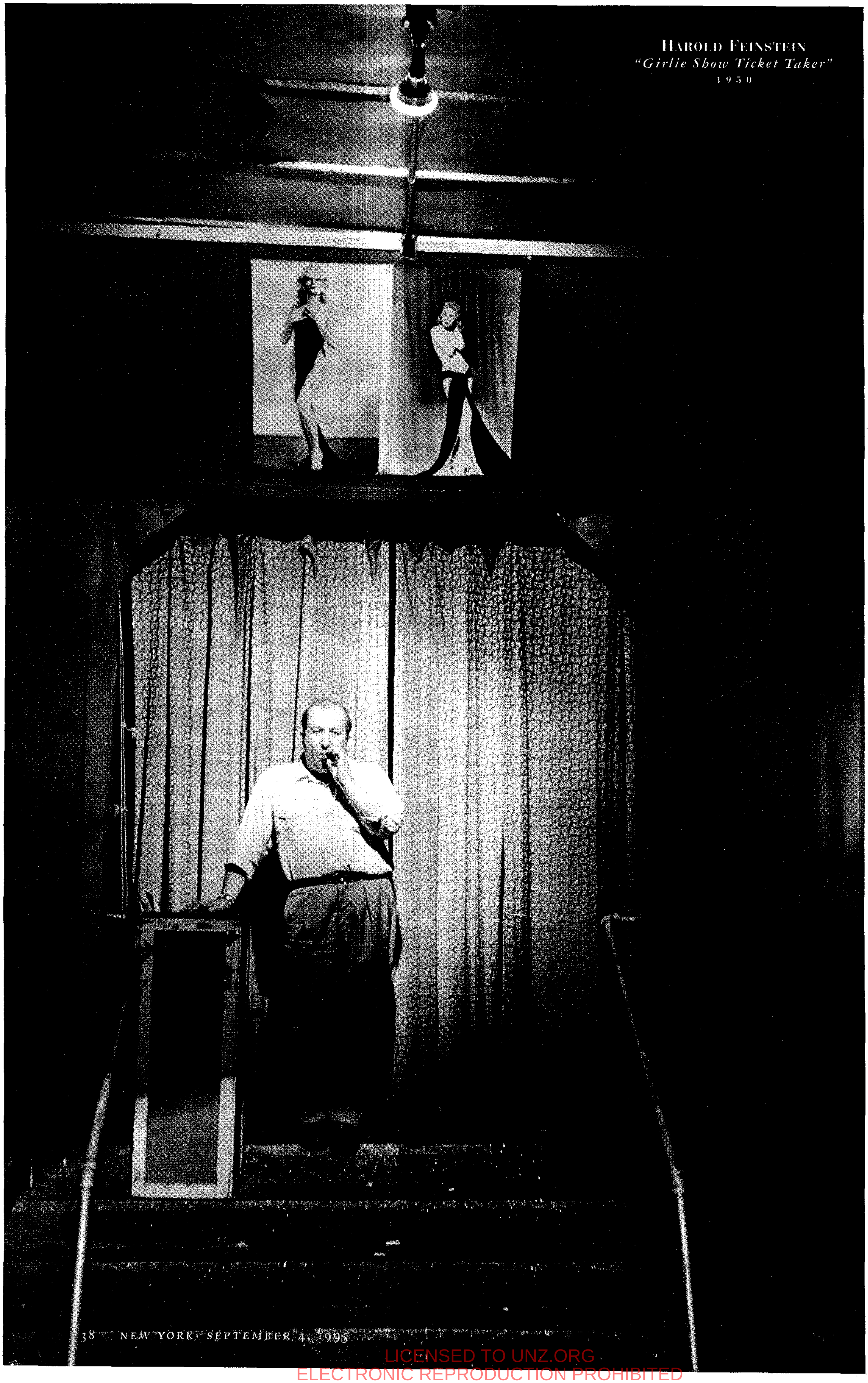
100th anniversary, was a wonder of the world,
ation of Ur-urban fun. TEXT BY LINDA HALL

EXACTLY ONE DAY BEFORE HENRY HUDSON found Manhattan, in 1609, he discovered Coney Island. A certain symbolism could be attached to that chronology. For immigrants, it was the first American skyline. For residents of Brooklyn's far reaches, it was the only skyline, and the Wonder Wheel a source of local pride and marvel. For tourists, it was an ineluctable destination, the volume of postcards capturing Luna Park rivaling that devoted to Olmsted's.

As with so many cherished institutions, Coney Island was assigned a fairly mythic lexicon: City of Fire. Sodom by the Sea. Coney Island was also said to be America idealized. The sprawl of amusement parks for the recreation of all was thought profoundly democratic, a social equalizer. And it may indeed have inspired patriotism, though probably not among those imported, exploited, sideshow "freaks."



ELLIOTT ERWITT
CIRCA 1955



Harold Feinstein
"Girlie Show Ticket Taker"
1950

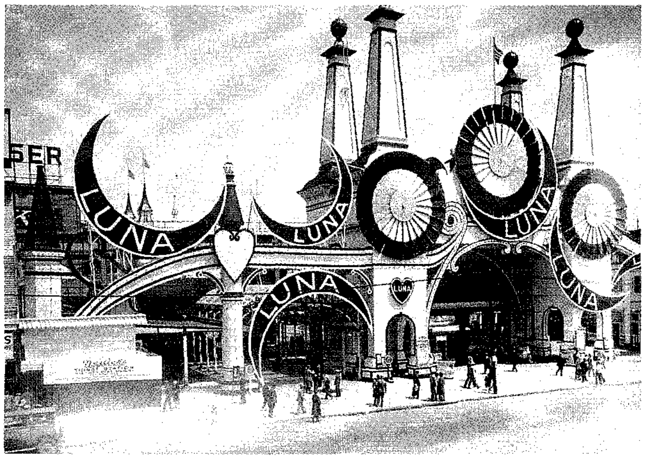
OFFICE
BATH
ONG ISLA
CO

Brown Brothers
CIRCA 1920

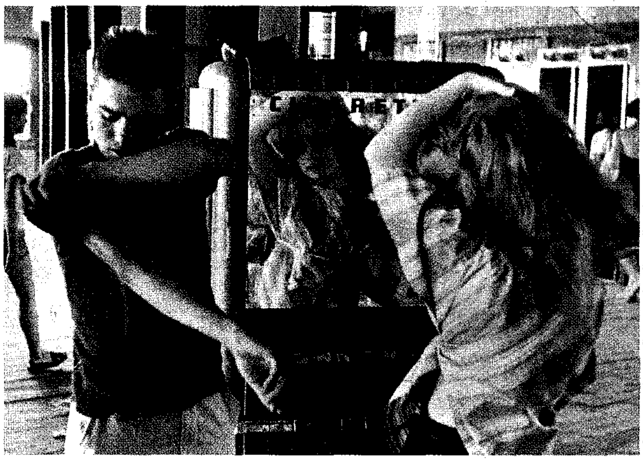
The effect of Coney Island's archives is different from that of most treasured albums. A scrapbook is generally an exercise in nostalgia. Nostalgia's literal meaning is homesickness, but homesickness is not what afflicts us nowadays. What we have is impaired vision, seeing everything past as quaint and everything quaint as lovable. Even fun back then, it seems to us now, was a function of quaintness, of whatever had not yet gone awry, of New Yorkers' innocence.

But there is nothing very innocent about Coney Island, now or then. Not the electrocution of an unwanted elephant (it was to be hanged, for

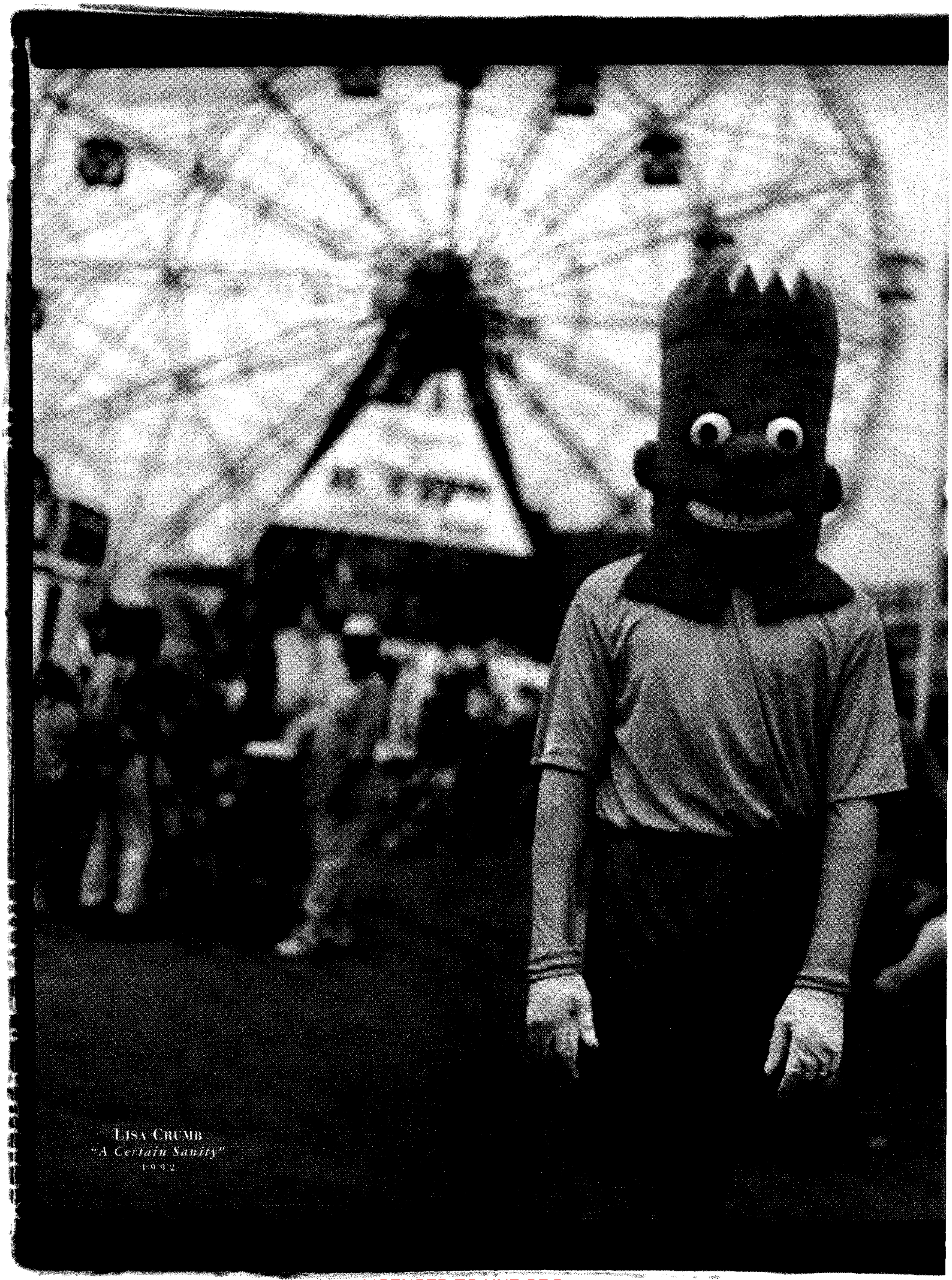
Archive Photos
CIRCA 1926



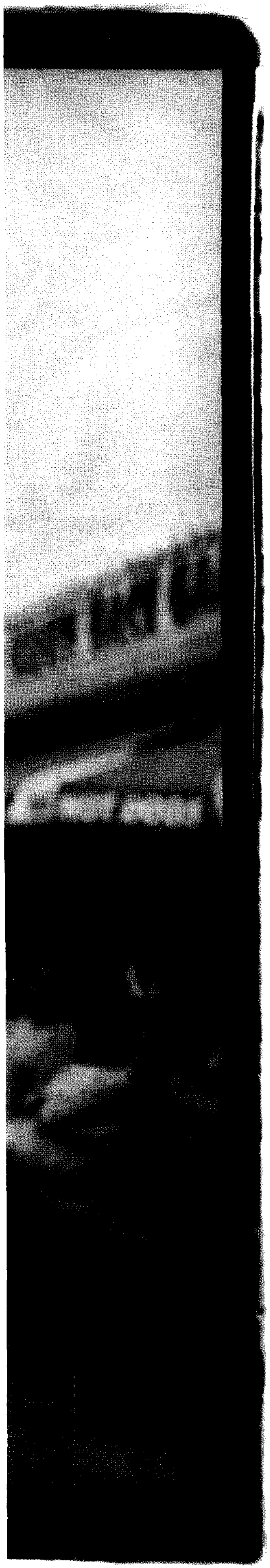
Bruce Davidson
1959



Magnum Photos. From "The Gangs" series.

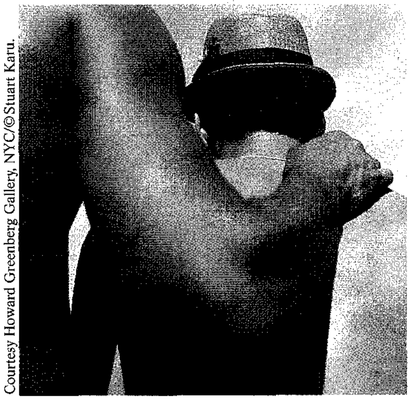


LISA CRUMB
"A Certain Sanity"
1992



UPI/BETTMANN
1903

LEON LEVINSTEIN
"Coney Island, 1960"



Courtesy Howard Greenberg Gallery, NYC/©Stuart Karu.

publicity purposes; the ASPCA balked). Not the freak shows. Not the seizing of every profitable moment, down to the time a charge was levied to view the rubble of a devastating fire. Not the accidents, the most recent of which, on the Hell Hole last month, nearly claimed the leg of a mother of three.

Instead, Coney Island was an assured good time, and what most impresses us is that it does not seem a dumbed-down good time. Its magic had little to do with tricks only a younger nation could fall for and everything to do with obsessions that never pall: fire, water, flight. Children and adults can outwit, say, games on a screen; nobody can outwit that which promises to throw us, fully clothed, into an illuminated pool. Coney Island did that. In its early years, it also set ablaze a scale-model tenement every day, and every day a crew of *faux* firemen would fight it. Who does not watch a building burn? Who does not follow, at least peripherally, a human cannonball? Who does not gawk at newborn babies, row upon row, there to be saved by a maverick premie doctor?

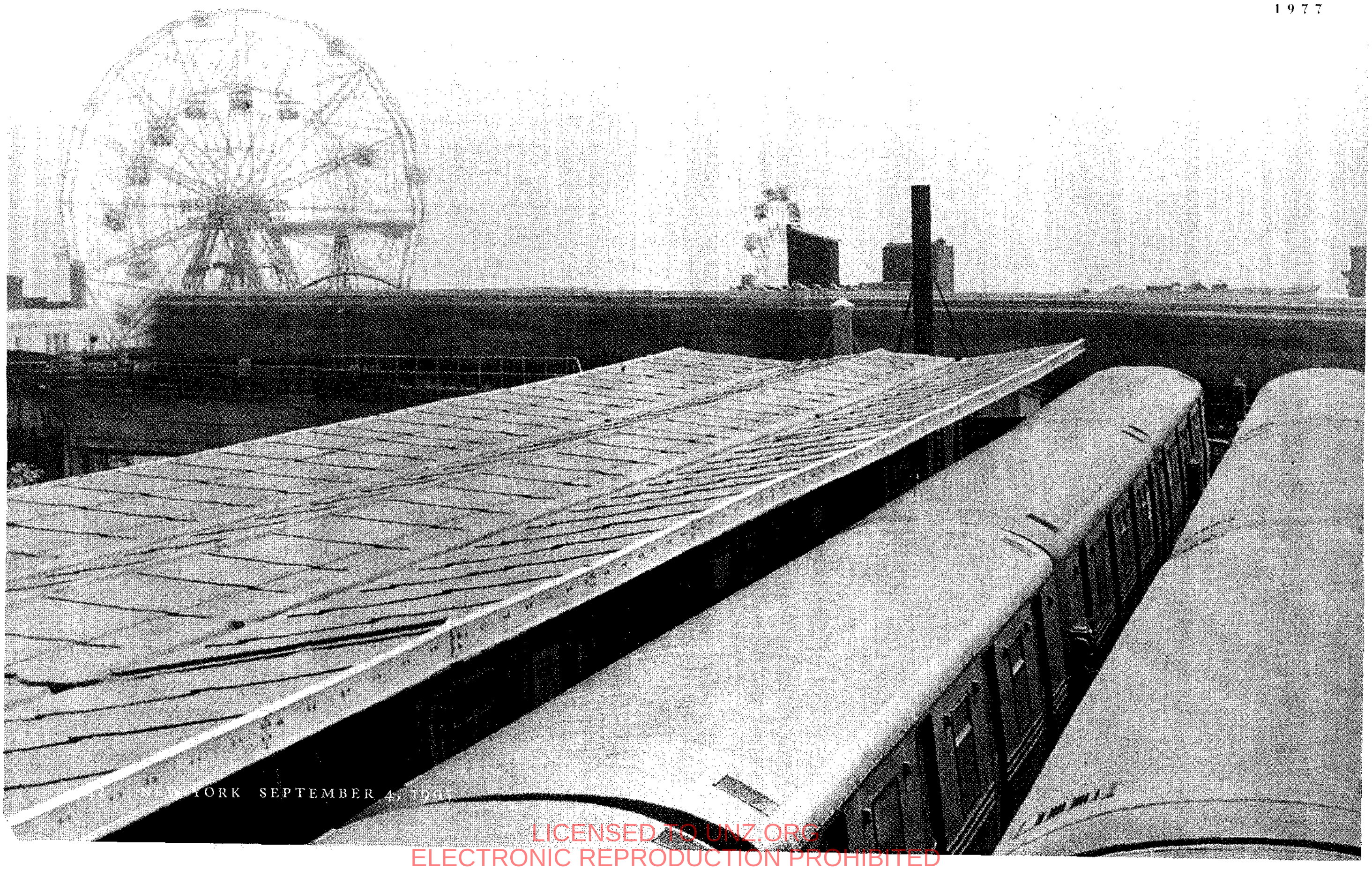
The entrepreneurs of Coney Island had a surer sense than anyone else of that preferred demographic, the suckers, and a keen grasp of the genuinely interactive. The audience itself was often the main event. Earnest boys and decorous girls made spectacles of themselves, and the people who laughed loudest were next in line to do the same. Coney Island also perfected the architecture of amusement—form, of course, follows fun—and all that wood and light has not been improved upon. The setting still seems expansive. The giddiness it encouraged does not seem misplaced. In the end, only the wind machine that lifted up ladies' skirts strikes us as amusingly dated. All of which is to say that we want to go back, and stay a while.

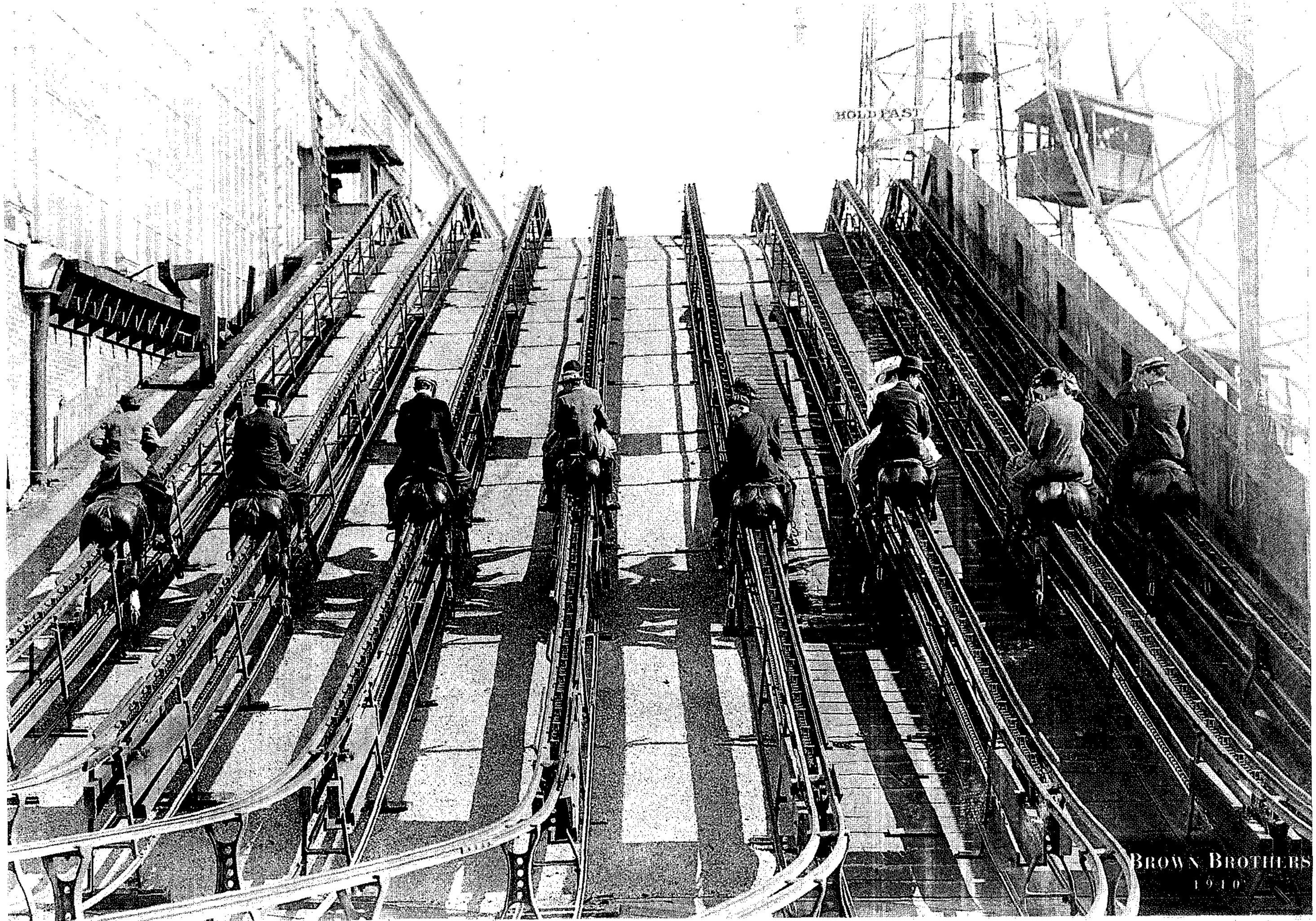
MICHAEL ACKERMAN
1992

WARNING
ONT STAND UP

UPI/BETTMAN
1954

LEONARD SUSSM
"Terminal, Coney Isl
1977





BROWN BROTHERS
1910

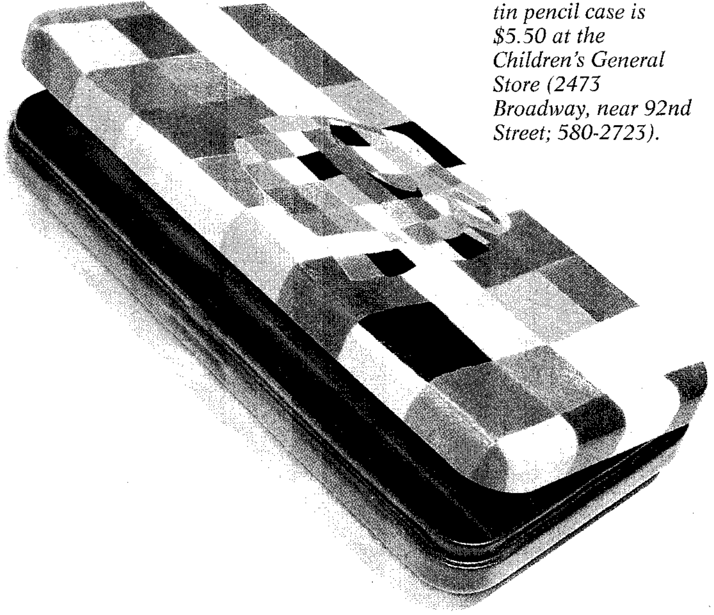
GREG MILLER
1991

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

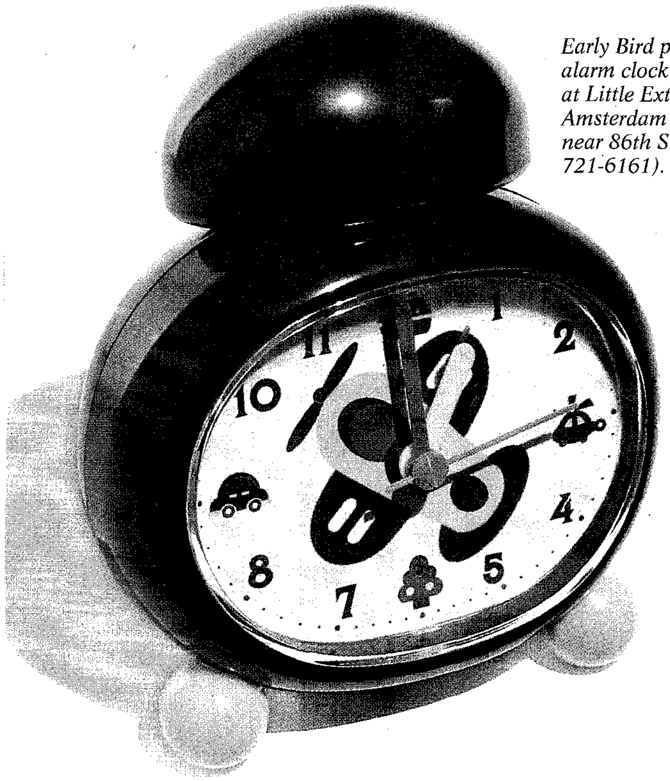
A catalogued archive of the last year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, Go: NYMAG.

Fall's back, but your kids will spring forward with books, boxes, smocks, and alarm clocks in intense primary colors.

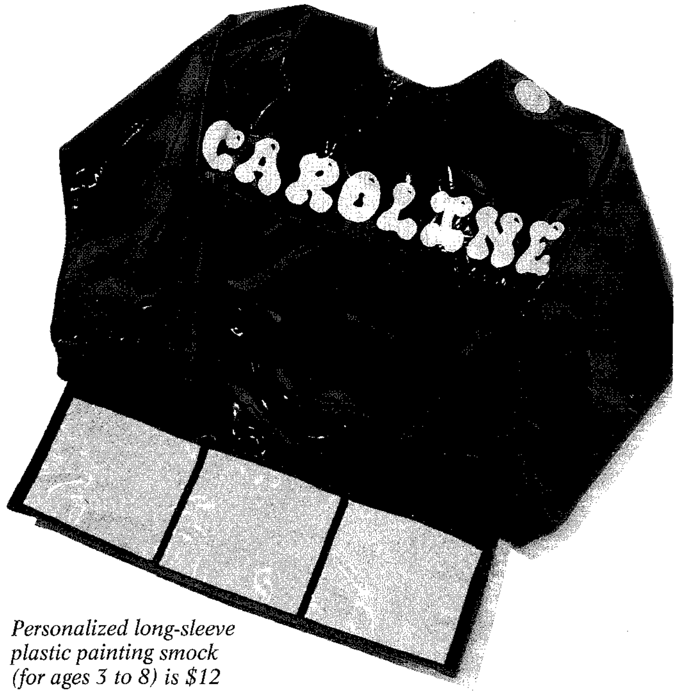


Elmer-the-elephant tin pencil case is $5.50 at the Children's General Store (2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street; 580-2723).

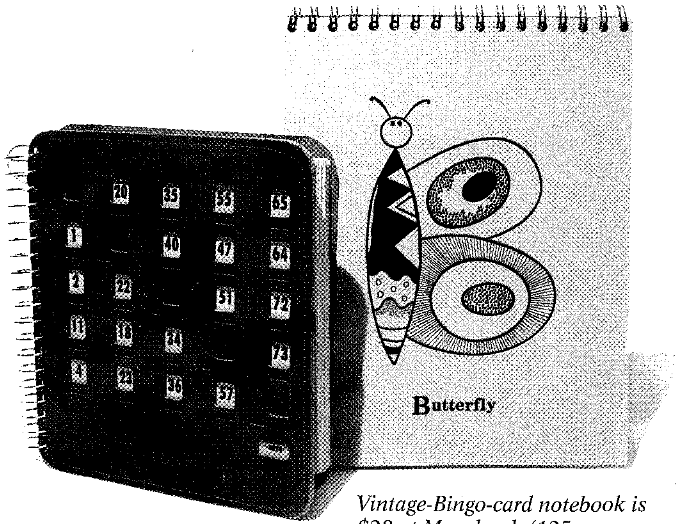
Velour animal caps are $38 each at Barneys New York (both locations).



Early Bird plastic alarm clock is $20 at Little Extras (550 Amsterdam Avenue, near 86th Street; 721-6161).



Personalized long-sleeve plastic painting smock (for ages 3 to 8) is $12 at Little Extras.

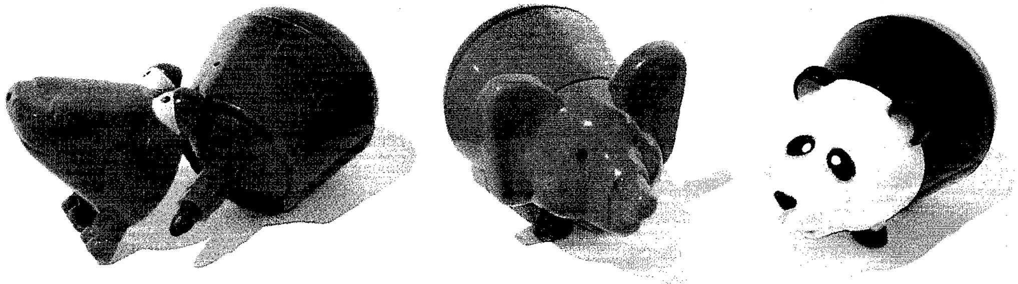


Vintage-Bingo-card notebook is $28 at Mxyplyzyk (125 Greenwich Avenue; 989-4300). Alphabet notebook is $5.50 at the Children's General Store.

Superman desk lamp is $95 at the Warner Bros. Studio Store (1 East 57 Street; 754-0300).

Plastic lunch box with metal fittings is $44 at Reminiscence (74 Fifth Avenue, near 13th Street; 243-2292).

Animal markers are $9.95 for a set of six at Alphabets (115 Avenue A, near 7th Street, 475-7250; and 47 Greenwich Avenue, 229-2966).

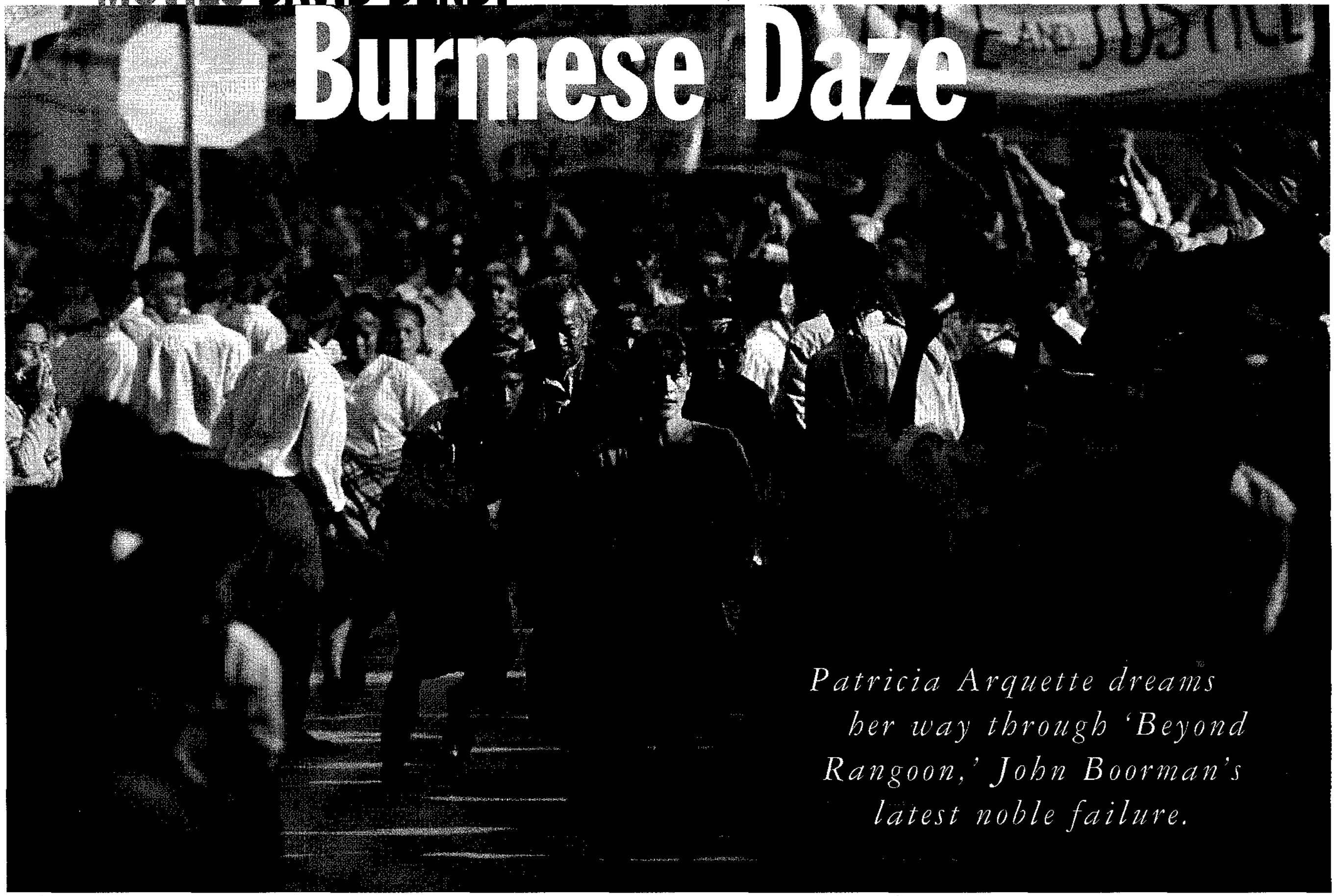


PHOTOGRAPHED BY MONICA BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Burmese Daze

Patricia Arquette dreams her way through 'Beyond Rangoon,' John Boorman's latest noble failure.



Woman let loose in a Conradian wilderness: Arquette as Laura at a political demonstration in Rangoon.

JOHN BOORMAN'S **Beyond Rangoon** IS A TRUE heartbreaker, a failed great film, noble in intention and theme, often exciting, almost always beautiful, but finally—it kills me to say so—banal, an infuriating epic with a large soul and the mind of a fortune cookie.

Who is John Boorman? A major filmmaker without quite a major career. Boorman directs intermittently—twelve films in 30 years—but almost everything he's done has been notable (or exasperating) in some way. Born in 1933, a Brit of mixed Dutch, Irish, and Scottish background, Boorman came to international prominence back in 1967 with the stunningly nasty crime picture *Point Blank*, starring Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson and featuring some of the sharpest, funniest scenes of the sixties. He later solidified his reputation with the survival thriller *Deliverance*. But then, alas, Boorman took himself off and communed with the Blarney Stone, or became reincarnated as Merlin, or something like that, and entered a wild and woolly period in which he made a string of visually extravagant and generally preposterous movies. There was the awful, druggy *Zardoz* and the unbelievable *Exorcist II: The Heretic*, and also *Excalibur*. Here was a filmmaker with a strong feeling for atmosphere, a genius for staging complex action scenes, a love of exotic locations and soul-testing stories—and a tin ear. Boorman has a frequently indulged taste for ornate and secondhand profundities. Later he recovered his good sense with *The Emerald Forest* and *Hope and Glory*, his award-winning autobiographical memoir of the London blitz. You certainly could never count this guy out: He's one of the few directors of international reputation who matter.

One of Boorman's favorite themes is Western man (and now woman) let loose in the wilderness, facing strangeness and violence in a test of courage that becomes, by the end, a journey of self-recognition. It's a Conradian theme without Conrad's pessimism. *Beyond Rangoon* is set in Burma, that proud, cut-off unknown, a country devoted more to spirituality than to automobiles and TV sets. (Run by a military dictatorship, Burma—now, officially, Myanmar—has long refused ties with much of the Communist and the capitalist worlds.) When we first see the young American widow Laura Bowman (Patricia Arquette), she's riding a tour boat up a river, staring at nothing, her body slack, her mouth half open in boredom. The year is 1988, and Laura is as passive as a reclining Buddha. The only thing alive in her is her nightmares: She dreams repeatedly of her husband and little boy, whom she discovered at home, both mysteriously murdered. Around her, the jungle is thick and dark, with golden-roofed pagodas gleaming in the sun. Later, she stares at monks in ocher robes sitting in rows and chanting, and she thinks they are numbing themselves to the pain of life just as she is. Boorman, at his best, creates spiritual moods physically: an unhappy woman, surrounded by a hot, slow-moving country. Laura, a doctor who has stopped practicing, has taken Burma into herself, for good and for ill; she just doesn't know it yet.

Back in Rangoon, Laura wanders out of her hotel room at night and walks smack into a political demonstration. Soldiers from the military dictatorship, armed to the teeth, face the students of the pro-democracy movement and their extraordinary leader, Aung San Suu Kyi (played by actress and costume de-

Photograph by Bill Rubenstein/Castle Rock Entertainment.

signer Adele Lutz), who calmly walks past the uniformed thugs pointing rifles at her. Stretching time slightly, Boorman makes the encounter magical: The slender smiling woman, extremely beautiful and preternaturally calm, embodies sheer will, which astonishes Laura, who has lost hers. Later, Laura hooks up with a charming old gent, U Aung Ko, a former professor thrown out of work by the military and reduced to shepherding tourists around the country in a huge, ancient, crumbling Chevrolet—a sort of Third World limo, which, like all such cars in the movies, tends to fall apart at exactly the most dangerous moments. When the military cracks down, the professor and some former students devoted to him take care of Laura, and she's forced, almost painfully, to realize that there's something larger in the world than her own sorrows.

It is, of course, the story of an awakening. And God knows we're impatient to see Laura connect to something, because Patricia Arquette is a very trying actress. She's strong-looking in a thick-waisted way that is not, at the moment, the approved (i.e., Sharon Stone) physique among actresses. Which is fine, but there's also something sluggish and thoughtless about her that makes one want to give her a kick. The way the role is written, it takes forever for Laura to realize the simple fact that she's in a country undergoing a state of siege, with panic and slaughter all around her, and Arquette's blank stare doesn't help. Being out of it is one thing; being stupid is another, and we suffer chagrin for her stupidity (Boorman allows us to get too far ahead of her). With her petulant voice, Arquette brings a touch of American commonness and naïveté to the part, which would be interesting if she knew how to use it—how to transcend it. But she can't. You don't believe, for instance, that this woman could ever have been a doctor: She doesn't suggest the physical authority or mental concentration needed for the job.

Laura flees the military with the professor (played by a refugee whose real name is also U Aung Ko), and Boorman, changing tempo, stages a series of terrifying and entirely convincing escapes. In the jungle and in the towns and along the rivers, military men kill with impunity (CNN is not watching Burma), and people run out of the way or keep their heads down. Neither the professor nor Laura is a warrior. They have to scramble, beg for assistance, hide, and steal, and we know that however local the circumstances, we are watching the classic twentieth-century experience of war, in which ordinary people are hounded remorselessly from one place to another. Boorman keeps the camera moving, but in action sequences, he's a classicist: no jump-cutting or convenient elisions; you can see exactly how desperate people get from water to land, from jungle to bridge. Laura breaks into a village where everyone is hiding and steals some medicine, and Arquette, fully energized now, has her best moments: As a soldier tries to rape her, a wild-animal desperation comes out in her eyes and thrusting jaw. Boorman's touch is perfect in these scenes, and back in Rangoon, he outdoes himself: Escaping some soldiers, Laura, the professor, and a group of pro-democracy students rush through a large, roofed bazaar, the camera rushing with them, and as they emerge from the other side of the building, they run into a violent confrontation between ranks of soldiers and demonstrators. Halted, the group around Laura surges forward and back, seething and undulating like the waves at the mouth of an ocean cave. The sequence has the frenzied dynamism of some legendary set piece from the heroic age of the Soviet cinema.

And yet, despite many superb sequences, the movie lets us down. *Beyond Rangoon,* written by Bill Rubenstein and Alex Lasker (they also co-produced), lacks writerly idiosyncrasy—detail and humor and human complication. The material has been shaped, rather too obviously, as a story of redemption. A woman lost in sorrow must learn to care; she must be reconnected to life; a Western individualist must learn to accept an Asian ethos of mutual responsibility. *Beyond Rangoon* turns upbeat in a conventional way (the last sequence is pure, corrupt Old Hollywood). And it's a little dull: For long stretches, Laura and the old man take care of each other, and the sequences, however generous morally, come out as emotionally complacent and predictable. Redeemed from self-absorption, Laura still isn't an interesting person.

Beyond Rangoon needed, perhaps, less goodness and a little sexual interest—a James Woods type snapping at Laura's dragging heels, or something else to break up the high-minded moralism. Every time they open their mouths, the two principals talk nonsense. "I am going to arrange to get you asylum. Wait here," Laura screams at the professor, which, coming in the middle of a mob scene, is an absurd remark. And the professor offers Buddhist pearls like "Suffering is the one promise life always keeps. If happiness comes, it is a gift that is precious." U Aung Ko has great dignity, but with his white hair and his sententiousness, amid his overall placidity, he's too much a cable-TV swami, a wisdom figure with a long Hollywood lineage behind him. In *Beyond Rangoon,* Boorman fails to match the raging physicality of the production with a dramatic intelligence of equal strength. ■

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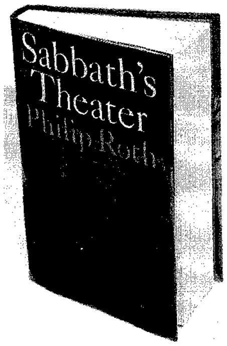
Portnoy's Last Stand

The hero of Philip Roth's latest novel has inherited the traits and complexes of his seminal predecessor. But this time, alas, the shtick isn't funny.



Mickey Sabbath is a cartoon monster of operatic proportions: too much to believe.

Sabbath's Theater
BY PHILIP ROTH
Houghton Mifflin; 451 pages; $24.95

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, TWENTY BOOKS, and one National Book Award, Philip Roth is still devoted to his first and most famous passion: masturbation. The hero of his latest novel, *Sabbath's Theater*, engages in it with as much zeal and inventiveness as the hero of *Portnoy's Complaint.* Mickey Sabbath masturbates into the soft earth over his mistress's grave. He masturbates after rifling through the satin, cotton, floral, and lace underwear of his friend's 19-year-old daughter. And then he does it again, while having phone sex with one of his students.

With its comic brio, its psychoanalytic riffs, its exposé of the Jewish family and teenage lust, *Portnoy's Complaint* set the tone for Roth's later books. Sabbath is a sort of grown-up Portnoy, but he hasn't grown up much—his mother is still hovering over his shoulder while he has sex, and beautiful *shiksas* are still giving him trouble. But Roth's subject this time is not sex or his family but death.

Mickey Sabbath is losing his mind. He is a failed artist and an aging roué. He is balding, penniless, moody, and misanthropic, and the reader is expected to spend 451 chaotic pages in his fairly unpleasant company. When he was young and promising, he ran a subversive puppet theater on the streets of New York, but after the inexplicable disappearance of his first wife, he flees to a small town in New England with his second. As the marriage falls apart, his second wife drinks bottles of Chardonnay, and he starts an affair with a stocky innkeeper's wife named Drenka. "One of them is driven to drink and one of them is driven to Drenka," Roth explains poetically. When Drenka dies of cancer, Sabbath's sexual obsession only gets wilder. After spreading his seed on her grave, Sabbath has a dramatic *Wuthering Heights* moment in which he chants beneath a full moon, "I am Drenka!" Then he drives to New York for yet another funeral, stays with an old friend on Central Park West, masturbates some more, tries and fails to seduce his friend's wife, and enters a hallucinogenic suicidal state that lasts the rest of the novel.

The book has its moments. When Sabbath mocks his wife's AA-speak, we begin to see glimmers of Roth's old comic genius, like signs of former beauty on an old woman's face. He describes Sabbath's idea of generosity: "There were times now over breakfast when he not only pretended to inquire about her AA meeting but pretended to listen to her answer." When Sabbath is accused of sexually harassing one of his students, the resulting farce is as inspired as anything Roth has written. After he has enthusiastic phone sex with the big-boned redheaded woman, a tape of the conversation falls into the hands of a feminist group, which broadcasts it on the radio in its breathless entirety as a graphic demonstration of male oppression.

But most of the book is drearier. Mickey Sabbath just drifts around like a cranky Hamlet. He tries, as he puts it, "to affront and affront and affront till there was no one on earth unaffronted," and the other characters in the book might argue that he succeeds. Of course, most of Roth's great characters were annoying. But while the heroes of *Portnoy's Complaint, The Counterlife, My Life as a Man, Zuckerman Unbound, Operation Shylock,* and *Deception* are not exactly people you would choose to sit next to at dinner, they had a certain magnetism.

Mickey Sabbath doesn't. His bitterness, his disappointments, his passion for his rather repulsive-sounding mistress, are simply difficult to believe in. The sad parts of the book aren't sad, and the sex, plentiful as it is, isn't sexy. Unlike most of Roth's creations, Mickey Sabbath is himself a puppet, empty and unreal.

The story has a quality of desperation, and it's not just in Sabbath's soul but in the writing itself. We feel the book struggling to catch its breath, working to get our attention. With each new quasi-pornographic outrage (at one point, Sabbath urinates in his mistress's mouth), we're supposed to respond with a kind of thrilled shock. But we don't.

Roth's trademark outrageousness has begun to feel mechanical. He's writing familiar scenes—the artist masturbates, the artist persuades his mistress to have sex with another woman, the artist says terribly witty things in the middle of a highly emotional argument—but without the mad, driving comic energy that used to pull it all together. "I am disorder," Mickey says grandly, and the same could certainly be said of the book.

As he wanders disoriented around the city, Mickey Sabbath lapses into a few pages of punctuation-less Joycean reverie: "Coming down here stupid find what I lost idiocy Greek Village gyro sandwich souvlaki sandwich baklava you know Nikki gypsy clothes spangles beads angelically on Victorian boots . . . " It's not exactly funny and it's not exactly art, so what is it? One gets the sense that Roth is throwing everything into this novel—Lorena Bobbitt, phone sex, recovery, sexual harassment—so why not a little Joyce too?

Sabbath's Theater is at its best when Sabbath allows his morbid fantasies free rein. Sabbath sits on the subway composing his own obituary, which ends, "Mr. Sabbath did nothing for Israel." He has a long conversation with a grave digger about exactly which plot to buy for himself. Sabbath is playing with death—teasing it, daring it—over who will have the last laugh. "For anybody who loves a joke, suicide is indispensable," he says.

As Mickey Sabbath contemplates his death from every possible angle, we can't help feeling that we are also witnessing the end of a certain kind of fiction—the grandiose, playful, exuberant, overbearing Jewish male voices of another era, the unbridled ego and unapologetic masculinity of Bellow, Roth, and Mailer. Populated by controlling mothers and alluring *shiksas* and Jewish families living in a state of social unease, Roth's world is already taking on the faded charm of an old photograph. Men spilled their fantasies and neuroses, endless analyses of themselves, messy and joyful, all over the page, and women were just fragrant beings, sweet and sensual. Or else they were sluts or soon-to-be-ex-wives. A world vanished. "He couldn't do it. He could not fucking die," writes Roth on the last page of *Sabbath's Theater*. But he can, and in some larger, sadder, complicated sense, he does. ▬

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SALES & BARGAINS

It's not easy being green: a program that works to save the earth and assist the disadvantaged, and a guide to life in the country.

Wrap Session

THIS RECENTLY RENOVATED SPA offers the Cellulite Spa Sampler, a two-and-one-half-hour session that includes a body wrap, a cellulite mechanical session, and a half-hour cellulite-control massage, was $185 for the package, now $139. Other treatments include the Body Smoother Deluxe, a 90-minute honey-almond-scrub treatment, including full massage, was $105, now $89; European Cleansing Facial, was $60, now $50. An appointment is necessary. *Anushka Day Spa, 241 E. 60th St. (355-6404); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; through 9/15.*

Pick Up *Sticks*

THE AUTHOR OF *Sticks,* A BIMONTHLY twelve-page newsletter that covers some of the problems and decisions city folk face when moving to the country, has just published a book, *Moving to the Country Once and for All.* This special offer includes a one-year subscription to the newsletter, usually $36, and a copy of the book, usually $12.95, now both for $32.95. *Write to* Sticks, *Dept. NYM, Williams Hill Publishing, RR 1, Box 1234, Grafton, N.H. 03240 or phone 800-639-1099; M.C., V., checks accepted.*

Green Thoughts

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR COMPANIES and businesses in the New York metropolitan area to put in place custom-designed paper-recycling programs, to comply with the recycling laws, and to help disadvantaged people help themselves. The Association for the Help of Retarded Children operates Hudson River Recycling, which will design a paper-recycling program around the specific features of your business. AHRC takes all grades of paper, including corrugated cardboard and old books, and its prices are competitive. The recyclable materials, such as books and magazines, it picks up from your business can be listed as a tax-deductible contribution to the program. *For more information, call Winifred Schiff at AHRC, 780-2538; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.*

Big Country

THIS SOHO FURNITURE STORE SPECIALIZES in folk, American Southwest, and country pieces. Now it and its East Hampton branch are offering 20–60 percent off a variety of furniture and decorative home accessories such as exclusive furniture made to order in a variety of finishes and fabrics, now 20 percent off: nail-head chair in nubuck leather, was $1,675, now $1,340; nail-head sofa covered in chenille, was $1,575, now $1,260; Taos Zig Zag 84-in. dining table in ponderosa pine, was $1,575, now $1,260; 84-in. farm table with pine top and painted turned legs, was $1,275, now $1,020; 74-in. English hutch and buffet, was $1,975, now $1,580. Accessories include hand-painted plaid dinnerware at 60 percent off: cup-and-saucer set, was $28, now $11.20; teapot, was $52, now $20.80; 17-in. platter, was $100, now $40; batik place mats and matching napkins, were $12 and $8, respectively, now $6 and $4; batik 16-in. and 20-in. pillows, were $32 and $40, respectively, now $16 and $20. *Zona, 97 Greene St., between Prince and Spring Sts. (925-6750); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost; Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; 2 Newtown Lane, East Hampton (516-324-4100); call for store hours; 8/30–9/12.*

Knock on Wood

THE FURNITURE IN THIS SHOWROOM IS made of solid wood, in simple, clean designs. Now clearing out one- and few-of-a-kind floor samples are being cleared out: a trestle table in solid oak with inset white tiles on top, was $340, now $199; two children's beds, solid ash with spindled head- and footboards, were $599 each, now $499; computer desk with wheelchair access, was $1,450, now $950; oak entertainment center, was $499, now $299; two black wood full-size platform beds, were $399 each, now $200; solid-maple bunk beds with connecting ladder, was $699, now $489; solid-maple queen-size bed with pop-out headboard for your own fabric, was $899, now $599; Cattelan Italia queen-size painted metal beds, one each in three different styles, were $2,000 each, now $1,000 (mattress extra); desk and hutch in dark-stained oak, was $1,150, now $599. *R. V. Cole, 114 E. 32nd Street (481-5566); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; open Labor Day; while stock lasts.*

Night and Day

THIS SMALL DESIGN SHOWROOM HAS 25 one-of-a-kind samples (to fit women's sizes 6–10) of glamorous three-quarter-length day-into-evening coats made of European velvet in solid colors and animal prints, trimmed in soutache braiding, rosettes, and tassels, retail $800–$1,500, here $400–$650; also, about 25 samples of velvet pouch handbags, retail $200, here $70; jeans-style jackets of black-and-white French tulle, retail $260, here $135; limited-edition French wraparound ski sunglasses by Mugnier, retail $130, here $45. *Etti Fashions, 244 W. 54th St., Suite 505 (489-2111); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. noon–4 p.m.; through 8/28–9/3.*

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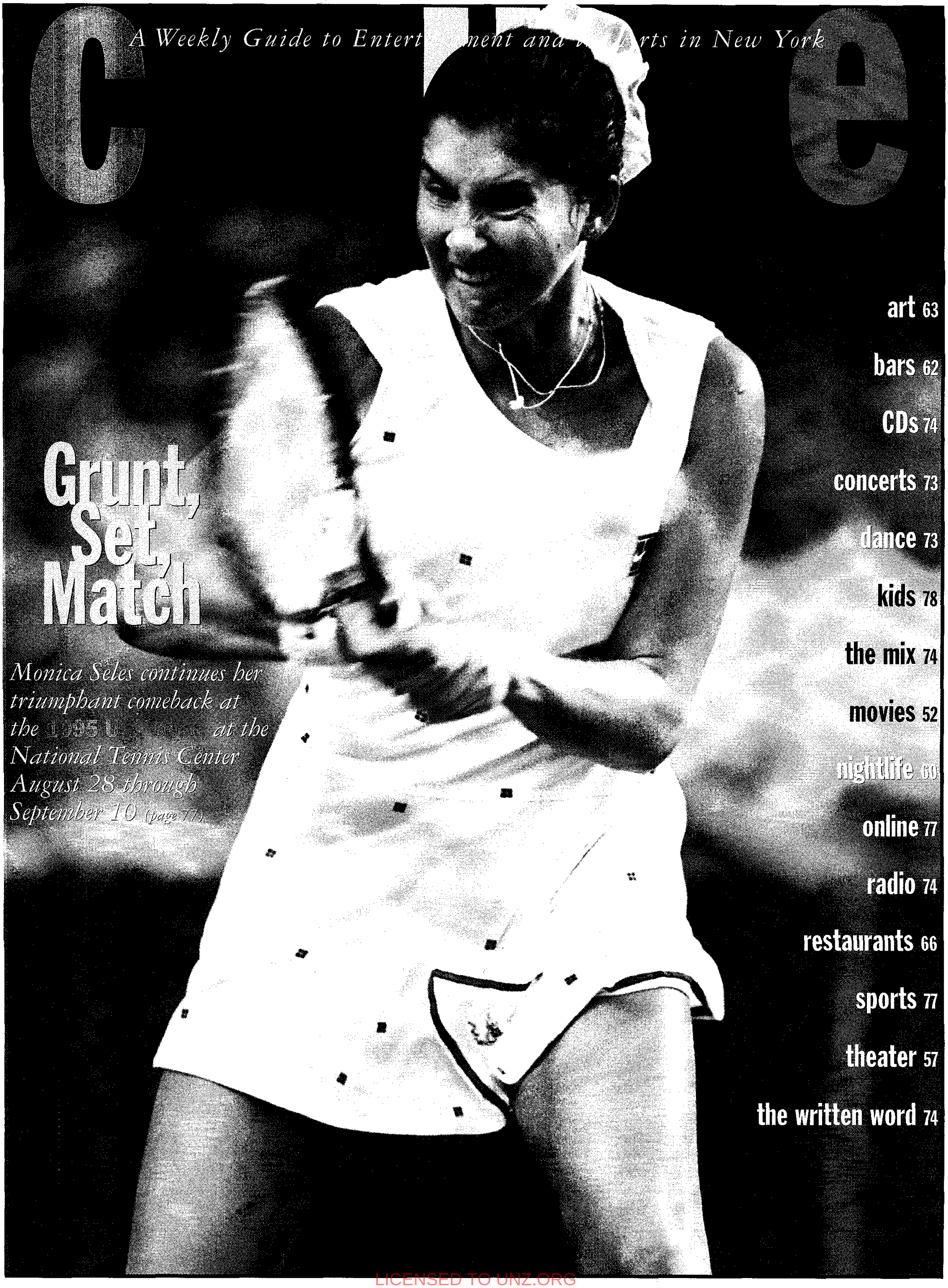

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A Weekly Guide to Entert ment and rts in New York

Grunt, Set, Match

Monica Seles continues her triumphant comeback at the 1995 U.S. Open, at the National Tennis Center August 28 through September 10 (page 77)

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movies

Argentine Cinema...Sexy Cartoons

New Films

The Amazing Panda Adventure—A ten-year-old boy joins his father, a naturalist who specializes in the conservation of great pandas, in the Himalayas. They all bond. Starring Stephen Lang, Ryan Slater, Yi Ding, and Wang Fei. Directed by Christopher Cain. (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Sutton; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

★**Apollo 13**—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13.* Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. The movie is very straight, very square stuff, but stirring and satisfying. With Ed Harris and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Arabian Knight—An animated fairy tale set long ago in a Golden City. Three golden balls, which are perched precariously on top of the city's tallest minaret to protect its inhabitants from danger, suddenly disappear. The king's daughter (and her crush) lead the fight to retrieve the balls and save the city. Voices by Matthew Broderick, Jennifer Beals, Eric Bogosian, Jonathan Winters, and the late Vincent Price. Created and directed by Richard Williams. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

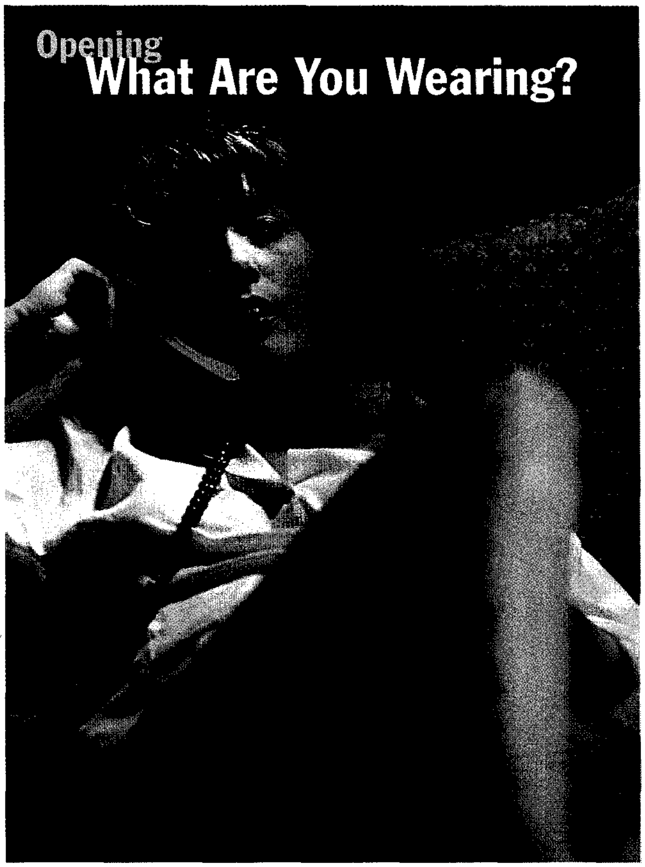
An Awfully Big Adventure—Set in 1950s Liverpool, this is the story of a young girl who, eager to escape her dreary home life, gets involved with her local theater company. And then her life begins: She falls for an older man, learns some life lessons, and teaches her elders a thing or two. With Hugh Grant as a smarmy, self-indulgent director and Georgina Cates as the young Stella. Directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Cinema 3.*

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book The Sheep-Pig. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Babysitter's Club—Based on the popular book series, it's the story of seven 13-year-olds who collectively rise to the challenge of sticking together over summer vacation by maneuvering around the usual roadblocks to happiness: parents and boys. Directed by Melanie Mayron. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.



Opening

What Are You Wearing?

Theo van Gogh (great-nephew of Vincent) is a film director and TV talk-show host who courts controversy so relentlessly that he's known as the Howard Stern of Holland. His new film, '1-900,' chronicles an affair between two lonely people who have phone sex once a week but agree never to meet nor to reveal their names.

★**Belle de Jour**—Simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Her face a blank, Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available, after many hesitations, to a variety of extremely strange men. The content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. It's less a psychological exploration or erotic turn-on than a triumph of surrealist mischief-making. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Paris Theater.*

Beyond Rangoon—See David Denby, p. 46. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their their past and their relationships with one another in the wake of their father's death. While struggling with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy, they individually grapple with their tortured love lives: one married brother contemplates an affair, one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love, and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns' feature film debut. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Chronicle of the Warsaw Ghetto—The film opens with Nazi footage shot in the ghetto in the early forties; this is coupled with the recollections of Mark Edelman (the actual title is *Chronicle of the*

"Cue" cover photograph by Simon Bruty/Allsport.

Warsaw Ghetto Uprising According to Mark Edelman), who was 23 years old when he became a leader in Poland's resistance movement. Directed by Jolanya Dylewska. In Polish. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Clueless**—Amy Heckerling's terrific comedy is a worthy successor to her Fast Times at Ridgemont High (1982). Here, she affectionately joshes the fab life of a Rodeo Drive princess, creating a look, a code of manners, and a hilarious jargon that enclose Cher (Alicia Silverstone) and her friends in their own boutique of pastel-pink self-consciousness. Silverstone is funny and entirely likable. The surprise of her character—which is based, amazingly, on Jane Austen's Emma—is that she's more interested in looking great and being nice to other people than she is in her own happiness. A comedy of goodness. (Denby; 8/7/95) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

Country Life—"Suggested" by Chekov's *Uncle Vanya* and set in post–World War I Australia. Writer-director Michael Blakemore plays Alexander, a drama critic who returns from cosmopolitan Europe with his beautiful young wife. While he manages to make his unsophisticated frontier family feel suitably inferior, his wife Deborah (Greta Scacci) throws the delicate balance of familial relations in turmoil as she haltingly courts the local doctor (Sam Neill). Blakemore gracefully uses the clash among family members to serve as metaphor for Australia's mangled feelings toward Europe, and the script is, thankfully, without much sentiment. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika 57.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Dangerous Minds—Based on the true story of a high school teacher named LouAnne Johnson who challenges, and is challenged by, inner city youth. Compelling enough, but unfortunately the film pounds away at the senses and becomes unashamedly manipulative halfway through. Starring Michelle Pfeiffer. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova.*

Desperado—Antonio Banderas stars in director Robert Rodriguez's follow-up to his much-acclaimed indie debut *El Mariachi.* (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

Double Happiness—A 22-year-old aspiring actress finds herself caught between Chinese tradition and western freedoms when she falls in love with a white college student and, consequently, has second thoughts about going through with her arranged marriage. Directed by Mina Shum. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde—A man (Tim Daly) stumbles upon a potion that turns him into a woman (Sean Young) at inopportune moments. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

I Can't Sleep—Claire Denis's film is based on the true story of "The Moster of Montmartre," a transvestite who brutally killed over 20 elderly Parisian women. In French. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Jeffrey—The film version of Paul Rudnick's award-winning off-Broadway play about a young gay man who decides to become celibate in the age of AIDS. Then he falls in love and finds himself in somewhat of a quandary. With Patrick Stewart, Steven Weber, Sigourney Weaver, Christine Baranski, Olympia Dukakis, and Nathan Lane. Directed by Christopher Ashley. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Chelsea; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids*, sleeps with a frightened but willing young girl and then runs down the steps of the girl's brownstone to share the news with his best friend, Casper, who is waiting for him on the front stoop. Telly is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of *Kids*, the first film to be directed by Larry Clark, the self-mythicized "outlaw" whose book of photographs, *Teenage Lust*, feasts on teenagers thickheaded and dreamy with sex. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party, at which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his humanity altogether. While all this is going on, one of Telly's past victims, now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. But this is not a tragic vision; *Kids* is fascinating but stunted. By taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. Yet it seems like Clark is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. If the characters drift meaninglessly and unconsciously toward death, that may be because they don't, outside of their creator's erotic dreams, have much hold on life. Horribly, death completes the fantasy and makes it perfect. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Little Odessa—Writer-director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian-émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Plaza.*

★**Living in Oblivion**—In the funniest sequence of this independent film about the making of an independent film, an actress playing a big scene with her "mother," goes through take after take of the same emotions, each take destroyed by some tiny error of the crew's. Watching this, we may become so impressed by the disillusioning of the film medium that we forget that director Tom DiCillio is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures is the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves!"). With Dermot Mulroney and Catherine Keener. (Denby; 6/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

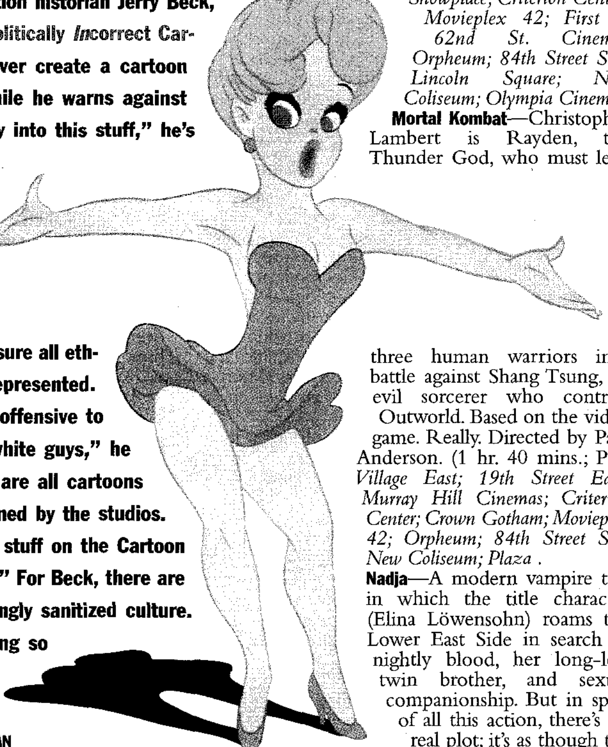
Lord of Illusions—Master of horror Clive Barker returns with this film-noir thriller about a detective named Harry (Scott Bakula), who gets tangled up in a supernatural mystery involving a famous dead magician and his beautiful widow. Barker has a real sense of fun and never takes himself too seriously, but horror is his genre, and his films are usually a cut above the generic, uninspired schlock that imitators turn out. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas.*

Mortal Kombat—Christopher Lambert is Rayden, the Thunder God, who must lead three human warriors into battle against Shang Tsung, an evil sorcerer who controls Outworld. Based on the video game. Really. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

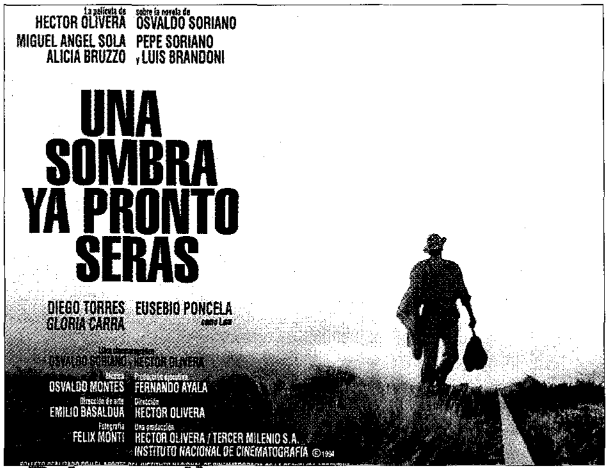
Nadja—A modern vampire tale in which the title character (Elina Löwensohn) roams the Lower East Side in search of nightly blood, her long-lost twin brother, and sexual companionship. But in spite of all this action, there's no real plot; it's as though the filmmakers (director

Retrospective
No Shame

In the early days of animation, retrograde social phenomena such as rudeness, ethnic stereotyping, sexism, and racism were splayed out in full Technicolor glory. "These exaggerations were comedy," says animation historian Jerry Beck, who has curated Film Forum's Politically *Incorrect* Cartoozdays. "Today, you would never create a cartoon where a sexy girl is ogled." While he warns against "reading too much social history into this stuff," he's well aware that blacks and women were the two groups most stereotyped and objectified (that's "Red Hot Riding Hood" pictured at right), and has gone out of his way to make sure all ethnicities and persuasions are represented. "We've got stuff that might be offensive to Mexicans, Jews, Asians—even white guys," he says in all earnestness. "These are all cartoons that have pretty much been banned by the studios. They won't even do this kind of stuff on the Cartoon Network, unless it's late at night." For Beck, there are dangers inherent in our increasingly sanitized culture. "We're losing something by being so PC," he says. "We can't erase history, so we better look at it." MAUREEN CALLAHAN



Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.


La película de HECTOR OLIVERA
sobre la novela de OSVALDO SORIANO
MIGUEL ANGEL SOLA
ALICIA BRUZZO
PEPE SORIANO
y LUIS BRANDONI
UNA SOMBRA YA PRONTO SERAS
DIEGO TORRES
GLORIA CARRA
EUSEBIO PONCELA
OSVALDO MONTES
FERNANDO AYALA
EMILIO BASALDUA
HECTOR OLIVERA
FELIX MONTI
HECTOR OLIVERA / TERCER MILENIO S.A.
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Retrospective

It's All in the Dance

"A Passage to Argentina: From Classic to Contemporary Cinema," at the Walter Reade Theater, highlights films by the late director Maria Luisa Bemberg as well as lesser-known works. The Argentines' dominant themes are attraction and betrayal—hence the filmic prominence of the tango. See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Michael Almereyda and producer David Lynch) assumed their audience would be familiar enough with the genre not to desire a stronger story. The film shows glimpses of what it could have been, as when a beleaguered husband details the moment he realized his wife (Galaxy Craze, the weak link here) might be turning into a bloodsucker: "She started to get that Sunday afternoon depression . . . every day." The black-and-white imagery alternates between stunningly lit and photographed 35mm, and hand-held "Pixelvision" (which was created with a discontinued toy camera)—and that's the kind of forced quirkiness that ultimately does the film in. Almereyda is so concerned with the visual that the characters become afterthoughts. It's the quintessential midnight movie—wonderful to look at, sometimes funny, and not at all taxing. With Peter Fonda, Suzy Amis, Karl Geary, and Martin Donovan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Net—Sandra Bullock stars as Angela Bennett, an expert computer analyst who stumbles upon a massive conspiracy and winds up running for her life while simultaneously trying to prove her identity. The film ostensibly tackles modern man's alienation in an increasingly technological society and the issue of eroding privacy in an age of electronically encoded personal information. But mostly, these and other concerns provide the impetus for many a chase sequence. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Nine Months—A romantic comedy about a man (Hugh Grant) whose perfectly balanced life is thrown into whack by a pregnancy. Directed by Chris Columbus. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; 62nd and Broadway.*

Pocahontas—The story is Disney's most sophisticated yet, including a realistic (read "sad") ending. A lot of bold chances were taken here and they all pay off—this is the most satisfying offering since *Beauty and the Beast.* (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–4.*

The Postman—The late Massimo Troisi, star of this charming Italian film, had a stalled, foggy voice in which the words got lost somewhere between conception and delivery. As the film opens, Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. The movie is a fable of creation: Mario is literally created by the words he learns to speak. In a noisy season, it's easy to be lulled by such enchanting episodes as Mario's poetry-rich courtship of a girl who becomes aroused by his words. The girl's overprotective aunt, in a series of hilarious pot-banging tirades, denounces metaphors as the traducer of her niece's virginity. She's right. Once you've lost your innocence with words, you never want to regain it. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; 68th Street Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Prophecy—A perfect Christopher Walken vehicle, though everything he appears in seems tailor-made to his droll eccentricity and cotton-mouth delivery. A heavenly war is waged on earth by a band of renegade angels. Also starring Eric Stoltz, Virginia Madsen, Amanda Plummer, and Elias Koteas. Written and directed by Gregory Widen, who also wrote *Highlander* and *Backdraft.* (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Astor Plaza; Sutton; 84th Street Six.*

The Show—An entertaining behind-the-scenes look at the world of hip-hop, from the moguls (Russell Simmons) to the record-company execs to the performers. Included is extraordinary live footage from a concert taped last December, in which nearly all the film's subjects participated. How much of a fan you are will definitely affect how much you enjoy the film—though this doesn't mean it's not well done. It is. Directed by Brian Robbins. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

★**Smoke**—The gentleness of this movie—gentleness without softness—is nearly revolutionary in American film at the moment. Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. With Forrest Whitaker and Stockard Channing. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Something to Talk About**—In *Sleeping With the Enemy* and *The Pelican Brief,* Julia Roberts gave off so much uncertainty and even panic that one began to think of her unease as a signature tic. But here, Roberts is playing a neurotic—a bright woman who can't figure out how to live life—and she's in command of the role. Callie Khouri, of *Thelma & Louise* fame, wrote the screenplay, and she has a knack for creating pungent women. Roberts's character, Grace King Bichon, one of two grown daughters in a wealthy southern horse-breeding family, can't stop jabbing at people and then jabbing at herself. Grace works for her father, Wyly (Robert Duvall), an intelligent but ornery man, and loving him has worn her down. Her life is so dominated by him that she has grown indifferent to her husband, Eddie (Dennis Quaid), who has begun to fool around. The movie is about a few weeks in Grace's life when everything falls apart and she attempts to pull it back together again. Roberts has finally become an actress; her Grace is so messed up that at times she's unconsciously cruel. There's an integrity in split feelings, and Roberts finds it. With Kyra Sedgwick and Gena Rowlands. Directed by Lasse Hallström. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Species—A sci-fi-horror movie with moments of amusement. When the replicant, or whatever it is, wants to mate, it takes the form of a tall blonde beauty (model Natasha Henstridge) and heads for Los Angeles, where its habit of suddenly removing its clothes does not strike the predatory local males as anything unusual. Too bad for them. Species is sort of sleazy-sexy: Everyone in it, including most of a very strange team of scientists, is ready to rock. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

The Tie That Binds—Strictly USA network fare—down to the casting—that somehow made it into your local theater: Vincent Spano and Moira Kelly are a young couple with a newly adopted daughter. Life is bliss until her natural parents (Keith Carradine and Daryl Hannah) return to claim her. Of course, the kid's biological parents are homicidal criminals. Directed by Wesley Strick. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Embassy 1.*

Unzipped—A portrait of the unique sensibility of the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi that is held together by the same thing that holds the clothes together—Mizrahi's manic personality and taste. He's a nice Jewish boy with a good jaw and a voice as husky as an old madam's. He enjoys easy access to his moods, and he has the gift of speaking trivialities that never seem trivial; he is wistful and earnest, and often most funny when most in earnest. Directed by the fashion photographer Douglas Keeve, the movie sketches in the stages of design, construction, fitting, and so on, leading up to the show, but *Unzipped* is not very satisfying as a movie about a process. Ellen Kuras's camera lands momentarily and swoops away, teasing us with glimpses and fragments. We can hardly see anything, but then again, we are not meant to: A rough downtown aesthetic of collage seems to be at work here, in which elegance is the deadly enemy and fleetingness the ideal. *Unzipped* is probably not the best movie one can imagine about fashion, but it's the best movie we are likely to get about a single creative temperament in fashion. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—One way of reveling in the movieness of movies is to shoot the picture in mysterious chiaroscuro, and with obsessive close-ups of objects—a Zippo lighter, a coffee cup—that play a talismanic role in the plot. Like many of the other new thrillers made by young directors, *The Usual Suspects* is handsomely shot, but Bryan Singer also has a flair for brazenness and theatricality that is very entertaining. The movie is a labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through to the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? Singer's got a bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite, Chazz Palminteri, Kevin Pollack, and Stephen Baldwin) celebrating the ominousness and adding their own bits of perversity. *The Usual Suspects* is elegant and intricate fun—an actor's game and a young director's triumph. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Virtuosity—It's Los Angeles, 1999. The government has developed a virtual-reality criminal named Sid, who is used in the training of rookie cops. Sid is a composite of the psychological profiles of the most vicious criminals in recent history. As such, he is

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

smart enough to escape from his computer-generated existence into the real world. And when Sid inevitably does, it's up to a tortured ex-cop (Denzel Washington) to try and stop him. Directed by Brett Leonard. (; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; 84th Street Six.*

A Walk in the Clouds—A love story that takes place just after the second World War, with Keanu Reeves as a young GI who agrees to marry a pregnant woman. The marriage begins as an arrangement but, of course, turns into something else entirely. Directed by Alfonso Arau. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Beekman; UA East; 84th Street Six.*

Waterworld—Not a catastrophe, but grim and monotonous. We're in the dreadful future, when the melting of polar ice caps has covered the surface of the Earth with wet stuff. A few survivors, taunted by fantasies of dry land, hang on to the remnants of the earlier civilization, including Mariner (Kevin Costner), a sort of human amphibian. The people are mostly cracked, or at least cruel, and there are raunchy pirates led by Dennis Hopper. *Waterworld* has a certain rancid consistency to it. Director Kevin Reynolds offers adventure without the romance of adventure: there's only so much you can do on water without beautiful ships or intricate relations of power and love. (8/7/94) (2 hrs. 14 mins.; PG-13) *34th Street East; Chelsea; 59th Street East; National Twin; Nova.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Kids; Living in Oblivion; Nadja; Smoke; The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *A Walk in the Clouds; Babe.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) "Hong Kong Film Festival." 8/30: *City on Fire;* 8/31 and 9/4: *Executioners;* 9/1: *The New Legend of Shaolin;* 9/2: *Once Upon a Time in China;* 9/3 *The Bride With the White Hair;* 9/5: *Butterfly Lovers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb; Chronicle of the Warsaw Ghetto.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Desperado; The Babysitter's Club; The Show.* Opening 9/1: *The Prophecy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Double Happiness; I Can't Sleep; Incredibly True Adventures; Jeffrey.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Arabian Knight; Belle de Jour; Dangerous Minds; Lie Down With Dogs; Mortal Kombat; The Postman; The Amazing Panda Adventure.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Beyond Rangoon; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; The Net; The Usual Suspects; Unzipped; Virtuosity.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Lord of Illusions; Clueless.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Babysitter's Club.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Apollo 13; Arabian Knight; Nine Months; The Show.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Waterworld.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Virtuosity.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Jeffrey; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Arabian Knight; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Mortal Kombat.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Waterworld.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Country Life.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Virtuosity.* Opening 9/1: *The Prophecy.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) .

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Burnt by the Sun; Jeffrey.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *An Awfully Big Adventure.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Dangerous Minds; Jeffrey; Smoke.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Walk in the Clouds; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Babysitter's Club; The Net; The Show.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Mortal Kombat.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Double Happiness.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Dangerous Minds.* Opening 9/1: *The Tie That Binds.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Clueless; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Magic in the Water; Pocahontas; Species.* Opening 9/1: *Dangerous Minds.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Arabian Knight.* Opening 9/1: *Clueless.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *The Show; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Desperado; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Show; Virtuosity.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Desperado; Waterworld.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Little Odessa.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Arabian Knight; The Amazing Panda Adventure.* Opening 9/1: *The Prophecy.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Batman Forever; Casper; Forget Paris; French Kiss; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Priest.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Postman.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Arabian Knight; The Show.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *A Walk in the Clouds.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Apollo 13; Babe; Clueless; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen.* Opening 8/25: *Lord of Illusions.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *The Net; Kids.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Something to Talk About; The Usual Suspects.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Unzipped.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *A Walk in the Clouds.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Nine Months.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Walk in the Clouds; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Show; Virtuosity.* Opening 9/1: *The Prophecy.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and

Opening

Obscured Genius

In 1920, professor Leon Theremin harnessed an electromagnetic field through which sound could be controlled, and invented the most bizarre musical instrument of this, or any, time: the theremin, which is played without direct body contact. He was subsequently kidnapped by Soviet agents and kept for seven years in a Siberian labor camp, then went on to invent the first electronic bugging device. His heretofore obscure life story unfolds in Steven M. Martin's documentary *Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey* (opening September 8).

63rd Sts. (757-2280) *I Can't Sleep; Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Arabian Knight; Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Something to Talk About; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; The Usual Suspects; Unzipped.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clueless; Babe.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Amazing Panda Adventure.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Dangerous Minds; Waterworld.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Lord of Illusions; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Kid in King Arthur's Court; A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Net; The Show; Virtuosity.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Arabian Knight; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Show; Virtuosity.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Desperado; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *A Walk in the Clouds; The Brothers McMullen.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Walk in the Clouds; Arabian Knight; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Net; The Show; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Waterworld.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *A Walk in the Clouds.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Arabian Knight; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Arabian Knight; Beyond Rangoon; Desperado; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Brothers McMullen.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Arabian Knight; Dangerous Minds; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Show; Virtuosity.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Arabian Knight; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Net; The Show.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *A Walk in the Clouds; Desperado; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Something to Talk About; Waterworld.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Arabian Knight; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Amazing Panda Adventure.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Walk in the Clouds; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Nine Months; Something to Talk About; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Virtuosity.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Walk in the Clouds; Desperado; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Net; Waterworld.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Dangerous Minds; Kids; Lord of Illusions; Something to Talk About; The Amazing Panda Adventure.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; The Net; The Show; Waterworld.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Arabian Knight; Mortal Kombat; Nine Months.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apollo 13; Babe; Desperado; The Amazing Panda Adventure.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Mortal Kombat; The Show.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Walk in the Clouds; Arabian Knight; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Lord of Illusions; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; Waterworld.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dangerous Minds; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Show.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *A Walk in the Clouds; Beyond Rangoon.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *A Walk in the Clouds; Apollo 13; Babe; Clueless; Lord of Illusions; Nine Months; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; Virtuosity.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Desperado; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bushwhacked; Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Something to Talk About; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; Waterworld.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Walk in the Clouds; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Net; Virtuosity.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *A Walk in the Clouds; Dangerous Minds; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Mortal Kombat.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Arabian Knight; Dangerous Minds; Nine Months.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Arabian Knight; Desperado; The Babysitter's Club; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Waterworld.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *A Kid in King Arthur's Court; The Net.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Kid in King Arthur's Court; A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Kids; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Brothers McMullen; Waterworld.* Opening 9/1: *The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Arabian Knight; Beyond Rangoon; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Babysitter's Club; The Show.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Kid in King Arthur's Court; A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Something to Talk About; The Brothers McMullen; The Net; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two new IMAX films: *Destiny in Space,* narrated by Leonard Nimoy, and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. nights. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/1: "The Three Stooges." Through 9/1: *Dizzy Doctors* (1937), *Dizzy Detectives* (1943), and *From Nurse to Worse* (1940). Through 9/3: "Robert Mitchum." 9/2: *Secret Ceremony* (1962), and *Macao* (1952). 9/3: *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1973) and *The Yakuza* (1975). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Film Forum—Through 8/31: "William Castle: The Low-Rent Hitchcock." Through 8/31: Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), which was produced by Castle. New 35mm print. 9/1-9/28: "Grandes Dames Guignol," a monthlong tribute to fading femme fatales who, in the twilight of their careers, were forced to go mental to get work. 9/1 and 9/2: *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* (1962). 9/3 and 9/4: *Dead Ringer* (1962), starring Bette Davis as identical twins, and *Die! Die! My Darling!* (1965). 9/6 and 9/7: A Kathy Bates doubleheader: Stephen King's *Misery* (1990) and *Dolores Claiborne* (1995). Tuesdays through September: "Politically Incorrect Cartoozdays." 9/5: *Tex's Most Sexist.* Libidinous, lascivious 'toons featuring Red Hot Riding Hood and her "ardent" pursuer, the Wolf. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 9/7: "Spies in Fact and on Film." 8/30: *Background to Danger* (1943) and *Diplomatic Courier* (1952). 8/31 and 9/1: *State Secret* aka *The Great Manhunt* (1950) and *Secrets of the French Police* (1932). 9/4: *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover* (1977) and *The Deadly Affair* (1965). 9/5: *Three Days of the Condor* (1974) and *The Ipcress File* (1965). 9/6: *The Yellow Canary* (1943) and *Till We Meet Again* (1936). 9/2 and 9/3: "Movies for Kids." Both days: Charlie Chaplin's *The Circus* (1928). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Beginning 8/25: A fortieth anniversary celebration of *The Blackboard Jungle* (1955). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 8/31: *Larceny, Inc.* (1942). 8/31 and 9/3: *Key Largo* (1948), and *The Night of the Iguana* (1964). 9/1: *Strictly Unconventional* (1930). 9/1 and 9/4: *The Silver Cord* (1933). 9/1 and 9/5: *The Letter* (1929) and *The Circle* (1925). 9/2: *Rain* (1932), *Our Betters* (1933) and *Born Yesterday* (1950). 9/3: *Winterset* (1936), *Key Largo* (1948) and *The Night of the Iguana* (1964). 9/4: *The Cat and the Canary* (1927) and *Dead End* (1937). 9/5: *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (1962). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 11/17: "The World of Hanna-Barbera." 8/29-9/3: *Josie and the Pussycats, Peter Potamus,* and *Snagglepuss.* 9/5-9/10: *Magilla Gorilla* and *Wacky Races.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

theater

City Sondheim...Albee on the Beach

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Company—$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs.*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Beginning 9/5: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Opening

They Are the Lizard Kings

In Edward Albee's Seascape, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1975, a middle-aged couple (James Stevenson and Jacqueline Brookes, top) discussing their floundering marriage on a lonely beach are interrupted by the emergence of two mysterious creatures (Charles Cissel and Vanessa Parise, bottom) from the ocean. A new production at Theatre 22 (54 West 22nd Street; 472-1789) opens August 31.

Photograph by Susan Johann.

London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

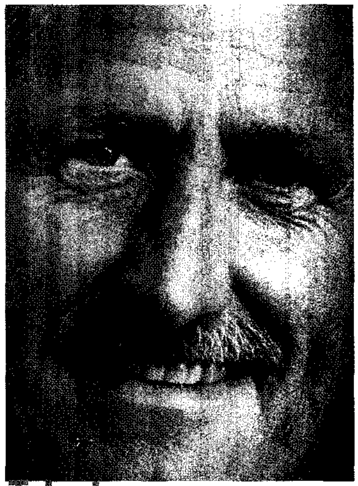
Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, is the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, T. Scott Cunningham, Randy Becker, Richard Bekins, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Through 9/2, Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; 9/3–9-17, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 9/17. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*



Talent

Special Reserve

No one's better than Remak Ramsay, once described by the London 'Times' as "the best native {-born} American actor of British characters" at playing a certain kind of aristocratic reserve—a shell of crisp, peremptory hauteur cloaking acute vulnerability. Following Phillip Bosco and Donald Moffat, Ramsay takes over the role of the domineering Dr. Sloper in Lincoln Center Theater's Broadway production of 'The Heiress' this Tuesday.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. (At last Joe Gillis has a believable and disturbing dilemma; to be this Norma's kept man could give gigoloism a good name.) Most important of all, she can sing. Every note is in place, and you can hear the pianissimos as well as the fortes. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile.* It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 9/11: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Waiting for Godot—As both the starting point of the contemporary theater and, arguably, modern literature's preeminent metaphor for life in the twentieth century, Samuel Beckett's 1953 masterpiece has suffered more than its share of trivial and gimmicky interpretations. Eve Adamson's more straightforward approach emphasizes the structural and musical aspects of the language of the playwright—who was, as he liked to remind people, an heir to Mallarme. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 through 10/15, when it goes into rotating repertory with the Jean Cocteau Repertory's second play of the season. Opens 9/1; through 11/4. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (*straight, gay, and varied*) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production, directed by the playwright; following a successful limited run that began in June, it's been extended for six weeks at a new location. $15. Wed..–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/24. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed.

and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off the Wall—The latest entry in the genre of so-called "interactive" comedies. This one places audiences in the midst of an unscrupulous, high-stakes art auction. $39, which includes your choice of a three-course dinner or a $15 beverage allowance. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Sun. at 6. *IBIS Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* Mr. Butler usually performs them as well; he's currently being spelled by the Olympic medalist and author Greg Louganis. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pets—"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contain'd." That, more or less, is the premise of this new musical revue—assembled by Helen Butleroff from the songs of some seventeen lyricists and composers—about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others. $35. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $10–$15 kids, $20–$25 adults. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Time and the Wind—A musical revue about contemporary New York romances by Galt MacDermot, the composer who brought sixties counterculture—or a reasonable facsimile thereof—to Broadway in 1968 with *Hair.* $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 8:30. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-4324).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Larry Linville (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Troilus and Cressida—Before 1898, no historical record exists of a performance of Shakespeare's take on the Trojan War of Homeric myth—explainable, maybe, by the difficulties earlier generations had in conceiving of war as an apparently meaningless and savage hodgepodge of ironic discontinuity, petty motives, and pointless waste. As those of us around today might say, is there a *problem* here? Before the mid-twentieth century, scholars labored mightily to read the play in the conventional terms of battlefield valor (virtuous-but-doomed Trojans tragically overpowered by nasty Greeks); contemporary audiences are more likely to experience it as a forerunner of the work of—say—David Rabe. This summer's second Shakespeare in Central Park production is directed by Mark Wing-Davey, with Neal Huff and Elizabeth Marvel in the title roles. Tues.–Sun. at 8:15 at the *Delacorte Theater, Central Park;* closest park entrances are at 81st St. and Central Park West and 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Tickets are distributed at the theater from 1 on, and at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.,* from 1 to 3, on the day of performance only. Through 9/3. For further information, call *598-7100.*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Previews

Seminal Sondheim

In 1970, it was recognized within days of its opening as an instant classic, one of the three or four quintessential New York musicals. This week, the Roundabout Theatre presents Company—Stephen Sondheim's breakthrough work, in which he first mastered his signature trick of rendering the jangled rhythms of modern urban neurosis into word and music—in its twenty-fifth-anniversary (and first-ever Broadway) revival. Beginning previews August 30 for a September 28 opening.

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Two contemporary men look for something more permanent than a passing sexual fling in James Edwin Parker's play about life beyond the oppressive confines of urban gay subculture. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., bet. Perry and 11th St. (279-4200).*

We'll Meet Again—A one-woman show written and performed by Vicki Stuart, featuring the songs she came to know as a child growing up in England during World War II ("You'll Never Know," Long Ago and Far Away," etc.). $36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/30. *45th Street Theater, 354 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

A Dream Play—$12/TDF + $5. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/7. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. (353-3088).*

Festival of New York Plays—$12/TDF weekdays, TDF + $5 weekends; $35 unlimited admission. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Synchronicity Space Theatre, 55 Mercer St. (925-5240).*

GhettOriginal—American tap dancing started out as a street-corner dance improvised by urban kids and went on to become the epitome of theatrical elegance; why shouldn't its contemporary equivalent, hip-hop, aspire to something similar? GhettOriginal, seven guys and three women with really cool nicknames, is presenting its new work-in-progress—part docudrama, part dance concert, and part throwdown—at P.S. 122 through September 2. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Free. Fri.–Sun. at 8; through 9/24. *Southwest corner of Washington Square Park.*

nightlife

Ray Charles...Brooklyn Sounds

Concerts

Dave Matthews Band—The sprightly funk and punchy melodies of this South Africa native got his band buzz as a live act long before they gained VH1 ubiquity. And that's pretty much how the frat-party-ready ensemble works best: as a solid rhythm section, competent tune artisan, and a clean-cut Urban Outfitted frontman. They play with the more soulful Dionne Farris, also a VH1 fave, whose voice helped Arrested Development get their sole hit with the song “Tennessee” some three years ago. Her solo debut *Wild Seed Wild Flower* posits a warm, cosmopolitan view of Southern blackness, most assertively expressed in the kiss-off hit “I Know.” She does a great job with the Beatles's “Blackbird” too. 9/3 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach (516-221-1000). $22.50.*

Roy Hargrove—The young trumpet star leads his new seventeen-piece big band as one of the headliners for this week's Panasonic Village Jazz Festival. 8/28 at 5 P.M. *Washington Square Park. (691-0045.)*

Soul Asylum—A supershow featuring four melodic, hard-bitten faves of the post-punk era, including the Jayhawks, Victoria Williams, and Matthew Sweet. 8/30 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, $17.50.*

Heineken Jazz Festival—Heineken's jazz festival features the decidedly MOR talents of George Benson and Roberta Flack, along with salsa great Tito Puente. 8/29 at 8 P.M. *The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Avenue. (307-7171). $32.50–$47.00.*

Heineken Blues Festival—The esteemed beermeisters also follow the tried and true for their blues festival, featuring such blues staples as B.B. King, Jimmie Vaughan, Etta James, harmonica dude Magic Dick, and his former employer J. Geils, and others. 8/30 at 7 P.M. *The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Avenue. (307-7171). $32.50, $37.50, and $45.00.*

Twentieth Annual New York Salsa Festival—Featuring among others Celia Cruz, Tito Puente, El Gran Combo, and Eddie Palmieri with Ismael Quintana. 9/2 at 8 P.M. Then, Tito Rojas, Marc Anthony, India, and Rey Ruiz on 9/3 at 7 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Avenue. (465-MSG1). $25-$50.*

Talent

Post-Punk Softies, Unite!

It's a night of countrified alt-rock with heart: Winsome punks Soul Asylum, ace songsmith Matthew Sweet, the sympatico Jayhawks, and the lovely Victoria Williams all play at Jones Beach on August 30.

Clubland

Academy—Ivy-league post-punk blues meets the genuine article: Jon Spencer—former head of the noise band *cum* art project Pussy Galore—brings his ferocious trio, the Blues Explosion, to a meeting of the souls with the blues griot R. L. Burnside, a Southern farmer for 35 years and bluesman for twenty more. It's the equivalent of the Red Hot Chili Peppers playing with James Brown, and—for po'mo' blues fans hoping to distill the Northern Mississippi essence—not to be missed. They play on 8/31. 9/6: Melodic alt-rock buzz-band Better than Ezra plays with the Dambuilders and Poster Children, beginning this year's CMJ Music Marathon with a friendly face. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight-lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/29: Ralph McTell. 9/1: The Music of Frank Zappa with Ed Palermo's sixteen-piece big band. 9/2: Buster Poindexter and his Banshees of Blue. 9/6: Rockapella. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 9/2: Flat Duo Jets. Shows nightly at 9 P.M. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 9/2: Cold Water Flat. 9/6: Berkeley, Calif.'s ska preservationists Dance Hall Crashers. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budged blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 8/29: Skillett. 8/30-8/31: Big Time Sarah. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 8/30: Ism with the Source; Village Voice writer and guitarist Greg Tate's band Women in Love. 9/2: Blonde Redhead; Meta-Matics. 9/4: Turntable artiste David Shea; avant-bassist and -guitarist Elliott Sharp; avant-harpist Zeena Parkins; Ikue Mori. 9/5: The experimental D.J. ambient house-music night “Egg.” *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. “Savoy Sundays” are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/6: Dark, expressionist neo-metal by Monster Magnet helps begin this year's CMJ Music Marathon with a less-than-friendly face. They play with Paw, Fig Dish, and Slider. *17 Irving Place (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/30: The cheerleaderish art-punks Cake-like—one of whose members appears in the MTV comedy troupe The State—plays with Maggie Estep, the bratty diva of the downtown spoken-word scene. 9/1: Geggy Tah. 9/6: “Merge Records showcase” featuring Guv'Nor and Magnetic Fields. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-blue).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photographs: top left, Jeff Bender; top right, Frank W. Ockenfels 3; center left, Karen Mason.

West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 9/1: The Original Sins; The Henchmen. 9/2: Noise Museum. 9/3: Hot songwriter-on-the-rise Edwyn Collins. 9/6: Skunk Anansie, a British hardcore band led by a statuesque, slightly terrifying, head-shaven black woman named Skin. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* timeslots of MTV. 8/29: Hale House Benefit with Rakes Progress; The Interesting Guysm and others. 8/30: Space Needle. 8/31: The Maids of Gravity; George Usher; Joey Sweeney. 9/4: El Vez. 9/6: Dirty Three; Cakelike; Mercury Rev. *217 E. Houston. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in the Lower East Side—with gas station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawon, a recent visitor. Most Sundays it's the vaudevillian New Orleans combo The Flying Neutrinos. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 9/4: The Antihoot with Lach. Shows nightly. 8 P.M. *94 Avenue A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 8/29: "Get Smart Reggae Showcase." 8/31: Byron Lee and the Dragonnaires. 9/1: Tabou Combo. 9/2: The Mighty Sparrow. 9/3: Brazilian Independence Day celebration with Star Samba. 9/4: Ismael Cachao Lopez y su Descarga. 9/5: "Unity" featuring Kevyn Lettau, Dori Caymmi, Billy Childs, Alphonso Johnson, and Mike Schapiro. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 9/6: "Blue in the Face" with performances by David Byrne, Paula Cole, Geggy Tah, Soul Coughing, and Spearhead. *240 West 47th St. (496-6583).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high-concept for straight-forward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and occasionally muddy sound by getting there early. 8/30: D'Angelo; Groove Theory; Vertical Hold. 9/1: Jimmy Johnson. 9/6: Japan's winkingly retro club act Pizzicato Five—a sort of Deeelite for serious fans of Audrey Hepburn and swinging-sixties London—play with Silkworm and the wonderful post-punk folk singer Barbara Manning's group, the S. F. Seals. 9/7-9/9: The one and only Ray Charles. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 8/30: Spacefish; Thanks to Gravity; Gibb Droll; Sons of Papaya. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 8/29: Steffon Harris Quartet. 8/30: Jon Weiss Quartet. 9/1-9/2: Tekuo Nakamura Band featuring Yamamoto. 9/3: Iakamagahara. 9/4: Julie Grower and her Trio. 9/5: Warren Chiasson Quartet. 9/6: Sofia Laiti Quartet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 8/29-9/3: The sultry Brazilian pianist and singer Tania Maria. 9/5-9/10: Pat Martino Quartet and Joe Lovano Quintet. Lovano's deep, woody tenor sax sound is magnificent and—as seen in his work with such avant-minded folk as John Scofield and Bill Frisell—his ideas flow non-stop, often leading to surprising conclusions. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that, occasionally, presents excellent jazz musicians. *29 Cornelia. (989-9317).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug, funhouse-mirrored subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 8/29-9/3: Carla White. 9/5-9/10: The martini-dry voice and humor of Mose Allison, accompanied as always by his deeply-researched New Orleans piano and canny modernist references. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly-rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 8/29-8/30: Akikazu Nakamura, who plays the unlikely ax of shakuhaci—a Japanese end-blown flute—leads his fusion funk band Forest. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—Saxophonist Don Braden, who was the last act booked before the Iridium's first renovation, marks another revotation for the newly expanded, still artfully-wacky room; 9/5–9/10. We hope that his tutelage under Betty Carter and Illinois Jacquet has shaped his playing more than his engineering studies at Harvard. The down-home guests on his new *Organic*—including tenorman "Fathead" Newman and organist Jack McDuff—promises a funky blues sense, but Braden also has a searching quality to his solos that often lends them an almost collegiate sense of discovery. He'll have organist Sam Yahel, guitarist Russell Malone, and drummer Cecil Brooks on hand to keep him bearing down in the groove. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 8/30-9/2: Pianist Junior Mance and bassist Calvin Hill. 9/6–9/9: Pianist Judy Carmichael with Dan Block and Chris Flory. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—8/29: Dave Douglas/Myra Melford. 9/1-9/2: Trombonist Steve Turré's enterprising conch-shell outfit, the Shell Choir. 9/4: The mighty saxohponist David Murray continues his Monday-night residence with his Big Band. 9/5: Two giants of improvised music, British guitarist Derick Bailey and American multi-wind player and composer Anthony Braxton stage a meeting of the minds. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—Alto saxophonist Bobby Watson, an Art Blakey alum who's been playing just ferociously lately, leads an electric sextet here 8/29–9/3. 9/5-9/10: Sparks always fly when pianist Cedar Walton gets with the mighty, Ornette Coleman conspirator, drummer Billy Higgins. This week it's happening with bassist David Williams on hand for support. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—Illinois Jacquet is enough to make anyone look forward to 70. At that plus, this

Talent

Sounds Like Brooklyn

Few stock characters are as tiresome as the brassy, gum-snapping, neo-Runyonesque salt-of-the-earth-with-a-heart-of-gold type that passes at Central Casting for "Brooklyn." It's reassuring, then, to hear the quirky gaggle of humanity that's on the soundtrack for *Blue in the Face*—the Paul Auster/Wayne Wang film that celebrates the characters and ambience surrounding a Park Slope cigar shop. The musicians are a refreshingly odd lot, ranging from Lou Reed to the groove band Soul Coughing to rappers Da Bush Babies to ex–Talking Head David Byrne (who duets with the late *tejano* queen Selena on one of her last recordings before she was murdered in March). And the far-flung styles casually evoke the sonic space of our most populous borough: a pastiche of salsa, soukous, hip-hop, and junkie rock that blends like the aromas of curry and Jiffy Lube over Flatbush Avenue. To celebrate the film's premiere, five of the record's featured acts—Byrne, Soul Coughing, hippie-hoppers Spearhead, Geggy Tah, and Paula Cole—are coming together at The Supper Club (on September 6) to bring the record's bohemian, global-bodega vibe to the stage. And though the assembled put a more polite face on a slightly more rambunctious record (performance artist Danny Hoch, for one, will be missing), their combined efforts should make for a typically atypical Brooklyn experience. Call it a crash course in outer-borough ethnomusicology—circa the last ten minutes.

CHRIS NORRIS

Blue in the Face
The Soundtrack From The Miramax Motion Picture

"Texas tenor" plays just wonderfully—honking, shouting, or sliding into a romantic Johnny Hodges croon—and he still leads that big band like a he's a kid with a bunch of rowdy friends over. He takes up what appears to be a semi-regular residency at Tavern on the Green, 8/29–9/3. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin roundtable for the bop age. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/29: The Stephen Scott Trio. 9/5–9/10: The avuncular trumpet player and mumbling scatsman Clark Terry leads a quintet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambiance and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. 8/31–9/3: Brian Regan/Paul Mooney with Jim Norton and Rich Vos. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 8/28–9/3: Nancy Redman; Phil Tagliaferri; Mark Unger. 9/4–9/10: Andres Fernandez; Marvin Bell; Tom Whitely. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—9/2: Joan Keiter; Diedre Sullivan; Alan Fishler. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 8/29–9/2: Todd Barry; Eric Kornfeld; Rhonda Hansone. 9/2–9/9: Chris Cooney; Amy Foster; Mike King. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 8/29–8/30: Glenn Farrington; Todd Barry; Jim David; Brian McFadden. 9/1–9/8: Louise Black; Jeff Ross; Dave Attel; Louie C. K. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—That fine singer Nancy LaMott continues this week in "Something Cool," a show whose appropriate-for-August theme (incorporating "Too Darn Hot," "We're Having a Heat Wave," etc.) you can probably guess. Through 9/2. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30, pianist Peter Mintun plays pop classics from the twenties through the forties. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

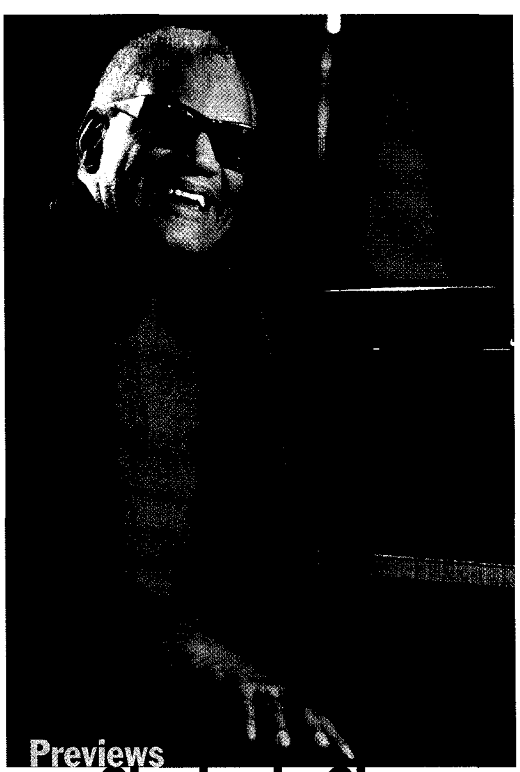
F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat. from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. *New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave. (888-7000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Monday at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Frank Sinatra said he had "the best set of pipes in the business," and who are we to disagree? Vic Damone—say it loud and there's music playin'—brings his copyrighted brand of fifties-style cool to this intimate aerie through 9/2. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, vocalist Tim Di Pasqua performs a salute to George Gershwin. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*



Previews

Charles in Charge

His Eminence Ray Charles visits the relatively cozy confines of Tramps (September 7–9), bringing his Raeletts and orchestra for a state-of-the-blues address.

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversized sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the *it* bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Real People...Fantasy Drawings

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Douglas Craft/Gladys Nilsson—Recent abstract paintings that incorporate collage./New etchings by the Chicago artist known for her humorous images of "spaghetti people." Through 9/1. McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181).

Chaim Gross—Fantasy drawings from the sculptor's private sketchbook diaries; through 9/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Arnold Wechsler—Paintings and works on paper that are influenced by the decorative motifs of Moroccan tiles, Mayan friezes, Oriental calligraphy, and Native American art; through 9/12. Barnard-Biderman & Worth, 22 E. 72nd St. (772-2352).

57th Street Area

Santi Moix—Etchings, woodcuts, and monotypes by a young Spanish artist; through 8/31. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black-male identity and the stereotyping of aggression./Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jean Lowe and Kim MacConnel—A collaborative installation, titled *Bull Story,* that is an amalgamation of Lowe's concerns about the impact of civilization on nature and MacConnel's study of the dichotomy between Eastern religious beliefs and Western rituals and traditions; through 9/16. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Frank Stella—Prints from the sixties and seventies; through 9/7. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Other

Mark Beard—A window installation of two old master–style allegorical paintings that contrast the prevalence of violence and the treasuring of high and low culture in America; through 8/31. Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Hunt Slonem—Paintings of the artist's own exotic birds; through 9/2. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St., in Central Park (360-3410). Original plans and renderings by Samuel Parsons, Jr., who worked for the landscape-architecture firm of Calvert Vaux before joining the Parks Department in 1879 and eventually becoming its commissioner; through 9/8.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Paintings and watercolors on the theme of summer pastimes, by Avery, Burchfield, Hassam, Prendergast, Sloan, Stella, others; through 9/16.

C & M Arts—45 E. 78th St. (861-0020). Selected works by Cornell, de Kooning, Diebenkorn, Guston, Kline, Rauschenberg, Rothko, Twombly; through 8/31.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Summer show of works by Butterworth, Cotton, Duesberry, Hannock, Santlofer, Schley; through 9/1.

Great Modern Pictures—48 E. 82nd St. (242-2581). Paintings and caseins by David Newton and Barbizon School paintings by Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, others; through 9/2.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

Werner—21 E. 67th (988-1623). Works by Baselitz, Byars, Kirkeby, Lüpertz, Polke, Van Vliet; through 8/31.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "Kiasma: Working Process," an exhibition of drawings and models of the Helsinki Museum of Contemporary Art by Steven Holl; "Envisioning East New York"; through 9/16.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, still life, and figures by Atkinson, Bogosian, Dodge, Monafo, Tanis, Zigmond, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Broodthaers, Cragg, Horn, LeWitt, Munoz, Orozco, Richter, Schutte, Strüth, Weiner; through 8/31.

Long—24 W. 57th St. (397-2001). Prints by Boxer, Frankenthaler, Motherwell, Olitski, Pollock, others; through 9/1.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (397-0669). Homoerotic American art made between 1900 and the present, by Allen, Cadmus, Demuth, Fischl, Hockney, Kent, Rivers, Warhol, others; through 9/16.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Summer Days: American Views, 1850–1940," with paintings by Breck, Duveneck, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Ritman, Sargent, Twachtman, others; through 9/1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works by Baechler, McLelland, Nares, Puckette, Rubins, Rule, Schuyff, Sultan, Twombly, others; through 9/16.

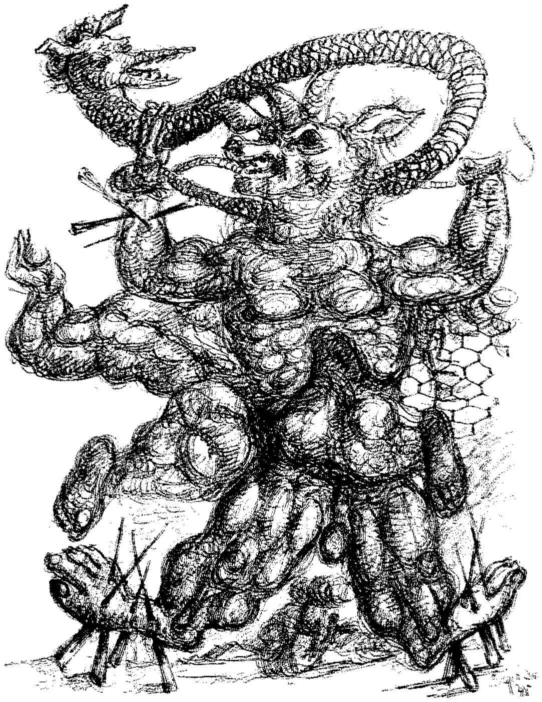
Nordanstad—289 Hudson St. (627-6628). Works by seven contemporary Norwegian artists; through 9/9.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

The Work Space—96 Spring St. (219-2790). Works that use books as art or as an integral part of the creation of art, by Carroll, Hill, Peterka, Reiner, Sosnowy, Traver; through 9/16.

Retrospective
Dungeons and Dragons

Selected from Chaim Gross's private sketchbook diaries—in which the sculptor wrote and drew almost every night over some 50 years—these swirling pencil drawings of dragons pierced by nails, women metamorphosing into birds, and other fantastic images reveal a darker side to the sculptor best known for his wood carvings of circus performers, dancers, and women playing with children. At Salander-O'Reilly, 20 East 79th Street.



Photograph courtesy of Salander -O'Reilly Galleries.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge (212-206-6674). "Art in the Anchorage 1995" features projects by Joan Bankemper, Karen Giusti, Tim Collins and Reiko Goto, Ilya Kabakov, Hope Sandrow, Maura Sheehan, and others; through 9/14.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn (728-488-1015). "Fourth Annual Sculpture Exhibition," with outdoor works by Bjerklie, Brandt, Masters, Neuhaus; through 10/31.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the Nineties" features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Works by photographers who have little or no exposure in New York, among them, Arentz, Bamberger, Bitner, Courville, Beahan/McPhee, Wright; through 8/31.

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Nagasaki Journey: The Photographs of Yosuke Yamahata"; through 10/1. . . . "*Life:* The Pacific War"; through 10/1.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-plate to Digital, the Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6666). Photographs on the theme of summertime by 32 artists; through 9/9.

Karl Struss—More than 100 photographs of New York City and Hollywood by the last and youngest member of Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession and the first person to be honored with an Academy Award for cinematography; through 10/14. Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Contemporary and vintage prints under eight by ten inches, by Bravo, Courtney-Clarke, Hofer, Starr, Tice, others; through 9/1.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale"; through 10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman"; through 10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics" through 10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective"; through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5); through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke; through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography." Photographs by Juan Carlos Alóm, Albert Chong, Lyle Ashton Harris, Luis González Palma, Lorna Simpson, Eugenia Vargas, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Fifteenth Annual; Exhibition"; through 9/10. . . . "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalon"; through 9/10. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 11/5 . . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation"; through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others; through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades; through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light"; through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dieter Appelt." The first retrospective of works by this German photographer; through 11/5. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist; through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

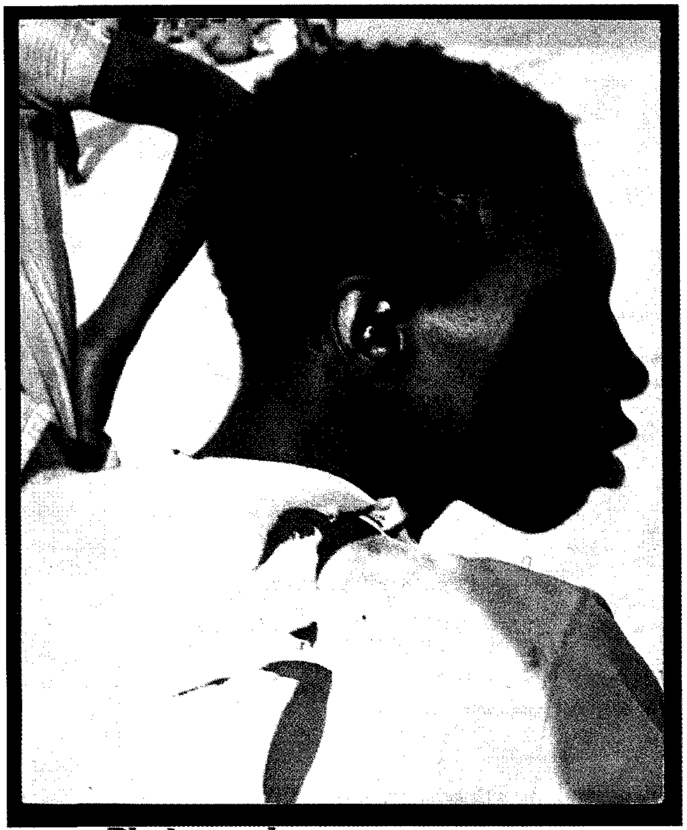
Jewish Museum—"A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman; through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art"; through 10/15. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995"; through 9/3. . . . "Annenberg Collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings"; through 11/30. . . . "Modern Glass in The Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/29. . . . "American Relief Sculpture"; through 10/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous"; through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show"; through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.



Photography
Street Shooter

"Nothing in New York changes for the better," Leon Levinstein once remarked, and the photographer's gritty, anonymous images of New York City street scenes offered little proof to the contrary. But Levinstein's great affection for humanity was always apparent in his pictures, whether he was prowling the streets of the Lower East Side, Haiti (above), or Nepal. At the Museum of Modern Art.

Photograph courtesy of Bob Shamis.

Museum of Modern Art—"Selections from the Gordon and Nina Bunshaft Bequest." Through 10/10. . . . "The Human Figure: A Modern Vision"; through 9/26. . . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India; through 10/10. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective"; through 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations"; through 9/12. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings"; through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; through 11/5. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer"; through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle and Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers"; through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"; through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture; through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. noon–5 (Fri. noon–8, free 5-8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue"; through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II from the Berg Collection"; through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995—Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde" through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Parthenia." A video and sculpture installation by Margaret Lovejoy on the subject of domestic abuse; through 9/10. . . . "Live/Work in Queens." Works by eight artists who live or have studios in Queens; through 10/22. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3; $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1994–1995." An exhibition of recent works by Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith; through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life; through 11/5. . . . "Views From Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century; through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century; through 10/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Carmen Lomas Garza." Prints and paintings by the Mexican-American artist that celebrate the Chicano community and experience; through 9/22. 120 Park Ave. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

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Lemon Blend...TriBeCa Bread...Not Just Fis

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner/host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, three types of pasta, and salmon with black truffles. Try the prix fixe lunch. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

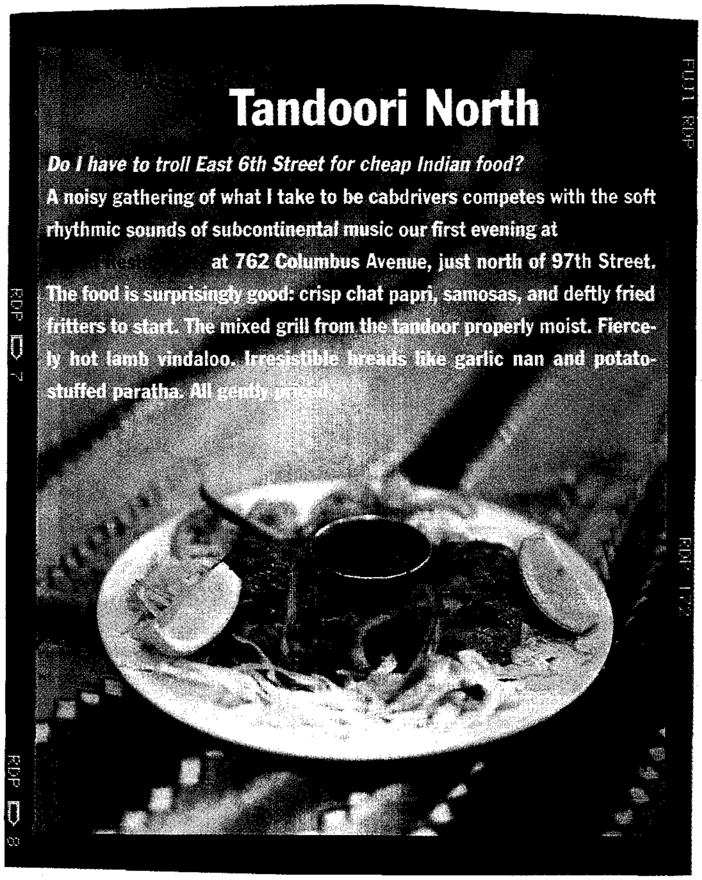
Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, TM.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets every-



Tandoori North

Do I have to troll East 6th Street for cheap Indian food?

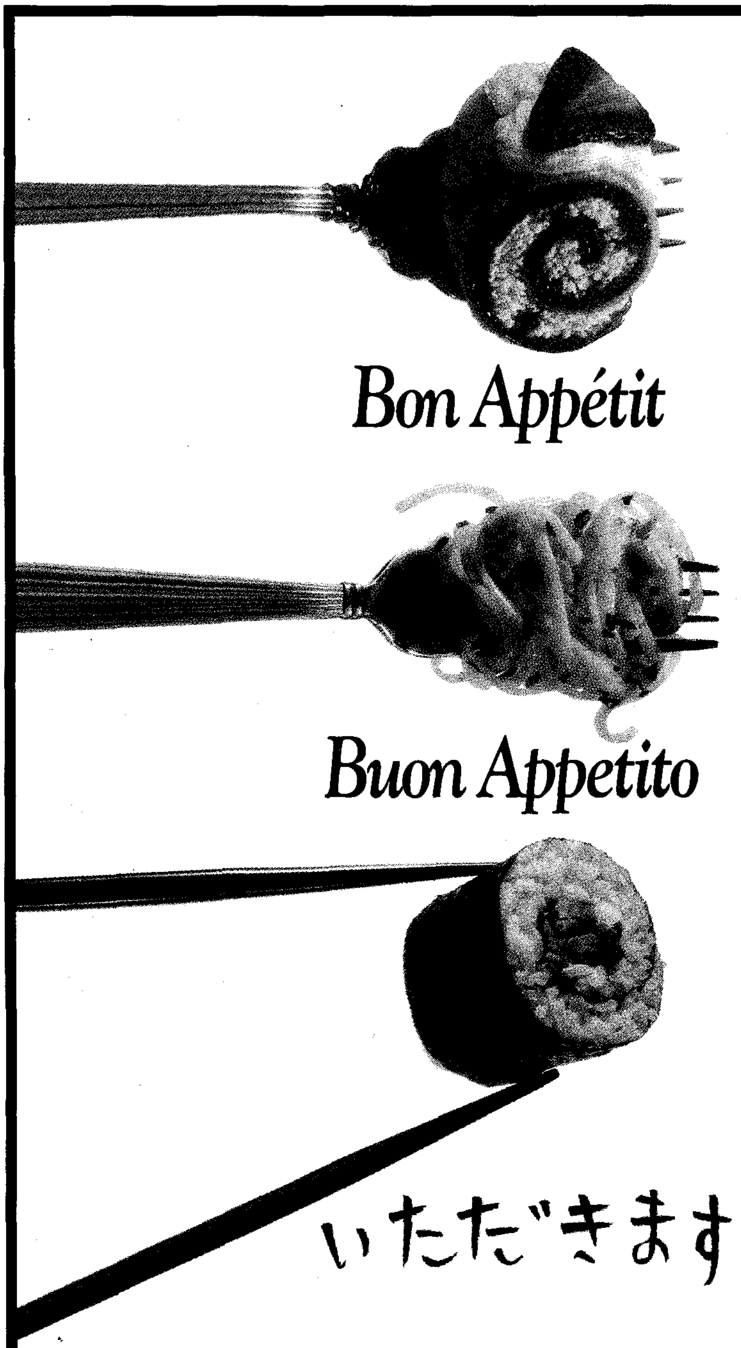
A noisy gathering of what I take to be cabdrivers competes with the soft rhythmic sounds of subcontinental music our first evening at [illegible] at 762 Columbus Avenue, just north of 97th Street. The food is surprisingly good: crisp chat papri, samosas, and deftly fried fritters to start. The mixed grill from the tandoor properly moist. Fiercely hot lamb vindaloo. Irresistible breads like garlic nan and potato-stuffed paratha. All gently priced.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



Right now, they could all translate into a big serving of cash.

No matter what your choice of cuisine, choose your Discover® Card to pay for your meal and you could win the $20,000 Grand Prize in our Dine Out/Cash In℠ $150,000 Sweepstakes. And you could win $1,000 or more in our weekly first prize drawings. From August through October, the more you dine out with your Discover Card, the more chances you'll have to win.* And that sounds delicious in any language.

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The Rich & Famous Deli	212/333-7424

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Takeout

One-Stop Shopping

In theory, the ritual of buying bread at the bakery, lamb chops at the butcher, and Brie at the cheese shop is quaintly old-world, but in practice, it can be time-consuming and inconvenient. How lucky, then, Flatiron residents are to have Catch 21 (31 East 21st Street), the sparkling new fish market–cum–general store, where owner Lynda Blankenhorn stocks a mini-Greenmarket, with fresh herbs, salad greens, and an array of organic fruit in her refrigerated walk-in, a wainscoted arctic zone.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M.) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I—M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. A changing art exhibition is hung on the walls around the garden. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News,* hostess/ chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Data
Open for Business

WILL RETURN

Just when we get used to how easy it is to make reservations in the summer (a one o'clock lunch at Nobu on the first call!), many of the city's better restaurants go on vacation. Here's a partial list of reopening dates.

Restaurant	Opening again
Chanterelle	**September 5**
Daniel	**September 5**
Arcadia	**September 5**
Aureole	**September 6**
Le Bernardin	**September 6**
La Grenouille	**September 7**
Le Chantilly	**September 7**
Lutèce	**September 8**
Alva	**September 8**
Les Célébrités	**September 9**
Oceana	**September 11**

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metropolis Cafe—Good people-watching in this converted turn-of-the-century bank, with an outdoor cafe and contemporary American fare featuring steak, duck, and swordfish. There's jazz nightly, and a classical-music brunch. *31 Union Square W. (675-2300). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I—M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Avenues (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Lola—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings, but the kitchen also does a fine job with more ambitious dishes like roasted halibut with horseradish whipped potatoes, lamb chops, and Thai paella. Check out the Sunday gospel brunch. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now, the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 9th Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the Theater District serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

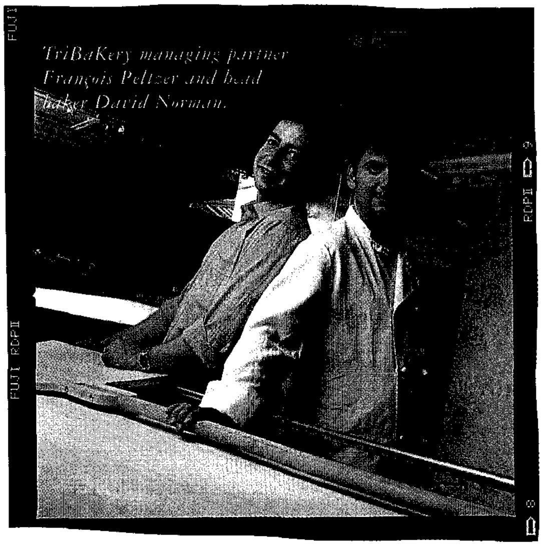
Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Preview

The Accidental Baker

If someone paid me to paint the way they paid me to bake, I'd be doing that," says artist-turned-cook David Norman, the head baker at Drew Nieporent's new TriBaKery (186 Franklin Street), which fires up its ovens this week. TriBaKery—conceived as the in-house bread source for two of Nieporent's restaurants, Montrachet and Tribeca Grill—follows the lead of other restaurant-affiliated bakeries like Joe Allen's Sullivan Street Bakery and Ark's Columbus Bakery. The trendlet isn't just a vanity move; it actually makes financial sense. Restaurateurs have recognized that the bread basket is a good place to control costs, as well as to set up a retail operation. Soon, Norman will start making rolls and loaves for the sandwiches served in TriBaKery's café, set to open this month.

Norman, 31, hasn't had to completely forsake his artistic ambitions. While training in the wedding-cake division of a kosher Minneapolis bakery, he created a pair of edible busts—one male, one female—for his own nuptials. In Seattle, where he was head baker at Grand Central Bakery, his sourdough was voted best on the West Coast by *Sunset* magazine (California's more rugged, nature-loving version of *Martha Stewart Living*), and it has since become Norman's signature loaf. Not that he sees his current profession as a lowlier pastime than painting. "Baking," he says, "is a noble and honorable profession." **ROBIN RAISFELD**



TriBaKery managing partner François Peltzer and head baker David Norman.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinieres. *539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with

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plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Napa—This candlelit dining room, with mosaic tiles and wine racks, features an eclectic American menu with highlights like macadamia-crusted salmon and oysters with red-wine vinegar and sesame dipping sauce. *245 E. 84th St. (517-7068). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

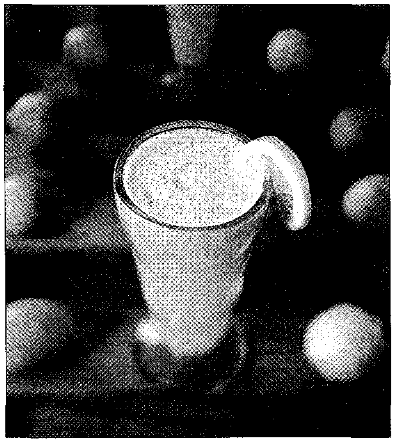
Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Tasting "Everyone in my country makes lemonade at home; nobody drinks it in a restaurant," says Egyptian-born Magdy Kamal, the chef at Falafel 'n' Stuff (1586 First Avenue, near 82nd Street), where the deceptively simple mixture of unpeeled lemons, ice, water, and sugar or honey is whipped to a perfectly frothy consistency.

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I—M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

in concert

Flying Feet...Guitar Four-Hands...Fancy Flute

Performance

Flight Attendance

Dance Theater Workshop's Out-of-Towners 1995 series begins with Joe Chvala and the Flying Foot Forum, who come from Minnesota. They'll perform five works, combining such disparate influences as flamenco, martial arts, tap, chanting, drumming, and dialogue.

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 29

Duo Violao—Classical guitarists Paulo Martelli and Woody Pak playing works by Granados, Scheidler, George Frideric Handel and De Falla. Part of the Juilliard Young Artists Series. *Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane, at 12:30; free.*

Serenata Dominicana—An evening of classical and popular music from the Dominican Republic. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850), at 8; $15–$25.*

Wednesday, August 30

Serenata Dominicana—See 8/28.

Thursday, August 31

Bargemusic—Bach's Art of the Fugue and Beethoven's String Quartet Op. 131 played by Ida Levin, violin; Carmit Zori, violin; Robert Rinehart, viola; and Fred Sherry, cello. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061 for reservations and complete directions), at 7:30; $23.*

American Landmark Festivals—Featuring Don Bailey, flutist. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Guitar Duo—Showcasing young musicians from the Juilliard School. *Dante Park, at Broadway, Columbus Ave., and W. 63rd St., at 6 (979-2700); free.*

Sunday, September 3

Bargemusic—See 8/31, at 4.

Dance

Joe Chvala and the Flying Foot Forum—"Fred Astaire on acid" and his company perform four new percussive works. Part of the Dance Theater Workshop's Out-of-Towners 1995 series. *Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St., at 8 on 8/30 to 9/2 (924-0077); $8–$12.*

Pilar Rioja—Engagement extended through 9/20: The renowned flamenco dancer presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. 8/29, 8/31, 9/1, 9/2 at 8, 9/3 at 3. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

The 15th Annual Downtown Dance Festival—The opening performance of the week-long downtown dance extravaganza features all six participating groups: Anahid Sofian Dance Company, Battery Dance Company, Lori Belilove & Company, Olivier Heuts and Marcy Simon, the Kathak Ensemble, and Taylor 2. 9/3 at 2:15. *South Street Seaport, Ambrose Stage, Pier 15 (586-3500); free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Ed Bock.

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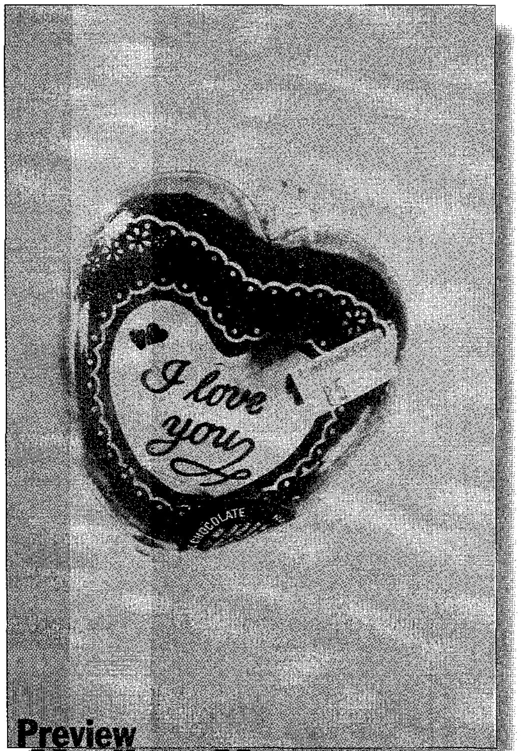
Monica's Hour...Unpublished Warhol



Preview

Marilyn, Mao, and Santa?

Holidays, those ripest of commercial opportunities, were suprisingly unexploited by Andy Warhol. Instead of publishing his prints of poinsettias, valentines, and chocolate bunnies, he gave them away to friends. The ones he kept for himself go on view for the first time at Ronald Feldman Fine Arts on September 9.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—9/1: Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*; and Brahms's Symphony in e, Opus 98. 9/4: Milhaud's *Serenade* and Bruckner's Symphony in d. 9/5: Bach's Overture in E flat for double orchestra, Opus 18, No. 1, and Symphony in D, Opus 18, No. 4, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in e, Opus 64. 9/6: Balakirev's Symphony No.1 in C and Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*, Opus 66. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—8/29: Financial adviser Nancy Duncan on how to make your money grow; Rick Moody on *The Ring of Brightest Angels Around Heaven;* editor Kent Bicknell on Louisa May Alcott's *A Long Fatal Love Chase.* 8/30: Eric Lomax on *The Railway Man;* Walter Mosley on his new work *RL's Dream;* Sally Gall on *The Water's Edge.* 8/31: Steven Steinberg on his book *Turning Back;* Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on her new novel *Shards of Memory;* Cui Jian on rock in China. 9/1: Computer maven Bill Robertson from Softwise Consulting Service. 9/5: Betty White on *Here We Go Again;* Leonard Weinglass on *Race for Justice.* 9/6: Bebe Moore Campbell on her novel *Brothers and Sisters;* Igor Bobrowsky on Russia. Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Sunday Night Opera House—9/3 at 8: Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust.* With Thomas Moser, Susan Graham, Jose Van Dam, Frederic Canton, and the Orchestra and Chorus of l'Opéra de Lyon. Kent Nagano conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—9/2 at 10 P.M.: Dr. Robert Michler on organ transplant and the drugs used to delay rejection; Paul Raeburn on his book *The Last Harvest: The Genetic Gamble That Threatens to Destroy America's Agriculture;* as a memorial, a replay of the 1983 interview with Sir Stephen Spender; Rami Khalaf and David Lloyd Watson, 13-year-old professional actors, talk about their lives. WOR, 710 AM.

Bayreuth Festival—9/2 at 1: Wagner's *Tannhauser.* With Heikki Siukola, Tina Kiberg, Ulla Sippola, Eike Wilm Schulte, Hans Sotin, Richard Brunner, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Clemens Bieber, Sandor Solyom-Nagy, Christine Hossfield, and the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and chorus. Donald C. Runnicles conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Liz Phair *Juvenilia* (Matador)—You've got to hand it to Liz Phair for not trying to pass off this odd lot of tracks (many from the fabled homemade "girly-sound" tape that landed on Gerard Cosloy's desk and got her signed to Matador Records) as some recovered net of jewels from the early days of her musical career. Aside from an unpolished version of "Jealousy," from her most recent album, *Whip Smart,* juvenilia is pretty much what we get here—indulgent, crudely executed songs we'd switch off in a second if they were recorded by some unknown. Those who regard Phair as anything less than the goddess queen of alternative rock won't have much use for *Juvenilia,* and even her most devoted fans might find its existence less than necessary. And her note-for-note cover of the old New Wave hit "Turning Japanese," by the Vapors, is—like so much here—uninspired but kind of dear. KIM FRANCE

Tours

The New York Renaissance Festival—9/3, 10 A.M. to 7: Join the 92nd St. Y on an excursion to this sixteenth-century English country festival. See a "living" chess game, an authentic joust on horseback, a Tudor-style marketplace, an animal farm, and some productions of Shakespeare. Call 996-1100 to reserve and 415-5628 for information; $60.

Governors Island—9/2, 1 P.M. Governors Island has more than 350 years of fascinating history and is the largest Coast Guard installation in the world. Visit the homes of Ulysses S. Grant and General John J. Pershing; the site of the 1988 Gorbachev-Reagan mini-summit; and two early-nineteenth-century forts. $12 for adults, $10 for students and seniors. Call Big Onion Walking Tours for meeting site (439- 1090).

The East Village—9/3, 1 P.M. Explore the neighborhood made famous by radicals and immigrants alike. The East Village combines the history of German, Ukrainian, and Jewish immigrants with that of labor activism and the famous Second Avenue Stage. Stops include: St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, the Labor Lyceum, and the former homes of Albert Gallatin, Peter Stuyvesant, and Emma Goldman. 1 P.M.; $9 adults, $7 students and seniors. Call 439-1090 for meeting place.

Immigrant Labor, Immigrant Triumph—9/4 at 1 P.M: A special Labor Day tour featuring the role that immigrants and the labor movement have played in the growth of New York City. Sites include: the Tenth Ward Hotel, the *Jewish Daily Forward,* and sweatshops of yesterday and today. $9 adults, $7 students and seniors. Call 439-1090 for meeting place.

The Written Word

Bill T. Jones—9/6 at 8, discussing his memoir *Last Night on Earth.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Jayne Anne Phillips—9/7 at 8, reading from her novel *Shelter.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Francine Prose—9/5 at 7:30, ushering in the fall season of readings at Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

Fairs and Festivals

Tenth-Annual Autumn Crafts Festival—9/2-3 (rain date 9/9-10), 11 A.M. to 7: Two hundred juried displays

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from all over the United States, craft demonstrations, continuous entertainment, and food at Lincoln Center and Damrosch Park; free.

Sports

Pete and Andre and Steffi and Monica—The most anticipated U.S. Open in years begins Mon., 8/28, and runs through Sun., 9/10. Sat., 9/9, women's singles final, men's singles semifinals. Sun., 9/10, men's singles final. On CBS and the USA Network; check your TV listings for schedules. Call 718-760-6200 for ticket information. At the USTA National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadows, Queens.

Kids—Sans Bret Saberhagen and Bobby Bonillâ, the Mets are playing winning, solid baseball. The Mets! The pitching rotation for next year and the rest of this year seems set, with Jason Isringhausen, Bill Pulsipher, Dave Mlicki, and Bobby Jones (Paul Wilson, who might be better than all of them, awaits at Norfolk, where the Tides have already clinched the division title). The regular lineup is an intriguing mix of such Triple-A call-ups as Butch Huskey and Carl Everett and "veterans" like Rico Brogna, Jose Vizcaino, and Todd Hundley (currently injured) providing just enough juice. The Mets head into Los Angeles after sweeping the surging, West Division–leading Dodgers last week, Tues., 8/29, at 10:05, Wed., 8/30, at 10:35, Thurs., 8/31, at 10:05; at San Francisco Fri., 9/1, at 11, Sat. and Sun., 9/2 and 9/3, at 4:05.

West Coast Story—If and when the Yankees fall out of the playoff race, they will probably be able to point to two crucial road trips, both of them to the West Coast. The first was the 1–8 disaster in early June that left them in last place, resulting in the infamous revocation of the goatee allowance, a.k.a. the Jack McDowell exception, and indirectly resulting in the signing of Darryl Strawberry. On the second, the Yankees, already reeling from their disappointing showings against Cleveland and Boston, which left them ten games back in the East, proved they could lose to one of the best teams in the league (the mighty Angels of Anaheim) as well as one of the worst (the not so mighty Athletics of Oakland). The Yanks headed into Seattle last weekend licking their wounds. They return home against Kansas City Mon., 8/28, at 8:35; California Tues., 8/29, at 7:35, Wed., 8/30, at 1:05, and Thurs., 8/31, at 7:35; Oakland Fri., 9/1, at 8:05, Sat. and Sun., 9/2–3, at 1:35.

Online

***Apollo 13* Rescue Crew**—Fred Haise and Gene Kranz, two men who led in the rescue effort, will answer questions about what they call "NASA's finest hour." Maybe next week they'll drum up *Apollo 13*'s caterers. Did you have the fish? Haise and Kranz will be in CompuServe's Convention Hall: 8/28 at 9 P.M.

Kennedy (the VJ)—Scratches the chalkboard of life in America Online's MTV Arena: 8/28 at 8 P.M.

Bridgette Wilson—She's the female lead opposite Christopher Lambert in the new movie *Mortal Kombat*. You've probably seen her in *Billy Madison* and *Higher Learning*, but she's most proud of her stunt work in *Last Action Hero*. Catch her on Prodigy: 8/28 at 10 P.M., or in CompuServe's Movie Zone Forum: 8/30 at 9 P.M.

Retired Major General Sweeny—Pilot of the B-29 that dropped the bomb on Nagasaki 50 years ago will take questions in the CompuServe Military Forum: 8/30 at 9 P.M.

Jane Jensen—The award-winning Sierra game designer will be on CompuServe to discuss her newest creation, The Beast Within: 8/30 at 9 P.M.

George Perez and Jae Lee—Two comic-book-industry star illustrators who work for the start-up imprint Tekno: George Perez is doing the pencils for Tekno Comix's first superhero comic book, Isaac Asimov's *IBOTS*. Jae Lee is doing covers for Tekno Comix's *Xander in Lost Universe* comic book by Gene Roddenberry. Thought Roddenberry was dead, didn't you? Well, his wife, Majel, is apparently channeling the story lines from the great beyond. Talk to Perez and Lee on Prodigy: 8/31 at 9 P.M.

Tab Benoit—Blues artist promoted as the "nineties link between Hendrix, Vaughan, and Healy" chats on America Online: 9/3 at 10 P.M.

Conferences usually last about one hour.

A correction from last week: The address for *The Paperless Guide to New York* was misprinted. The correct one is tp://www.mediabridge.com/nyc

Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

Sports

Open Season

Just last year, tennis was in trouble: The U.S. Open was under siege by its own whining participants, many of whom blamed the rash of early exits of top seeds on everything from the New York crowds to the noise to the National Tennis Center facilities to car-sickness from traffic jams on the Grand Central Parkway. Such upsets threatened to make the 1994 Open go down in history as the year of Jaime Yzaga, who defeated Pete Sampras in the fourth round. Instead, it will be remembered as the beginning of another unseeded player's rise to the top: Andre Agassi. With the Vegas-slick Agassi's emergence as the No. 1 player, men's tennis found the perfect foil for the decidedly un-flashy Sampras. Indeed, the game was boring because it had become the province of two tennis-playing automatons—Sampras and Steffi Graf—and because it lacked classic player rivalries in the mode of Borg and McEnroe or Navratilova and Evert.

For fans sick of the homogeneity of the women's tour, Monica Seles's return to competitive tennis was reason enough to eagerly anticipate this year's U.S. Open. In her only warm-up tournament, the Canadian Open, Seles did more than prove that she was ready to compete against the top players; she dominated them as if she had never left. "It's just amazing," she said after defeating Amanda Coetzer in the final, alternately giggling and crying. "I can't believe that this is real." Neither can we. For tennis fans and the USTA, it almost seems too good to be true. *The first round of singles play begins Monday, August 28. The women's final is Saturday, September 9, and the men's final is Sunday, September 10. For ticket information, call 718-760-6200.*

JOHN DIOSO

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

R	■	A	■	P	■	C	O	N	S	T	A	B	L	E
E	S	P	A	R	T	O	■	■	C	■	S	■	E	■
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Children's Events

Fishing for Compliments—Compete as part of a team of anglers to catch the biggest fish in the Harlem Meer with borrowed bamboo poles. Free live bait is given out, or biscuit-dough bait, if you prefer. Afterward, release the fish. For ages 6 and up. 9/9 from noon to 3. **The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** 110th St. near Fifth Ave. Call 860-1370 to register.●

Checkmate—A chess tournament called **Chess for Kids in Bryant Park** is open to kids from elementary- to high-school age with or without chess experience. Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. Saturdays from 10:30 to 1, through September 16. For further information call 302-5874. (In bad weather the tournament meets half a block away at the New York Chess and Backgammon Club, 120 West 41st St.) $5.

Big Bird on Stage—Tickets are on sale for *Sesame Street* Live's musical *Let's Play School,* in which Big Bird can't decide what to bring to show-and-tell. 9/6 at 7, 9/7 at 7, 9/8 at 10:30 and 7, 9/8 at 10:30, 2, and 5:30, 9/10 at 1 and 4:30. **Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum**, 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (516-794 9303). Tickets are $12 to $18.50; kids ages 1 to 10 are $17.●

Barefoot in the Park—The last of the Monday night movies in the **Bryant Park Summer Film Festival** is Neil Simon's 1967 release, Barefoot in the Park with newlyweds Jane Fonda and Robert Redford sharing a fifth-floor walkup: "I feel like we've died and gone to heaven—only we had to climb up." 8/28 at dusk (about 7:30), rain date 8/29. 42nd Street and Sixth Ave. (512-5700).●●

Parental Responsibility—A one-session workshop at the **92nd Street Y** to help parents begin planning their child's education, beginning with selecting a preschool. 9/6, 8 to 9:30. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $20 per family.●

Small Wooden Boats—Grown men can be relied upon to sail elaborate miniature yachts in Central Park's **Conservatory Water** on summer weekends and entertain the rest of us in the process. The pond, between 73rd and 75th Sts., east of Fifth Ave. and west of the Ramble, is also well-suited for children's boats on strings and remote controlled power boats. Miniature yacht races are held on Saturdays starting at 10 A.M.●

c u e

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Circumnavigating—Lunchtime boat cruises intended for the Wall Street crowd make highly suitable excursions for young children with short attention spans. The breezy, view-packed cruise leaves weekdays at noon, 12:45, and 1:30 from the World Financial Center North End and Vesey St (800-533-3779). Through October 29. Hot dogs and pocorn are available. $5.

Big Bugs Invade Bronx—Children can run underneath herds of 25-foot ants. Bugs and beetles—all fashioned from tree saplings, vines, and bark by sculptor Dave Rogers—prowl the **New York Botanical Garden** through 10/2. Tues. through Sun., and Mon. holidays, from 10 to 6. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is free for children under 6, students and seniors $1, others $3.

Red Light—Free clinics given by Central Park Skate Patrol volunteers instruct both adults and children on how to come to that all-important stop on in-line skates. Volunteers wear red shirts with white crosses. Children ages 6 and up; must wear wrist guards and helmets to participate. Sat. and Sun. from 12:30 to 5:30, weather permitting. At 72nd St., both east and west entrances to Central Park.●

Busytown—Explore the richly hectic world of Richard Scarry—familiar from books and children's television shows—where kids learn how things work in Busytown, and our town too, by cooperating with one another and turning cranks, weighing merchandise, and operating cash registers. The exhibit is at the **New York Hall of Science** through 9/10. Museum hours are Wed. through Sun. 10 to 5. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). General admission is $4.50, $3 for children aged 4 to15 and seniors; Wed. and Thurs. 2 to 5 P.M., admission is free

Happening Full of Hot Air

GENOVESE
Campbell's Soup
STAR

The finish line for the Big Apple Balloon Race, starting on the Great Lawn in Central Park, will be determined once the hot-air balloons are already aloft, according to the prevailing wind and weather patterns—the dozen or so pilots find out where they're going via walkie-talkie from people on the ground. Balloons lift off on Saturday, September 2, between 5 and 6; September 3 in case of rain. For updated information, tune in to Shadow Traffic (which serves 60 radio stations and three TV stations, including WINS 1010 AM and WMKV 105.1 FM) for Big Apple Balloon Race news at the head of each traffic update.

Ride a Painted Pony—Saddle up for a circular summertime ride on the Central Park Carousel. 64th St., mid-park. Open weekdays from 10:30 to 5; weekends, 10:30 to 6, weather permitting. 90 cents a ride.

Classy—**Parsons Kids After School Program** begins 9/6 with classes that include Ceramics for Grades Three Through Six"and "Intro to Camcorder Filmmaking for High School Juniors and Seniors. To get everyone in the mood for classes at all after the summer break, a free class is offered that will appeal to anyone mindful of the fact that Halloween is just around the corner: How to Create a Fabulous and Easy Costume for Yourself or Your Child." 9/6 from 6 to 8. 2 West 13th St. Call 229-5690 to Register. **PlaySpace** introduces classes in art, music, and movement for children 6 months old to 6 years, starting 9/16. Free preview classes where parents and caregivers can see whether kids get into the spirit of shaking and gluing are offered at PlaySpace East (1504 Third Ave. at 85th St., 717-5200) 9/6 and 9/12, and at PlaySpace Westalso Kurt requested (2473 Broadway at 92nd St., 769-2300)9/7 and 9/13.●

Fact Informs Fiction—"New York in Children's Books: Yesterday and Today" is an exhibit of children's books set in our fair city. Many of them are already favorites. Included are *The Cricket in Times Square,* by George Selden, *The Philharmonic Gets Dressed,* by Karla Kuskin, *Homeless,* by Bernard Wolf, and *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler,* by E.L. Konigsburg. Through 9/30 at the **Donnell Library Center** Central Children's Room, 20 West 53rd St.●

Laughable—**Blue Man Group Tubes** practice performance art that goes right to the funny bone of anyone over 10. Paint is spat, drums are beaten, toilet paper flies from the ceiling as the show considers the semiotics of form and content. Shows are Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10, Sunday at 4 and 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St., nr. Astor Pl. (254-4370) $30 to $40 (starting 9/5, $35 to $45). Reserve.

Rhythmic—Hard to believe that ***Stomp***, a ninety minute show with no plot, or even melody—just rhythm—could be so utterly compelling. The multicultural cast of eight sweeps brooms, flicks on Zippo lighters, and uses oil drums as percussive platform shoes with a catching exuberance. The show has developed a cult following among both adults and kids over the age of about ten. Tuesday through Friday at 8, Saturday at 7 and 10:45, Sunday at 3 and 7. Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave. (477-0400). $24.50 to $39.50. Reserve.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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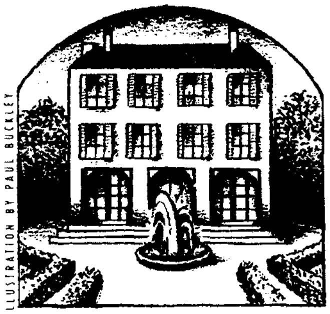

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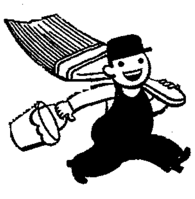

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LI Male Seeks LI Female—Attractive white male, 40s, muscular, 5'9", romantic, honest and faithful, seeks serious-minded, in-shape female for lasting relationship. Send photo/letter please. 2203 ✉

Green-Eyed CEO/Producer, GQ Type—42, 6', fit and athletic, humorous, traveled, emotionally and financially secure. Seeks cerebral, stunning and slender counterpart, late 20s-30s, 5'4" plus, for something special. Photo for reply - will exchange. 2169 ✉

Middle-Aged Male—Said to be handsome, seeks to indulge personable, pretty young woman in the good life. Long-term relationship sought. You should have a taste for the exotic. Please send photo and phone to 8935 ✉

Petite, Attractive Black Female—Late 40s, seeks black male, 48-55. 2167 ✉ ☎

In Search Of Scully—Sensitive, caring, artistic, fit, fun and strong yet appropriately shy Jersey cutie-pie (NYC male professional), 28 - enjoys movies, museums, Stephen King, the X-Files (don't worry - I don't wear a pocket protector!), long drives in the country (especially during autumn)... Seeking attractive, petite female, 20s to early 30s, for fun and romance. Note and photo, please. 2266 ✉

Young In Body And Spirit—White, divorced Jewish female, 42, seeks a man who likes woman - and is not threatened by her strengths and vulnerabilities. Run your empire as I run mine and come home at night to your erotic angel. Me: petite, thin, pretty, smart about life, stupid about men. Like: kids (yours/mine), working, dancing, music, reading, beaches, bikes. You: thin, attractive, sane, sensitive, financially secure. I'll cook if you do the dishes. Please send note and recent photo. 2267 ✉

Lady Artist - Author—Seeks man to share my active life, 60 plus. 2197 ✉

Great Body, Beautiful Face—Warmest heart, 5'6", blond, blue eyes, attorney, 33. I live with a little guy (he's 5), but I want my own big guy. Be smart, 30s-40s, good-natured, Jewish, fun(ny), and driven to accomplish your dreams. Note/photo. 2196 ✉

Sophisticated Blond—Beautiful, 30s, 5'7", talented professional, sensitive, fun-loving, seeks destined mate - successful, caring man who wants kids. Note/phone/photo a must. 2168 ✉

Handsome, Creative Professional—Successful, cultured, athletic, young 42, lean 5'11" and health-conscious - seeking an intelligent, witty woman, 30s, petite, athletically thin and beautiful. Phone/photo/note. 2260 ✉ ☎

Mutual Spoiling—Jewish male, 35, attractive and successful, seeks fabulous romance with female counterpart. I'm bright, warm, affectionate and not afraid of commitment. 2202 ✉ ☎

Sporty, Sophisticated, Spectacular—Jewish professional woman with fabulous smile, great legs and body, would love to share cycling, running, and new adventures with an accomplished man, 35-45, who has an inquiring mind, heart of gold, and will keep me laughing forever. Photo please. 2153 ✉ ☎

Incurably Romantic!—Affectionate, cockeyed optimist - a truly nice guy, prominent NY eye surgeon, with warm heart, good looks, slim, tall, funny, 30s. Enjoys fitness, travel, culture. Hopes to see eye-to-eye with a sincere woman up to 36 - caring, tall, hoping to share an incredible life and family. Note/photo a must for reply. 2231 ✉

Open-Hearted And Gentle—43, 5'11", 194 lbs, handsome, kindhearted teacher/writer seeks a woman to share life together. Interests include children, travel, growth, siddha yoga, nature, music, candles and laughter. The woman I seek should be 34-40, slim and a nonsmoker. Please send note and photo. Thank you. 2225 ✉ ☎

Super-Healthy Positive Imagery—Is this dynamic, handsome, tenured University professor's major research. I am Jewish, athletic, affluent, from a distinguished NJ family, and pray for and visualize a bright career lady, 30-40 - such as an MD, LLB, PhD or psychologist - wanting marriage/future children...responding. 2244 ✉ ☎

Fill The Void—Female DDS, 34 - enjoys travel, cooking and old movies. Seeks honest, responsible, reliable, accomplished, considerate, thoughtful and generous man, 35-50, for serious monogamous relationship, possibly leading to marriage. Prefers MD or DDS, but not a must. Note and photo please. 2165 ✉

Sweet Brown Eyes—Professional and stunning, seeks Jewish soul mate, 40 plus, to love, honor and cherish. 2205 ✉ ☎

Blond Southern Belle—Late 30s, 5'6", size 6, would like to meet man of substance. You are bright, successful and know how to spoil a lady. Phone/photo gets a response. 2198 ✉

Fun-Loving, Warm Law Partner—43. Loves Manhattan, fine dining and traveling. Seeks slim Christian woman in 30s, 5'6" or smaller, with similar interests and strong values, for commitment. Phone/photo. 2216 ✉

Very Attractive Westchester Widow—Young 60, sophisticated, sensitive, bright, well-traveled, financially secure, looking to kick up her heels with intelligent professional mensch, for ever-after happiness. 2170 ✉

Saratoga Springs, NY—In this land of fresh water and fast horses, meet a 47-year-old, professional Jewish male, financially and emotionally secure, with a body and personality to match, for fun and romance. Women, 30-50, please respond with a photo and note. 2232 ✉

Intelligent, Spiritual—Funny, financially secure Gemini - 40, seeks Libran or Aquarian, 20-35, for sincere, lasting relationship. Photo/phone please. 2175 ✉

Down In Front!—Petite Asian-American, 35, seeks considerate man who won't put stuff on high shelves. Be optimistic, self-reliant, healthy, energetic, humorous, perceptive, honest, imaginative, well-mannered, expressive. Send handwritten letter and photo. POB 850, NYC 10002

Energetic, Vivacious, Attractive—Woman, looking to meet spirited, sports-minded and health-conscious man who is fun but serious, cultured but down-to-earth, who enjoys the Philharmonic as well as Elton John, 45 and over. 2180 ✉

Isn't It Romantic—Attractive, 37, slender, ultra-feminine/romantic, first-class giver - longs to spoil very successful, kindhearted male class act who expects to be placed first. Late 40s-mid 50s. CT/NY. 2236 ✉

I've Been To The Wizard—Thereupon, I discovered the secret to an extraordinary man. Brains, courage and heart. Single, Jewish and female (36), good stats. Ready to ease on down the road. 2199 ✉

Jewish Man's Dream—Grecian professional seeks mensch, 42-55. 2204 ✉ ☎

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Writer—30s, into karate, piano, books and beach. Seeks female for lots of laughter. Note/photo/phone. 2207 ✉ ☎

Cool, Cute, Curious Gal—39, seeks warm, witty, wise man, 35-45, for laughter, friendship and relationship. Photo/note. 2094 ✉

Wanted: One Man, Single And Free—Blond, 5'8 1/2", great smile, blue eyes, attractive female, great legs, thin, with a good sense of humor. Seeks handsome male, 5'11"-6'2", 38-45, fit, attractive, warm, for romance/life. Likes animals. All veterinarians, horse traders, commodities traders, ranchers...please apply. Note/full photo please. 2173 ✉

Heaven Is In Your Eyes—Jewish dad, 47, trim, athletic and bright - enjoys jazz, cinema and cycling. Seeks smiling, sincere, fit woman for blissful relationship. 2223 ✉ ☎

Young, Fit 47 Lady—Seeks same in nonsmoking 42-55 gent. Wish sharing of movies, dinners, walks, theater. Warm heart, kind soul. 2256 ✉

Luscious Lady Doctor—(Single, white Jewish female) - long, black wavy hair, green eyes, slender, 5'2", extremely pretty. Loves cycling, hiking, travel, theater, Mozart, pasta, life. Seeks wonderful, handsome, romantic counterpart (single white man, 38-45), with sparkle and wit. Photo/note please. 2164 ✉

European Woman—Professional, cultivated, intelligent, caring and sensitive, seeks someone very special... a "real" man who is sincere, honest and likes open communication. Smoker okay. No games. Color not important but humor is. (40-50.) Note please. 2160 ✉ ☎

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Assortments section
on page 86.
It's where the action is!!

Pretty Japanese—32, fine artist, seeks 35-45, single man for culture and romance. Note/photo. 2226 ✉

Very Successful Jewish Male—31, seeks Jewish female, 25-30, for romantic drives, theater, good laughs, good times. If interested, please send a note. 2252 ✉

Love, Live, Learn, Earn—Share 56-acre estate, lake, income, minivan camper, travel with Yale widow - 60ish, sensuous, no smoke, 5'2", 110 lbs. 2192 ✉

Baby, Is It You?—Extremely pretty, highly intelligent, much sought-after woman with exceptionally lean, sexy body and dynamite personality, Jewish, very selective - seeks truly handsome, extremely smart, athletic, loving, accomplished professional man, 30-43, who knows that when it's right, there's nothing better on God's green earth. Note/photo, please. 2237 ✉

60-Plus, Please—I am pretty, blond, fit, smart, young 47 - seeking mature 60-plus, special gentleman to love and care about me only. 2171 ✉

Adorable Asian Female—With good personality and integrity, seeks nonsmoking man, 32-38, for marriage. 2193 ✉☎

Wanted: Special Man—To build home and life together. I'm pretty, slender, shapely, caring, romantic, Ivy degrees, Jewish female with cultural and athletic interests. I seek a well-educated professional, 5'9" plus, handsome Jewish man, 39-50, with traditional values, to be my best friend and lifetime partner. Philadelphian - willing to relocate. 2212 ✉

Extremely Attractive, Sexy, European—Woman, Jewish, very successful in creative field, looking for marriage-minded, accomplished man, 36-48, with intelligence, passion, integrity, good looks and sense of humor. Photo/note please. 2114 ✉☎

Attractive Woman Physician—Early 50s, with Russian background, independent, healthy, feminine, seeks a good, intelligent man. Photo/letter/phone. 2259 ✉

Petite And Caring Woman—Who enjoys classical music, dancing and nature, would like to meet a healthy, positive-minded man (50ish) with an easygoing temperament and no excessive baggage. 2261 ✉

Younger Man, 31—Sensitive, kind and mature - seeks very attractive, sexy older woman, 40-50, for fun, frolic and intimacy. Note/photo. 2161 ✉

Successful Video Editor/Photographer—38, handsome, smart, funny, interested in high and low culture. Seeks attractive European or bilingual American woman, 25-35, for serious fun. Note/photo, please. 2268 ✉

57-Year-Old Businessman—With all the attributes earned at this stage: security, business, bridge work, belly and bald. Interests are casino gambling and racetracks (I own horses). Seeking 35 to 45-year-old woman with similar interests but different attributes. 2174 ✉

They Don't Make 'Em—Like they used to. Soft, sexy, successful professional woman, 34, Jewish, voluptuous, artistic, intuitive, wants a man, 34-44, the way they used to make 'em - brave, strong, successful, confident, romantic and very physical, to sweep me off my feet and make me your own. Note/photo. 2194 ✉☎

Great Catch—Jewish male, 34, 5'9", 160 lbs, very attractive, intelligent, fun, successful corporate attorney, with diverse talents/interests including music, dance, travel, working out and various NYC activities - seeks very attractive, intelligent, educated, athletic, fun, thin, passionate woman, 22-32, for special, lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2222 ✉

Escape To Connecticut!—Tired of dog days in the city? Mid 30s, dark, 5'11", trim and handsome, single Jewish male, established MD, invites an attractive, fit, fun, feisty, single Jewish female, 5'3" and taller, 24-34, to unwind weekends adventuring on foot and bicycling near my cool, leafy-green CT home. 2190 ✉☎

Successful LI VP—With great looks, creativity and boyish charm, seeks beautiful, exciting, confident, single white female, 36-45. Objective: laughter and romance. Photo a must. 2166 ✉☎

Classy Lady—Very attractive, petite, blond hair, blue eyes, in perfect shape, would like to meet an athletic, professional white male, 48 plus, who enjoys golf, theater, fine dining, travel, quiet evenings and spending time with friends and family. I believe in the value of a relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2242 ✉

Diehard Wagnerian Woman—Looking for opera-loving man and Ring Cycle travel mate. Must be health-conscious and fit, heterosexual, 45-57, intellectually curious, multifaceted and looking for a serious (but fun-filled) relationship with a very attractive, curvaceous, adventurous, energetic, warmhearted Jewish woman. Photo/note, please. 2234 ✉

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Stunning, Witty—Early 30s, successful woman - loves running, beaches, fresh air, cool jazz, the lusty things in life. Looking for a man, 30-40, nonsmoker, athletic, centered and passionate, and ready to commit. I know - If I'm so wonderful, why am I placing this ad? Well, why are you reading? Jump in and write - life is too short to get stuck in our pride. Note/photo/good joke. 2251 ✉☎

Let's De-Bug Life—Pretty, slim, 40s, designer/writer/technophile-yet-cyberspace novice/vegetarian-yet-smoker, wants to cut a rug with affectionate man of eclectic passions. Photo/phone. 2162 ✉

Denim And Silk—Stoppard, Magritte. Beautiful blond, slim, 5'5", literate, "you can take me anywhere"... Seeks extremely intelligent, highly educated male, 45-60, for a fine romance. 2209 ✉☎

Fit, Attractive, Petite—Brazilian lady, 40s, seeks successful, healthy, well-educated, good-looking man, 45-55, who enjoys the arts, traveling, working out and exciting company. Please send note, photo and phone. 2246 ✉

Guy, 32—6', 170 lbs, handsome - not pretty, intelligent - not nerdish, successful - not pretentious, well-off - not ostentatious, funny - not a clown. Seeks girl Manhattanite, 25-32, naturally beautiful, tall and slim, well-educated and refined, vivacious, with a wicked sense of humor and a stunning smile. Not much to look for...you wouldn't have thought. 2163 ✉

Very Pretty—Woman, mid 30s, 5'8", slim, with blue eyes. Sweet, sincere, fun-loving and athletic, professional and successful, seeking man with similar attributes, to share friendship and/or love. Phone/letter/photo. 2211 ✉☎

Hearing-Impaired Photographer—24, cute Sephardic looks, shapely swimmer's bod (5'7", 110 lbs), looking for nice Jewish guy, 26-32, with an understanding of hearing-impaired culture (signing a plus). Note/photo please. 2228 ✉

HIV+, Healthy, Heterosexual—Jewish male, 36, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, financially independent, well-educated, kindhearted - into Eastern spirituality and meditation, soul music, good food... seeks female ready to live life now. Friendship first okay. 2084 ✉

Handsome, Successful Exec—Seeks attractive, slim Jewish lady, 40-48, who is emotionally ready for a committed and caring relationship. If you are able to communicate and want to find a best friend and lover who is willing to give back everything and more, please reply with phone and photo. 2184 ✉

Very Attractive Asian Female MD—40s, seeks a highly intelligent, well-educated, sincere, open-minded, fit man with a sense of style, 40-55. I enjoy travel, outdoors, cinema - and love classical music and fine arts. For committed relationship and more. Nonsmoker. Photo and note. 2240 ✉

Pulp Fiction/J. Crew Woman—Very fit, Caucasian, nonsmoker, good-looking, kind. Want the same in a man, 40-55, 5'10" and up. No procreating. Note and photo. 2200 ✉

Slavic-Latin Brunette—Hazel, trilingual, diversified - seeks tall, exciting romantic, 52-62, nonsmoking. Note/photo. 2179 ✉

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World-Class Osculator—Handsome, 60s, seeks younger, sensual female counterpart. 2258 ✉

Creative, Irreverent, Cultured—High-energy, international entrepreneur, attractive, fit, 40s - seeks attractive, slim, adventurous, caring woman, 25-38, with a sense of humor, for companionship, travel and more. Note/photo. 2210 ✉ ☎

Nice Guy—31, JD, enjoys sports, arts, movies and family. Seeks educated, pretty, kind woman, 21-33, to enjoy them with. Note/photo. 2257 ✉

Yang Looking For Yin—Handsome Asian, 5'10", 160, NJ, athletic - enjoys tennis, skiing, Broadway shows and quiet times. Seeking attractive professional, white/Asian, 26-33, trim, athletic, warm heart. Note/photo/phone. 2182 ✉ ☎

Gay, Bearded Sean Connery—Mid 50s, 6'1", 200 lbs, emotionally and financially secure CEO, with envied tastes, nice guy, new to NY, attractive and healthy, needs new friends, similarly endowed, stimulating, challenging, muscles a plus. Phone/photo a must. 2262 ✉

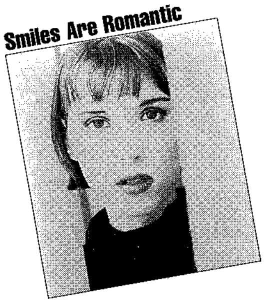
Pretty, Petite Professional—32, CPA, financially independent, vivacious, sexy, fun-loving Italian, divorced mom with a warm heart. In search of a secure man between the ages of 30 and 40, who is professional, intelligent, ruggedly handsome, well-built, and above all possesses a zest for life and a kind heart. Photo and phone a must. 2230 ✉

Are You—A handsome, athletic, highly successful, adventurous man, 40-50? Do you love to laugh, have a heart of gold and desire for closeness and commitment? If so...this attractive, successful, 40-year-old, marathon-training woman wants to meet you. Note/photo/phone. 2208 ✉ ☎

Compelling, Etched Face And Body—Genuine soul, white male, 30, baby face, successful, seeks female for partying and good times. POB 6948, NY, NY 10128

More Than Ready—Single white male, 38, looks younger, nice, open, honest, intense, MBA - seeks very smart, slender, attractive, younger, single female soul mate. 2227 ✉ ☎

Assortments



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Fairway—My tomato touched your elbow 8/19. Please write with phone #. 2241 ✉

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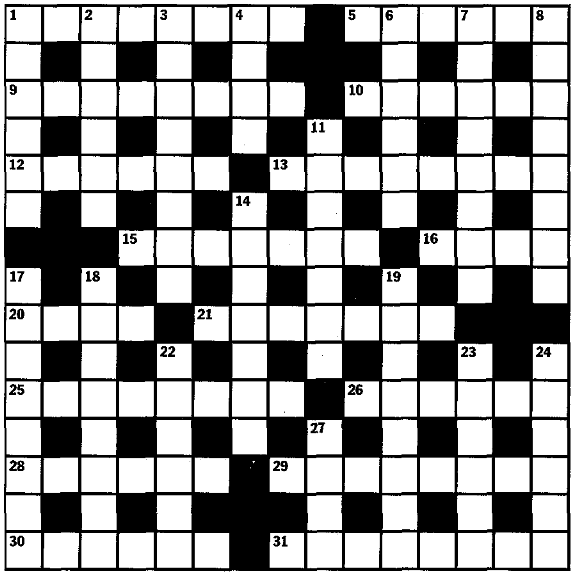
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS
1 Chilling diversion on board? (8)
5 Climbs on a fish's back. (6)
9 Dine out and look after inside—that's what is meant. (8)
10 Single compact disc about to be reproduced. (6)
12 Splendour and the unfortunate result. (6)
13 True statements concerning business accommodation. (8)
15 Though not quite sated, a number appear as overobsequious. (7)
16 In Italy, male singer lacks tone. (4)
20 Time poorly run performance. (4)
21 Wise lady underground worker, Virginia. (7)
25 Physical damage inflicted at home—twelve people in court. (8)
26 One-time payment for crushed grain. (6)
28 Let off because of a good one? (7)
29 Relative holding in what is left. (8)
30 The examiner's in bed! (6)
31 Girl right to get into bed—having flagged. (8)



DOWN
1 Bores the physician with ailments. (6)
2 Witness present during the trial. (6)
3 Liberal urges one to reform. (8)
4 A row about it mounts. (4)
6 Pillar of the fourth estate? (6)
7 Worker on the track of poet? (8)
8 It's a cad's perversion to be so cruel. (8)
11 Beam—being in better shape. (7)
14 Nasty rash I've caught—with trembling. (7)
17 Noisy leading seamen fish in the river. (8)
18 Stands out for the proposals. (8)
19 A form joined with dislike. (8)
22 Blue—once commonplace around the south. (6)
23 Thrilled to get duck, redstart, then another sort of bird. (6)
24 A way cleared for foreign lady. (6)
27 Upended small cask of palm-oil. (4)

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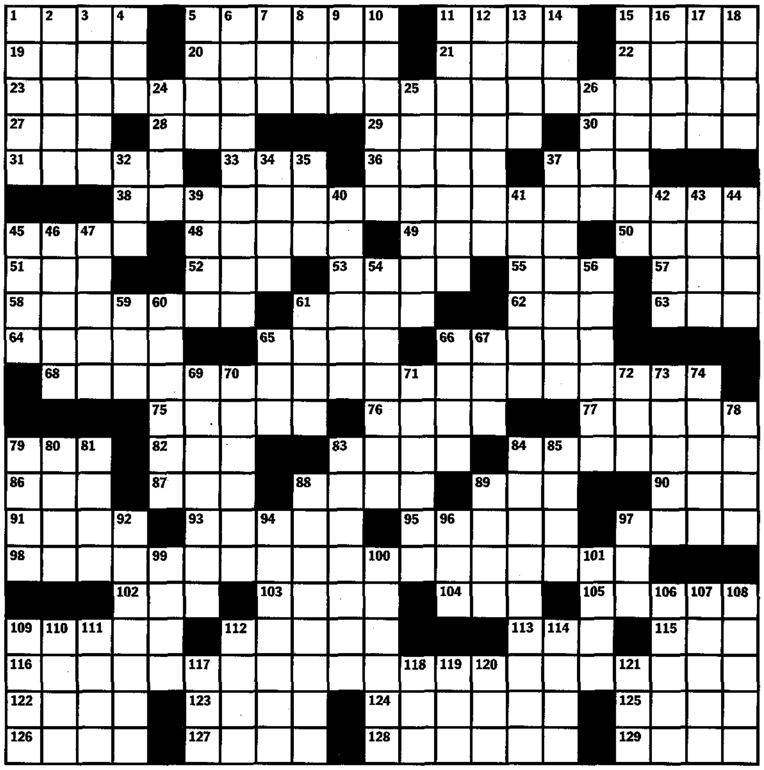
'Labor Day Limerick': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Enters the auction
5 Real
11 Arlene of the screen
15 Discourteous
19 Square footage
20 Muse of comedy
21 Netman Nastase
22 Satan's work
23 Limerick: I
27 Brainpower abbrs.
28 Pep
29 Happening
30 Qualifying races
31 Under-the-pole dance
33 Split or chick
36 Jeanne ——
37 Pastureland
38 Limerick: II
45 Take it —— comes
48 Law of the Franks
49 Artist Matisse
50 Chez Eve
51 Regulatory agcy. for transport
52 Father's Day gift
53 New Mexico resort
55 Sancho Panza's beast
57 Citrus drink
58 Tested the fit
61 Bower flower
62 Macadamia, e.g.
63 Do a lawn job
64 Cruel Roman general
65 Polynesian bark cloth
66 Spanish Peter
68 Limerick: III
75 City of Arizona
76 Do a Tuesday task
77 Neighbor of Ethiopia
79 Toward the stern
82 Egg: comb. form
83 Took to the hills
84 Pale colors
86 Armies at work
87 Nothing
88 Sheet-music sight
89 Stand-in, for short
90 ——-jongg
91 Sea north of Crimea
93 Usher's beat
95 Cara of "Fame"
97 Unit of force
98 Limerick: IV
102 Warmed the bench
103 Effuse
104 Bath step-on
105 Honor an RSVP
109 Computer correspondence
112 Dog-walker's need
113 Salt Lake City athlete
115 Model T contemporary
116 Limerick: V
122 Butter look-alike
123 Not windward
124 Hard plastic
125 Bassoon's kin
126 Myope's sightedness
127 What Elizabeth Browning counted
128 Cubic meters
129 Piano features

DOWN
1 Pesto herb
2 Baghdad native
3 Voltaire's belief
4 Far from joyful
5 Bell town of a poem
6 New York–Vermont border lake
7 Between tic and toe
8 Ending for glob or mod
9 Paramedic's work
10 Rio Grande city
11 Goes in different directions
12 Lace city of France
13 Trumpeter Al
14 Broadway's "—— Miz"
15 Permit publication
16 Layer of the iris
17 Scandal sheets dish it
18 Big bucks
24 Assert
25 Rowena's love
26 Sonny's ex
32 Took the hook
34 Femmes' magazine
35 "Unaccustomed —— am . . ."
37 Free time
39 Words in a ratio
40 Eight-armed mollusks
41 Bonn chancellor Willy
42 Dutch cheese
43 Work over
44 Had the facts
45 Lake isles
46 Do charwomen's work
47 In an unfriendly manner
54 A miss is as good ——
56 Wall Street buys
59 Film "Nightmare" Street
60 Ohio aviation city
61 Croupier's implement
65 Recipe amt.
66 Goad
67 Long long time
69 Nonconforming
70 Actor Estevez
71 Word-starting syllable
72 Vietnam offensive
73 No friend
74 "Like a Rolling Stone" composer
78 "As Long —— Needs Me" ("Oliver!" tune)
79 Out of town
80 Daunt
81 Goshen gait
83 Language of Flanders
84 Insert commas, colons, etc.
85 Partner of 9-Down
88 Prevailing weather conditions
89 "Did you ever —— lassie?"
92 Social caller
94 Barber Todd of a Sondheim musical
96 Rotation speed: abbr.
97 Ike's monogram
99 Hardy cabbage
100 Kennedy and Merman
101 "Able was I —— saw Elba"
106 Searching study
107 Bad, bad Brown of song
108 Ox harnesses
109 Schoolboy's jacket
110 Birthmark
111 On a voyage
112 "Damn Yankees" girl
114 Two of these make an African fly
117 Clawed foot
118 Kind of reaction
119 Blackjack card
120 Knight's title
121 Peking pan



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 77.

MARY ANN MADDEN #830

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Icon Edison: leading utility file in Windows 95.

A week at La Costa: Seven Days in Almay.

I think, therefore I send out: Cogito Ergo Dimsum.

Above, first additions. Competitors are invited to provide a brief definition for one familiar name, phrase, or title to which a prefix has been um, added.

Results of Competition 827, in which you were asked for fanciful *u* definitions.

Report: U: u clever little devils. Time cannot alter nor custom stale your finite variety. Among your revenirs: **unravel**—to take apart a knitted bolero jacket. **upholster**—case for top gun. **universe**—a single line of poetry. **urgent**—1. Adam. 2. member of the Sumerian upper class. **urn**—to long for cremation. **umlaut**—a uh, boor. **umpteen**—judge at a Junior Miss pageant. **urethane**—Scots plastics baron. **ululation**—noisy Christmas fête. **uptown**—city that never sleeps. **ultimate**—one's current spouse. **Übermensch**—really, really good guy. **ubiquity**—proliferation of pens. **unicorn**—a niblet. **unkempt**—run-down housing project.
In certain cases we offer a more Bierce than Webster definition. Speaking of the devils. But we seek to amuse. Thanks for playing, don't forget about Thursday, and remember the Ukraine.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Utah Jazz—swing quartet led by "Jelly Roll" Mormon.
Heather Fontaine, North Reading, Mass.

unsound—noise made by a tree falling in an uninhabited forest.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

urination—least respected member of the Security Council.
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

upbeat—cheerful bohemian; see also: Allen Grinsberg, Lawrence Feelingiddy.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

unguinous—of or pert. to beer or ale made anywhere but the UK.
Patricia O. Simmons, Louisville, Ky.

utilitarianism—the belief that what is good for Con Edison is good for America.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

utility pole—Con Edkowski.
Lucy Oblonsky, Oakland, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

underplay—1. Theater-in-the-ground. 2. illagepay; acksay.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

upsetter—top dog.
Carol Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

unbridled—divorced, western style.
Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

unique—One-of-a-kind harem guard.
Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.
similarly: Dan Casarez, Los Angeles, Calif.

uppercut—1. to dilute amphetamines for street sale. 2. to live high off the hog. 3. partner's share of the profits of a dental office.
1. Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.
2. Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.
3. Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

unbeholden—owing nothing to J. D. Salinger.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

usher—employee at Covent Garden who requests quiet during the hopera.
Elizabeth F. Potter, Cambridge, Mass.

ultramarine—Scott O'Grady.
Joyce Rosenthal, Newport, R.I.
similarly: A. Schulman, Sarasota, Fla.
James Salzmann, Sea Girt, N.J.

unprepossessing—nouveau riche.
Ari Segal, Silver Spring, Md.

ulna—in law, to terminate a marriage between dyslexics.
David Joel Kaplan, Teaneck, N.J.

U-Haul—van rental of choice for drag queens.
Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.

umbrella—Disney heroine caught in the rain on prom night.
Steven Gardiner Jr., Randolph, Mass.

uproot—a standing ovation.
Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

until—cash-register theft.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

unicorn—the one and only Orville Redenbacher.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

unintended—a former fiancé(e).
Heather Abrahams, Rochester, N.Y.

us—*Scot.* extremely small.—var. of *wee.*
Michael Porte, Cincinnati, Ohio

universal joint—a bar known 'round the world.
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.
similarly: Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

undies—fruit of the tomb.
M.E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

Underground Railroad—the Abolition, Topeka, and the Santa Free.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

unassailable—absolutely incapable of being a pain in the rear.
Orkney Daniel, Pompton Plains, N.J.

utfangthief—the Norse tooth fairy.
Lars Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

underfed—lowly bureaucrat at FDA's Office of Nutrition.
Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.

unflappable—flightless.
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

umbilical—the pause before bungee jumping.
Susan Lauren Rondell, N.Y.C.

unbosom—to make a clean breast of things.
Carig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

underscore—to make out in a submarine.
Walt Tanski, Troy, N.Y.

unafraid—fearful of a serial bomber.
Margaux McMillan, Oprinda, Calif.

Unknown Soldier—John Doughboy.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

unreel—roman à clef made into a fantasy feature film. See also: cinéma veryfey.
S. J. Bernstein, N.Y.C.

underlie—to create a convincing alibi.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

unawares—liberals.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

update—a red-letter day.
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

ukulele—yodeling instructor.
Oscar Tucker, Winkinsburg, Pa.

urea—*Ger.* patron saint of ladies' rooms.
Barbara Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.

upper case—criminal trial involving a capital offense.
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.Y.
Jacob Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

unbuckle—Velcro shoe fastener.
Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

ulster—card-carrying member of the Sons of Eire Gray Panthers.
Barbara Hurst, Whiting, N.J.

ugli—unattractive Rudyard Kipling hero.
Dorcas Mills, Rockville, Md.

unsociable—fat-free tea biscuit.
Mary Ann Gorman, Yonkers, N.Y.

How deep must one dig to find the roots of the potato?

Most people think the potato came from Ireland. Actually, it came from the American Indians. As did tomatoes, sweet potatoes, bell peppers, popcorn and many other foods. There's a lot more we could learn from the Native peoples of North, South and Central America. And with your help, soon there'll be a place where we can all see, touch and get a taste of Indian culture.

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unscrupulous—irredeemably virginal.
Robert J. Clonick, Chicago, Ill.

umpire school—referee madness.
Jonathan E. Silbert, Guilford, Conn.

underwriter—Australian author.
David Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

umbo—a trunkless elephant.
Wallace Tress, Athens, Ga.
Mary Ann Code, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Berna Villiers, N.Y.C.

union shop—marriage broker.
M.C. Brackley, Petaluma, Calif.

undertaker—low bidder.
Daniel Cohen, N.Y.C.

union jack—1. the cheese of the working class. 2. Nicholson in *Hoffa.*
1. Jim Moloney, Rochester, N.Y.
2. Cece Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

upright piano—a stringed instrument that is neither bass nor viol.
Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

uncanny—of or pert. to a haunted house without toilet paper.
Raymond S. Kauders, Montesano, Wash.

unfair—brunette.
Rachel Brickley, McConnellsville, N.Y.

underling—a submissive panda.
Gene Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.

udder—to speak with one's mouth full of milk.
Tony Lang, N.Y.C.
similarly: Erica Cushin, N.Y.C.

undue—ffat-ffree Swiss cheese.
Philip Hathaway, Indianapolis, Ind.

unipolar—the only white bear at the zoo.
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

undergo—to commute by subway.
Jennifer Duffy, Rochester, N.Y.

unicellular—1. one confined to limited space but accorded phone privileges. 2. *obs.* conjugal visits.
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

undo—crewcut.
Connon Barclay, Holland, Mich.

Ubangi—African demolition derby.
Leonard Stevenson, Levittown, N.Y.

unmitigated—*sl.* rejected by a top university for unknown reasons. ("My grades were excellent, but I was unmitigated.")
M.D. Patterson, Hyndman, Pa.

uncertain—1. not known certainly.
2. not to be depended upon.
3. changeable.
4. . . . or not . . .
Lawrence J. Pippick, Los Angeles, Calif.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 830, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 71154.3014@compuserve.com. It must be received by September 6. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the October 2 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

FOURTH ANNUAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING FAIR

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Holiday Entertaining Fair
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755 Second Avenue,
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HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING FAIR

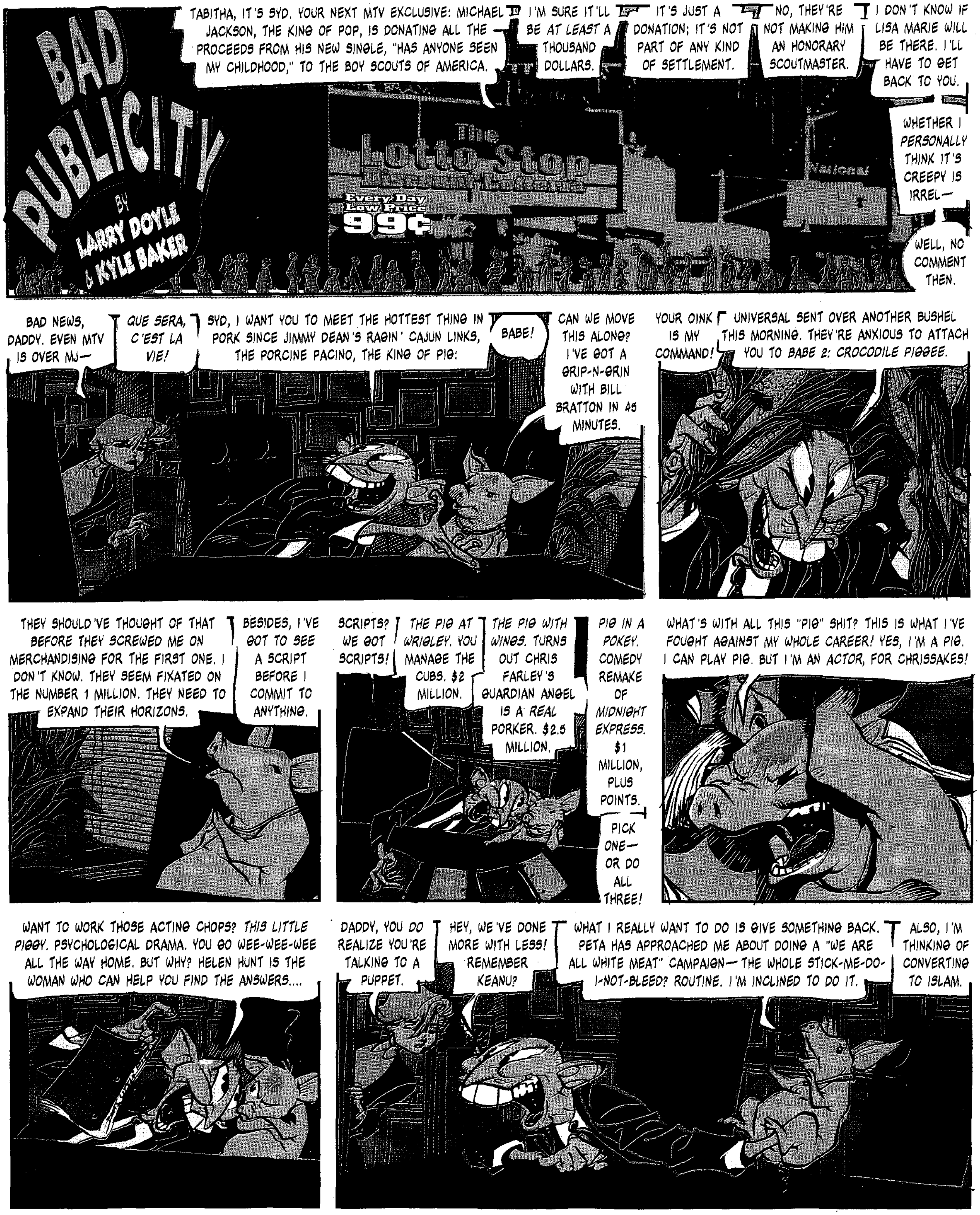
METRONOME
RESTAURANT

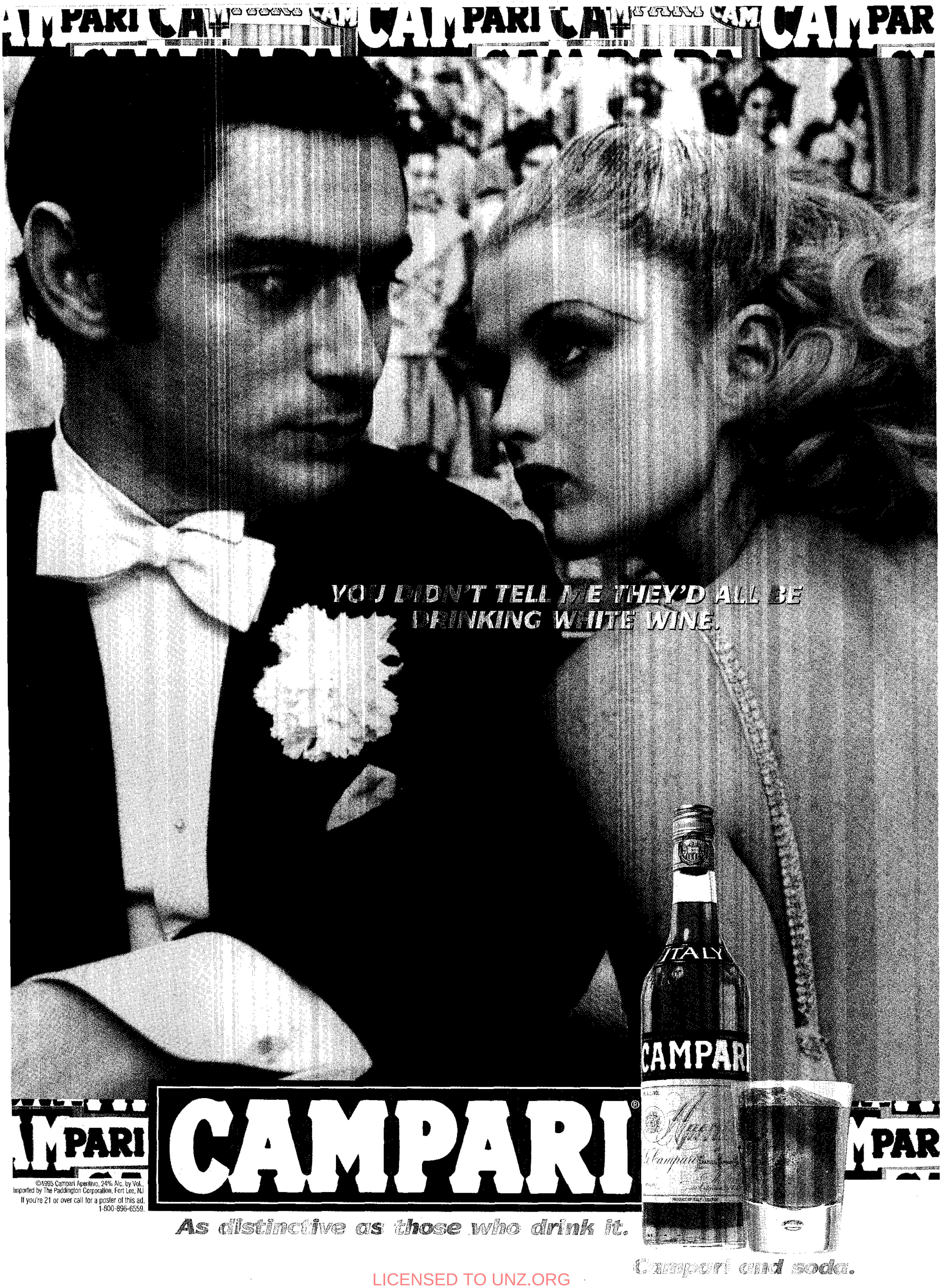
915 Broadway (at 21st Street)
Wednesday, October 25
6:00-8:00 p.m.

Space is limited, so register early.
Cheers!

Ciao, Babe

Sandy and breakout movie star Babe strap on the old Hollywood feed bag.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
TABITHA, IT'S SYD. YOUR NEXT MTV EXCLUSIVE: MICHAEL JACKSON, THE KING OF POP, IS DONATING ALL THE PROCEEDS FROM HIS NEW SINGLE, "HAS ANYONE SEEN MY CHILDHOOD," TO THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.
I'M SURE IT'LL BE AT LEAST A THOUSAND DOLLARS.
IT'S JUST A DONATION; IT'S NOT PART OF ANY KIND OF SETTLEMENT.
NO, THEY'RE NOT MAKING HIM AN HONORARY SCOUTMASTER.
I DON'T KNOW IF LISA MARIE WILL BE THERE. I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU.
WHETHER I PERSONALLY THINK IT'S CREEPY IS IRREL—
WELL, NO COMMENT THEN.
The Lotto Stop
Every Day Low Price 99¢
National
BAD NEWS, DADDY. EVEN MTV IS OVER MJ—
QUE SERA, C'EST LA VIE!
SYD, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE HOTTEST THING IN PORK SINCE JIMMY DEAN'S RAGIN' CAJUN LINKS, THE PORCINE PACINO, THE KING OF PIG:
BABE!
CAN WE MOVE THIS ALONG? I'VE GOT A GRIP-N-GRIN WITH BILL BRATTON IN 45 MINUTES.
YOUR OINK IS MY COMMAND!
UNIVERSAL SENT OVER ANOTHER BUSHEL THIS MORNING. THEY'RE ANXIOUS TO ATTACH YOU TO *BABE 2: CROCODILE PIGGEE.*
THEY SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE THEY SCREWED ME ON MERCHANDISING FOR THE FIRST ONE. I DON'T KNOW. THEY SEEM FIXATED ON THE NUMBER 1 MILLION. THEY NEED TO EXPAND THEIR HORIZONS.
BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO SEE A SCRIPT BEFORE I COMMIT TO ANYTHING.
SCRIPTS? WE GOT SCRIPTS!
THE PIG AT WRIGLEY. YOU MANAGE THE CUBS. $2 MILLION.
THE PIG WITH WINGS. TURNS OUT CHRIS FARLEY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL IS A *REAL* PORKER. $2.5 MILLION.
PIG IN A POKEY. COMEDY REMAKE OF *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.* $1 MILLION, PLUS POINTS.
PICK ONE—OR DO ALL THREE!
WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS "PIG" SHIT? THIS IS WHAT I'VE FOUGHT AGAINST MY WHOLE CAREER! YES, I'M A PIG. I CAN PLAY PIG. BUT I'M AN *ACTOR,* FOR CHRISSAKES!
WANT TO WORK THOSE ACTING CHOPS? *THIS LITTLE PIGGY.* PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA. YOU GO WEE-WEE-WEE ALL THE WAY HOME. BUT WHY? HELEN HUNT IS THE WOMAN WHO CAN HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWERS....
DADDY, YOU *DO* REALIZE YOU'RE TALKING TO A PUPPET.
HEY, WE'VE DONE MORE WITH LESS! REMEMBER KEANU?
WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO IS GIVE SOMETHING BACK. PETA HAS APPROACHED ME ABOUT DOING A "WE ARE ALL WHITE MEAT" CAMPAIGN—THE WHOLE STICK-ME-DO-I-NOT-BLEED? ROUTINE. I'M INCLINED TO DO IT.
ALSO, I'M THINKING OF CONVERTING TO ISLAM.



YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THEY'D ALL BE DRINKING WHITE WINE.
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Campari and soda.

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DAY LIFT PLUS
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REVEAL THE SKIN YOU WERE MEANT TO HAVE